The Town and People

1901

Woodbury, Conn.

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THE TOWER IN ORENAUG PARK.

The Town and People

A CHRONOLOGICAL COMPILATION OF CONTRIBUTED WRITINGS FROM PRESENT AND PAST RESIDENTS OF THE TOWN OF : : : : : : : :

Woodbury, Connecticut

Edited by

JULIA MINOR STRONG

Woodbury, Conn., 1901

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PREFACE.

The life of a town, as of individuals, is a treasury of experience, which results in social progress and improvement, and its real value depends, not on its length and breadth, but upon the character of its people, their integrity, industry, goodness and loyalty as individuals.

A year ago the thought occurred to the compiler that a Souvenir Book of Woodbury, which should represent this historic town of New England and people, would be of interest to the present generation, and to those who had been residents in other years. The letter of invitation desired historic reminiscences, descriptions of present locations, topics of interest and selected writings from present and former inhabitants of Woodbury.

The replies received contained words of congratulation and pleasant recollections. Each response has been considered a valued treasure.

All the events and writings included in these pages exist twice, at the time when they first occurred, and again as they are brought to mind for the pleasure and benefit of a later time, they serve to unite the past with the present and to help on the future. Special acknowledgment and grateful appreciation is expressed to all who have taken a kindly interest in the preparation of this book, and to the "Waterbury American" and "Woodbury Reporter" for permission to include writings regarding this town which had been contributed to their pages.

The illustrations of the town have been prepared from photographs taken by the Editor of this book.

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JANUARY

JANUARY 1, 1900.—The remark made by a visitor to our town that Woodbury had all the modern ideas, both financial and social, led the writer to look at Woodbury as it was and now is.

Statistics show that once it had a population of five thousand three hundred and thirteen, and to-day is about two thousand, which, at a first look, is far from reassuring, but the reasons that appear are good and sufficient. In 1779 the town of Washington was formed from what had been called Judea and New Preston Ecclesiastical Societies, taking off some of Woodbury's territory and people, but still there was enough left for more to follow the example and ask to be set off and incorporated by themselves as towns.

In 1787 two more societies applied to the General Assembly and received charters as towns; the Society of Bethlehem, about four and one-half miles long by four wide, and the societies of Southbury, South Britain and that part of Oxford that belonged to Woodbury, a territory about four miles long and eight wide, were taken from the North and South ends and incorporated as towns, and still Woodbury, in 1790, had a population of twenty-six hundred and sixty-two. Finally Roxbury Society, situated on the west border, obtained from the General Assembly in 1796 a charter for a separate town, and the population of Woodbury in 1800 was nineteen hundred and forty-four.

In the writer's search he found this was one of many incidents in the history of the State in which Woodbury took an important part, for an examination of Cothren's History of Ancient Woodbury shows stirring times, men of note and energy up to and through the Revolutionary War and in the War of the Rebellion. Again Woodbury stood to the front in its duty to its country and flag in furnishing men and means. No mention has been made of the men furnished by Woodbury to other towns and states, as it is not the

intention of the writer to write a history, but to stimulate those who read this to look and see what manner of town it is they live in and what it has done and its proper place, and then to bend their energies to help maintain that place.

Woodbury, as for location, lies in a valley with as beautiful a landscape no matter in which direction you may turn as is to be found in any town. Its people are thrifty farmers, mechanics, merchants and manufacturers.

A person may stand on the main street leading from the town to Pomperaug Valley station, and as he sees the merchandise come in to the town the question arises, where does it go to, who consumes it all?

He has but to spend a short time at one of the fifteen or more stores to see that many strangers come, purchase and carry away a large amount of merchandise to the surrounding towns, showing that Woodbury is a center in its way as much as the larger places.

Woodbury to-day holds the unique position of being the largest inland town without railroad connections, and although many outsiders consider that to be one of its charms, it is looked upon without doubt as a drawback, but the prospect that this will be changed in the near future is very bright.

The main street, with its well kept lawns, handsome residences, and general air of thrift and prosperity, its good water supply, unequaled for a town of its size anywhere, is one that is hard to beat, and the judgment given by the impartial non-resident has sustained that reputation.

We have just glanced at the past, and at Woodbury as it is now. Perhaps a glance at the future would not be amiss, as the future lies with ourselves to make and keep as we will.

If we tend to hold up all moral and financial interests that are for the strengthening and uplifting, and frown down that which is evil and fraudulent, we may have a happy and prosperous community with a steady growth in population, wealth and influence in the county and commonwealth.

We must give up, to a certain extent, our own selfish interest and not keep pushing backward. "Because it is in Woodbury I know it

will not amount to anything," should not be our motto, but "We will do it, if possible," and all having that aim we can succeed in all that I have pictured and more.

WOODBURY, CONN. ASAHEL W. MITCHELL.

JANUARY 1, 1889.—A very pleasant and enjoyable church gathering, called a "Roll Call Meeting," was held on New Year's eve by the First Congregational Church at their parlors. The pastor, Rev. J. A. Freeman, who had planned the evening, sent cards of invitation to all members of the congregation and pastors of the other churches to be present; also requests to all former pastors who were living to send a reply to be read at the entertainment. Mrs. James H. Linsley was in charge of the arrangements regarding the collation. The music was under the direction of Nathaniel M. Strong, leader of the choir. With these preparations no one doubted the gathering would be pleasant and profitable. The parlors of the church had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. At 5 P. M., the hour, the parlors of the church were crowded with guests. The ladies had provided bountifully, and the tables were reset three times. About one hundred and fifty people sat down to partake of the abundant supply. The company was composed of all of the people, the young, middle aged and the old people were there. Mrs. Lucinda Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Strong, Mr. Merlin Upson, Mrs. Eunice Benedict and others. About half past seven the exercises began with singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the choir, followed by the reading of Psalm CIII and prayer by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Freeman.

Then the clerk of the church, Mr. Charles E. Strong, called the roll, and one hundred and thirteen responded to their names. Each member answered by a text of Scripture, an appropriate sentiment or lines from a familiar hymn. A historical paper prepared by William Cothren was read; also one by Mrs. Emily G. Smith. Letters were read from the living ministers who were pastors of the church, Rev. Lucius Curtiss of Hartford, Rev. Robert G. Williams of Amherst, Mass., Rev. Charles Robinson of Scranton, Pa., Rev. Chas. Little, Passadena, Cal., Rev. Horace Winslow, Weatogue, Rev. A. W. Colver, Cundiff, Kan., Rev. A. P. Powelson, Ellensburg, Wash.

Letters were also received from Mrs. James A. Gallup of Madison, daughter of Rev. Samuel R. Andrews, Mrs. Gurdon Noyes of New Haven, Mrs. Sarah E. Trowbridge of Norfolk and Miss Fannie C. Trowbridge of Auburn, N. Y.

These papers were all characteristic and happy in their spirit and interest. The deep, unchanging principles of church life and work were emphasized by all the writers. Sentiment, pathos and instruction were blended together and all enjoyed the memories of former things that were awakened by the messages that came from these earnest and interested friends, some of them so far away. Mr. Cothren dwelt upon the history of the church, Mrs. E. G. Smith gave reminiscences. The older ministers could not fail to remember and bring to our remembrance the faces of those who are not with us, since God has taken them. The younger pastors imparted some of their enthusiasm by their glowing description of the things that will come to pass in the far West in the near future, and earnestness in the Master's service by the simple yet wonderfully expressive facts of their every-day life.

Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff, pastor of the North Church, representing the youngest of the five daughter churches of the old First Church, gave most appropriate, interesting and characteristic remarks congratulatory to the occasion.

In the course of the evening the beautiful hymn, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," was sung, and before parting the hymn "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

The closing remarks of the pastor were in reference to the unity of the Christian church. After a short prayer the exercises were concluded with the benediction. Much gratitude was expressed to the absent friends who had contributed to the interest of this most pleasant and memorable occasion—*Condensed from the account of Roll Call Meeting of the First Congregational Church, Woodbury.*

JANUARY 1, 1889.—Two hundred and nineteen years ago seventeen of the early fathers at Stratford by the sea, with a grand faith in God and a sublime courage, signed the fundamental articles of settlement and removed their families to these hills and vales and fastnesses, built their first rude cabins of logs, erected their altars for the worship of God, and joyfully called this smiling land by the poetical name of Woodbury, "A dwelling place in the woods." The worthy fathers wrought well, and the succeeding generations, including our own, have entered into their labors, making the axiom true that it has taken all the past to make the present. We may account it well, then, to have seasons of review like this to inquire whether we have lived up to our privileges and emulated all that was excellent in the lives of the fathers who have gone before and entered upon their great reward. It is a notable fact that four revered godly pastors occupied our pulpit and left our people during the long period of one hundred and seventy-two years—Walker, Stoddard, Benedict and Andrews. To the earnest and thoughtful Christian it would seem that Mr. Andrews was specially raised up to meet the exigencies of the times. The church, under his pastorate of nearly thirty years, continued to enjoy uninterrupted peace and prosperity. Two hundred and sixty-three persons were added to the church and two hundred and forty-three were baptized. Three revivals took place during his ministry, in one of which forty persons became converts and twenty-six joined the church in one day, being the largest number that had ever joined the church in one day since its formation in 1670. At the alloted time he passed to a bright reunion with his Father and his God, to whom he had rendered a life of love and filial service. Few men have lived whose memory is so embalmed in the hearts of surviving parishioners and friends. Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes of Fair Haven was installed pastor December 8, 1869, and gave us the best ten years of his life in faithful and successful ministrations, and he too, has ascended into glory and gone like Mr. Andrews from earthly scenes in a moment and well may we say of him also that "he walked with God and he was not, for God took him." All the others who have labored for us as our well beloved pastors are still living and engaged in the work of the Lord in various fields of usefulness in our broad land.

Those of us who have lived in this church for nearly fifty years and carefully noted its developing history have seen that its people have kept fully abreast of the times. We have seen a steadily developing change in the current of religious inquiry, feeling and experience. The ever-recurring wonders revealed by the discoveries of science, which not unfrequently seem to antagonize the old way and old beliefs, and to furnish religious doubt, while they may have staggered and perhaps caused some to fall by the wayside, have as a rule only increased the earnestness with which the very truth has been sought by our people. Their hopes have been more and more anchored to the teachings of our Savior and their firm belief that there was no salvation in any other.—*Roll Call Meeting of First Church.*

WILLIAM COTHREN.

JANUARY 1, 1889.

You ask for the roll-call a tribute of song!
My steed has been stabled I know not how long;
His wings may be drooping, his motions not free.
But trusting forbearance, we'll try him and see.

Now quicker by far than his name you could say,
He will carry us back over Times old highway
To the year sixteen seventy's bright May day morn,
When in quaint town of Stratford our roll-call was born.

I wish we could see those twenty staunch men,
Each signing his name with a plumy quill pen;
I wish we could hear them, as clear on the air
Rise the tones of united and far-reaching prayer.

At length to this wilderness bravely they came
Among Red Men and wolves that were equally tame;
They both relished flesh, and the former I trow,
Could cut the hair closer than barbers do now.

And when the rude homes they were quick to prepare,
Were ready, the roll-call was kept here and there,
And on warm summer days, like true Puritan stock,
They worshipped in shade of that high shelving rock.

Appropriate Bethel, where carved on the trees
Was the grandest old roll-call, I challenge the breeze
In its varied researches all over the earth
To find any names of such genuine worth.

Just linger a moment and take in the scene,
The trees all arrayed in rich dresses of green,
Those older ones raising their columns so high,
As if stationed to hold up the arch of the sky.

I cannot repeat now the sermon and prayer:
Here's a chance to loan ears, while on vibrating air
Moves majestic "Old Hundred" with stateliest tread,
While from warblers unseen, drop the "grace notes" o'erhead.

I enjoy looking over their costumes as well,
But you'd call me so wicked, I'd better not tell
Of the queer leather breeches and three cornered hats,
For any remaining inquire of—the rats.

The years drifted on, a half score more or less,
When a new site was chosen their efforts to bless,
It was found neath the shade of that grandest old tree,
Yon Sycamore, calling up "Zaccheus he."

As the old Primer has it, no time for a laugh,
The Indians were ready to drive them like chaff;
So they stacked up their muskets against any shock,
Setting sentinel guards on each neighboring rock.

I have often been told that from thence the drum beat
Was the roll-call to worship for all through the street,
But slowly we'll haste through the lichen-grey past
The subject we're handling grows more and more vast.

The next place our roll-call was cited to fill
Was a new church that stood on "Old Meetin' House Hill."
Seventeen forty-seven, October the date,
None are left on that roll by the scissors of fate.

Now down to our times we are coming at last.
Are we worthy outgrowth of the sky-lighted past?
I know not. Do you? For whoever can tell
Must search deep for Truth. Her address is a well.

I can hardly forbear till our fore-bears are shown
As ignorant quite of so much we have known—
The telegraph, phonograph, graphs without end,
Bacil'i and such, 'gainst which we must defend.

Yet we know that their lives and their skies were as fair,
Their "Prize Strains" of thought-germs, still float in our air,
And to them holding place in the great witness throng,
We hallow an evening while passing along.

And some whom we cherished in tenderest love,
In silent response to the roll-call above,
Have passed from life's "Vanity Fair" and its show,
And entered "the land that no mortal may know."

You must be aware I was drafted for rhyme
Full measure is meted, and fearing the time
May be morning before we are through with it all,
We'll sum up the numbers clear down the roll-call.

Seventeen, sixty and five are the names that appear,
If you think my additions not perfectly clear,
Just ask our Historian, he'll set it all right,
And accept my best bow with a welcome "Good night."

Woodbury, Conn. Susan B Shove.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

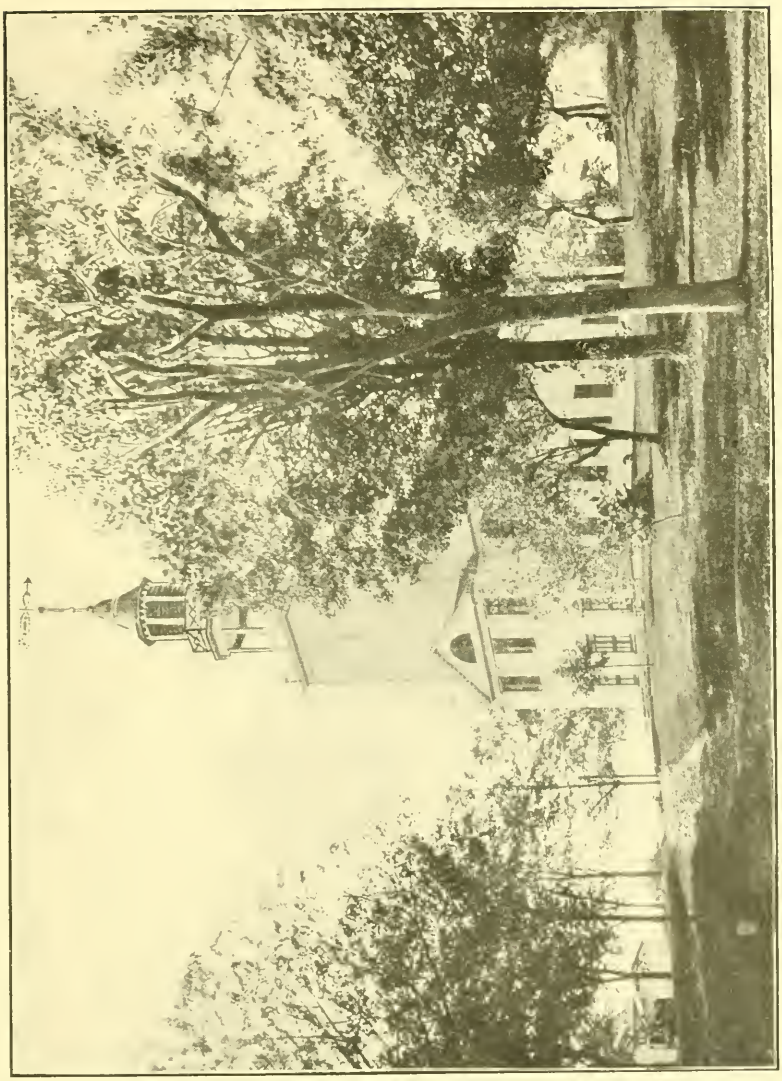
JANUARY 4, 1846.—In such like scenes, I say, we have so often in one form and another met and associated together as minister and people, that it would be strange indeed if we could see and realize that the last hour had come in which we were any longer to intermingle in the various and interesting relations and yet not feel a tender and peculiar interest in the hour and in these thoughts and remembrances which it so naturally awakens. Can this hour be better passed away by us than by making use of it in attending to some such instructions as that which the text seems to have been intended to convey. The Apostle Paul appears to have been taking his leave when he penned the text of this church at Phillippi. This church, it is evident from the whole tenor of his epistle to them, had greatly won his confidence and esteem by their simple and devoted

adherence to the Gospel of Christ. He addresses them as "His dearly beloved and longed for," and pronounces them "His joy and his crown." He speaks of "having them in his heart" and of "his thanking God upon every remembrance of them, making request for them with joy in all his prayers," and throughout the whole of this touching epistle there is a sweet spirit of affectionate, joyful confidence on the part of the Apostle toward the beloved people he is addressing, which is in the same respects peculiar to his Epistle, and is found in no other. It seems not only that the Apostle felt himself bound to them by the ties of a strong attachment, but also that he had strong hopes of their continued prosperity in time to come, and was ever confident that the God of their salvation would not forsake them. Hence that beautiful and valedictory counsel which he delivered to them in our text. It deserves to be written in letters of gold and placed as it were upon the front of this pulpit, made visible to every eye and suggesting itself to every mind and heart as often as you enter this house.

"Only let your conversation be as becomes the gospel of Christ that whether I come and see you or else be absent I may hear of your affairs that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel."—*From the Farewell Sermon.*

SAMUEL R. ANDREWS, D. D.,
Pastor First Congregational Church
From Oct. 8, 1817, to July 8, 1846.

WOODBURY, CONN.



THE NORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

JANUARY 6, 1900.—A contribution having been requested from me, it has occurred to me to make brief note of four eventful periods in the life of our town. A quiet country place like Woodbury is typical of the life of a great nation. It has its beginnings of life and its progression, its battles and its victories. In its narrower sphere, as in the larger, it is often the scene of much heroic action. It exhibits in embryo all the elements of the larger and more spectacular life. Upon a narrower stage and before a smaller audience are enacted all the comedies and tragedies of the great outlying world. And to the quiet villagers, these scenes have an interest as intense and vital as the grander comedies and tragedies of the nation.

In every community, large or small, are to be found elements that make for righteousness and those that are corrupting and destructive, the progressive and the conservative. Whatever is worthy of praise in our present life has been evolved out of these two opposing forces. The first epoch out of which came a better and truer life for Woodbury may be called the religious.

About the year 1800, this community was swept by the wave of French infidelity. Mr. Elijah Sherman was then in his early manhood. It was at that epochal period when the organization of the North Church was being considered. Associated with Mr. Sherman were a considerable number of men of about the same age, and all these having imbibed sceptical views were determined that the new church enterprise should be organized as a church of Free Thinkers. And but for Mr. Sherman's conversion about that time the church would have been so instituted. It is not easy to trace the myriad ways in which the religious life of our community has been affected by that providential interference with the plans of these men. The stamp of orthodoxy and evangelical teaching has been ineffaceably infused into the life of our town. An upward and epochal movement began at that era.

Another movement which has had a potent influence in the quickening of our moral life was in the direction of reform. For a considerable period previous to the year 1880 the moral tone of our town had marvelously degenerated. Prominent men openly declared they would as soon sell intoxicants as groceries, saloons were numerous,

and the public conscience seemed dead. The conscience of the better element was aroused by the prevalent and growing evil, and an agitation began and continued until the gross and growing evil was forced out of sight. There have been many lapses since, but an impulse was given to the temperance reform which has been felt ever since and will no doubt be felt for generations to come.

Another epoch in the modern life of Woodbury may be called the new impulse of town improvement. A person acquainted with Woodbury five years ago would scarcely recognize it to-day, with its aqueduct furnishing us sparkling and wholesome water, its fire district, affording protection to property, its tidy streets, its obstructive and disfiguring fences removed, its State road and its reconstructed and new dwellings. The tidal wave struck us but recently, but we are being borne on its crest to a new and larger life.

Another epochal era has been the educational. Woodbury has for a long period been noted for her excellent schools, but the idea of consolidation as the modern method of securing the best results, and a graded school with its higher department, seemed to many a thing impossible. It is but natural for an inquisitive and acquisitive people to want to know. It took some of our people a long time to understand their needs educational, but as soon as they understood their urgency, by swift steps they secured the graded school, and an equipment adequate to all our local needs. It is unnecessary to say that the founding of our Central School has been one of the most important epochs in the life of our town. It is to be expected that a larger and richer life would be the outcome of a well-grounded religious faith, and so upon this foundation have been built these moral, physical and educational reforms.

In the last three movements that have been epochs in the life of our town, I thank God I have shared with others of my fellow townsmen the dangers of battle and the joys of conquest. God only knows what another century may have in store for dear old Woodbury, but she will have in all the future, as during the past thirty years of my happy life amid her charming scenery and beloved friends, my prayers and benediction.

J. L. R. WYCKOFF,

WOODBURY, CONN. *Pastor North Congregational Church.*

THE CHAPEL OF THE NORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

JANUARY 10, 1866.—In these days in which we are living we are in danger of running past an ancient literature and history that are exceedingly captivating and instructive. It seems to me that we lose much in so doing. I do not know that the men who lived thousands of years ago were wiser in their day and generation than many who have lived since and who live now, but this we know, that no man during the past nearly three thousand years has been able to write anything to match the Iliad of Homer, no man has written a smoother narrative or one more beautiful than Xenophon, no general made a more persuasive address to discontented soldiers than he or conducted a more perilous expedition, no purer, more self-denying, more faithful, just, and almost sacred man ever lived than Socrates, no teacher more profound, more laborious, patient as it regards moral subjects than he. The wise men of Greece—Solon, Lycurgus, Socrates, Plato, and the like of them, the poet orators and statesmen of that early age, both of Greece and Rome, these are the great lights in the history of our race. It is intensely interesting to look back from where we now stand with the light of all the ages streaming down upon us and with the far greater light of revelation and of the church as the expounder of that revelation pouring their noon-tide splendor upon us. I say, in the midst of this great illumination, it is intensely interesting to look back and see what men thought, what were their aims, what they did, what they knew, three thousand years ago. They in fact were the builders of foundations, organizers of institutions luminous starting points from which men journeyed onward in time. On these foundations have been built up the vast temple of human history, a temple so vast that no man can see, even now adequately survey it, but which is far from being completed, till the topmost stone of which will only be laid when Time shall be no longer.—*From a Lecture on Socrates.*

JOHN CHURCHILL,
Pastor of North Congregational Church
WOODBURY, CONN. *From April 22, 1840, to October, 1867.*

JANUARY 8, 1900.—The proposition of a Souvenir of Woodbury of the character outlined is not only novel, I will assume, but it is also likely to prove a memorial of a value vastly exceeding present anticipations. There are many of Woodbury's older people, the memory of whom I deeply cherish, and who will no doubt recall the members of my family, although a generation has been the interval since we removed to the Empire City of the Western Hemisphere. Many will recall the good wife that I plucked from Middlebury after my return from China in 1869; many will recall the "little boy Winfred," now pastor of the Eliot Congregational Church of Boston; many will recall the "little girl Ella," now the wife of a Presbyterian minister.

It was suggested that my contribution should be something of my experiences in my travels over and around the world, but not a shadow could be drawn of so large a subject in the limit of space (so wisely) allotted to me. The recollections of peoples and places are treasures of the minds, but the detailing of scenes and incidents are too often prosy and uninteresting. And I am also reminded of the fact that some of my own experiences might tax the credulity of the most easily imposed upon people. Therefore I will cheerfully limit my words.

Let me ask the reader to come with me into the Arctic regions, where it was my privilege to be associated with Commander George W. DeLong, Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp and others who are recorded in history as heroic Arctic explorers, and who exemplified the well-known characteristics of the navy officers as faithfully as Dewey did at Manilla, in every tour of duty to which they had been detailed. They helped to make the world's history, and I trust that my own modest service may have been such as to bring some credit to my country and to myself, and add a little lustre to the famous history of Woodbury.

I can recall many of the days and nights that our little Arctic party spent in the region of everlasting snows and perpetual ice; clad in our heavy seal-skin or dog-skin clothing; crawling into our reindeer-skin sleeping bags at night-time in the open on the snow, under a temporary tent or in an Esquimaux hut, for the needed rest;

sitting at the meal of fat pork and crackers, or, perhaps, a piece of seal or walrus blubber, as was often the case, thinking and talking of our homes and the dear ones in them, who were wondering where we were, if we were alive, and likely suffering greater in mind over our hardships than we were suffering physically.

But I'll not be so cruel as to draw harrowing pictures of the past, whatever they might have been; rather merely recall a fact of discovery that adds much to the history of Polar exploration and which has proven of material value to the navigating world as well as to the Esquimaux themselves. Soon after our return from Smith's Sound, up which a party under the command of DeLong had been to search for the missing Hall expedition (this was in August, 1873) we left Upernavik and went to Disco. Being short of fuel I started out with a half-dozen men on a minor exploration around the waigat separating Disco from the main land. When about ninety miles from the ship, and after I had made geological tests at several points, I discovered evidences of coal. With torpedoes and electric batteries and drills I went to work and soon disclosed two veins of what later proved to be excellent bituminous coal. I planted the American flag there and called the mine "Eureka" ("I have found it"). Since then several exploring vessels and the Esquimaux have been supplied with coal from this mine and Naves, Peary and others have reported upon it. This single incident warrants me in concluding that Woodbury has a just claim for a share in the valuable results of Arctic explorations.

United States Navy. Lieutenant Henry E. Rhoades.

VIEW IN NORTH WOODBURY.

JANUARY 11, 1864.—The absorbing topic at this time is the interest we necessarily have in the late call of the President for volunteers. It will soon, however, be in a condition to give place to something else, for the town has raised by subscription nearly fifteen hundred dollars to encourage enlistments, and has already furnished nineteen of our quota of twenty-three. These, with the veterans who have already enlisted, if they are accredited to this town as expected, fill the quota. Woodbury, from the first, has taken her place among the loyal towns, which have been a credit to the State, responding generously to the calls of the country. More than one hundred and fifty men have been furnished by this place and most of them are our own citizens. It is hoped no further call for men to defend the country will be necessary, yet the voice is go on till the country is purified and the spirit of rebellion broken, till loyalty shall triumph and liberty reign universal.—*Correspondence Waterbury American.*

WOODBURY, CONN. ASAHEL W. MITCHELL, SR.

JANUARY 12, 1901.—Orenaug Park is situated on the east side of the main street of Woodbury, contains about eleven acres, and has for its southern boundary Orenaug Avenue, running easterly from the Soldiers' Monument. It extends along the ridge, which falls away very abruptly on its western edge, exposing to view a mass of irregular jagged rocks of a trap formation, which, as one stands on the projecting ledges, affords a beautiful view of the town and valley of the Pomperaug and the slopes leading up to Good Hill and Grassy Hill.

The view is similar, only less grand, to that which one sees from Lookout Mountain, taking in at one glance the town of Chattanooga, the Valley of the Tennessee, and Missionary Ridge.

Mrs. Susan B. Shove, who bought this tract and presented it to the town in 1892 for a public park, was not slow to see the natural beauty of the situation, and the possibilities of improvement by the hand of man, so that it should be second to none in the State. This parcel of land has been handed down in the Minor family from father to son, and hence had never been deeded until purchased by Mrs. Shove.

A driveway has been laid out by Mrs. Shove from the ornamental entrance at its southern extremity, along its entire length to its northern limit, passing "Point Belvidere" and "Singing Rock," points of unusual beauty. No doubt it will soon be extended to include "Bethel Rock" on the eastern limit of the Park.

On its highest elevation, which is about 260 feet above Main Street, and about 520 feet above sea level, Mrs. Shove has caused to be erected a galvanized steel tower, 60 feet high, surmounted with a veering vane, susceptible to the slightest breeze. This was accomplished by the assistance of her fellow-townsmen and former residents of the town, who have still a warm place in their hearts for old Woodbury.

Since the above was written Mrs. Shove has passed on to the great unknown. She has left a monument behind, dedicated to other ages that shall be more valued as time continues. Through this Park youth and maid will, dreaming, stray and ponder the beautiful life of her who set apart this tract to the beautiful and true.

WOODBURY, CONN. FLOYD F. HITCHCOCK.

JANUARY 13, 1901.—A beautiful church of fine architecture was recently completed and to-day dedicated by the First Congregational Society of Flint, Michigan. The edifice is elaborate in design, artistic in finish and complete in all the appointments. A few people, some nineteen in all, it is said, met at the home of William L. Smith on September 26, 1867, to take into consideration the organization of a Congregational Church. Among those present were Mrs. William L. Smith (Miss Anna Olcott), Mrs. John E. Strong and Miss Margaret Olcott, former residents of Woodbury.

Soon after this meeting, on October 27, 1867, a church was organized by Rev. F. P. Woodbury, the first pastor, and now Secretary of the American Missionary Association at New York.

The membership was composed of people who were in the earlier part of life, vigorous, efficient and united in purpose. The church has enjoyed continued prosperity and looks forward to most promising prospects in the future.

The building was constructed at a cost of sixteen hundred dollars, and was dedicated free from debt.

To this Congregational church and the first pastor, Dr. F. P. Woodbury, the honor is frequently given of being the first church and pastor in the United States to set apart permanently a Sunday for the children of the church, known as "Children's Day."

JANUARY 15, 1877.—It was in the winter of 1877. We were just beginning to keep house in the dwelling known as the "Old Quaker Sherman Place, then standing in North Woodbury, recently razed to the ground. Not having much to do and possessing an old printing press and a few fonts of old type, the idea occurred to us that it would be a good plan to print a little paper for Woodbury and thus pass away the time. What shall we name it? Various names were suggested, and finally we hit upon "The Woodbury Reporter." Many days and much care and anxiety were spent in its preparation, and finally, on the 10th day of January, 1877, "The Woodbury Reporter," a 4-page, 6x9 inch sheet was launched upon the great sea of journalism. It was a daring venture, and its reception was not such as to encourage a second attempt. "Knock it in the head or improve it," said the editor of a city contemporary. Life is sweet. To

"knock it in the head" was to kill it, so a second attempt was made and a second number was issued in February. It was larger and better looking. There were more smiles and fewer frowns. We felt encouraged some. Subscribers began to come forward, advertisers, too—a few. Encouragement No. 2. The "Reporter" was established and it must continue. And down through the two decades and four years it has continued to make its regular visits to the homes of the people of Woodbury. It has grown, and the old town has kept pace with its growth, as the years have come and gone, until to-day, as the 19th century is being laid away in the tomb and the 20th century is being ushered in, the "Reporter" of 1877 and the Woodbury of 1877 bears but a faint resemblance to the grand old town and its well sustained local paper of to-day. Such, in brief, is the story of "The Woodbury Reporter" as told by its editor and founder.

WOODBURY, CONN. ARTHUR EUGENE KNOX.

JANUARY 20, 1884.—

Dost thou love Jesus? Answer soul of mine,
As darkness wanes before the King of Day.
Thus doth thy fear, gloom, sorrow melt away?
Do thus earth tie, earth hopes, earth joys decline,
Till His blest name fills every thought of thine?

How dost thou serve Him? Answer, O my heart,
With faithful hands or with indifference cold?
Art true to Him, or has thy birthright sold,
Dost give Him all the praise or keep back part,
Do all men know that thou His servant art?

Dost follow Jesus? answer, O my feet,
So swift to run in pathways all thine own,
So easy turned from duties thou has known,
Wandering in paths that lead to shadows dim,
Say, can this be a faithful following Him?

Art true to Jesus? Tell me, conscience mine,
As points the needle to the unchanging pole,
So art thou true and does the steady soul,
By day, by night, walking in strength Divine,
Ever prove faithful to the Friend of Thine?

Be mine blest Savior Thine the power is,
Heal my back-sliding, make me fully Thine,
Reveal Thyself, upon my pathway shine,
Till I exclaim with more than earthly bliss,
"I know that He is mine and I am His."

WOODBURY, CONN. DAVID S. BULL

JANUARY 27, 1894.—The service in the lecture room of the First Congregational Church last Sunday evening was very interesting and impressive, it being the last meeting that is likely to be held there by that church. The members of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society held their meeting at the usual time, followed by the regular prayer and conference service of the church. After singing by the congregation, reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Freeman, the meeting was open for remarks, which were made by Dea. J. H. Linsley, F. F. Hitchcock and the pastor. Dea. Linsley gave a very interesting and extended history of the room, which is in part as follows: "Nearly fifty years have passed away since this Hall was built, and this room has ever since been occupied by this church. I was one of those present at the time it was first used for meeting. (The writer would here state that Dea. Linsley was one of the last to leave it at the conclusion of the meeting on Sunday night with feelings, no doubt, akin to those of one who from the deck of some out-bound ship sees home and native land fade in the distance). Dea. Linsley gave us many of his recollections as well as the names of many who were prominent in church and society matters, during the last half century. Among them were Dea. Eli Summers, Horace Hurd, George Hitchcock, George Drakeley, Dea. Truman Minor, N. B. Smith, Isaac Strong, David S. Bull and many other worthies who kept the faith and inherited the promises. Others were mentioned who were not members of the church, but were nevertheless very helpful. Many of whom he spoke are included among the 2,700 whom he has buried, or under whose direction the burial was done during the past forty-five years. F. F. Hitchcock made some very interesting statements of things which had come under his observation since 1862. The pastor also recounted

some of his recollections during his pastorate, covering a period of eight years.

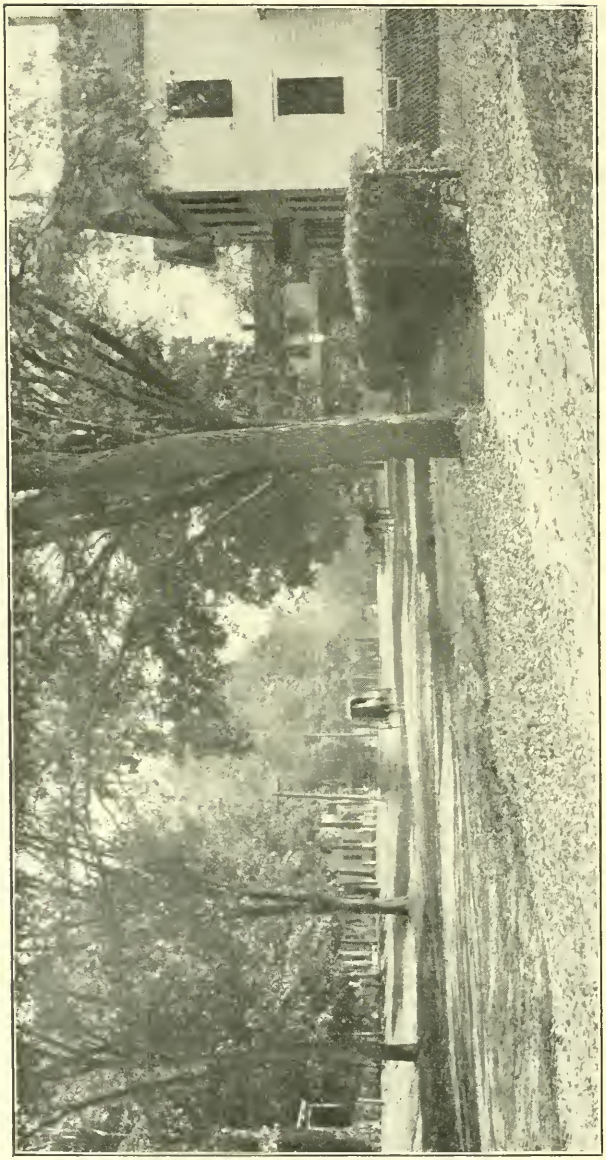
The writer, whose first visit to this town was about 1856, remembers nothing very attractive in the appearance of the room at that time. The bare floor, the seats then in use, the plain box stove, the walls with but the picture of the Morning Star and a missionary map upon them, would hardly compare with the present improved appearance of the room. Some years ago a committee, consisting of Miss J. E. Bull, Mrs. H. D. Curtiss, E. J. Curtiss and the writer, were appointed to refurnish the room, and under their direction the walls were repaired and kalsomined, paint applied where needed, matting spread over the floor, and chairs substituted for the antique benches except the few that were left against the wall. The others were placed in Pomperaug Chapel, which had been built through the efforts of D. S. Bull and others. The room was further improved with pictures, which have made it a very pleasant place. The writer flatters himself that he sees a future for this room now being vacated. Under the offer of State aid he sees an opportunity for a public library where a grateful public shall be furnished with books free of cost, when all can avail themselves of its benefits and when our Magazine Club shall, at the close of each year, donate their stock of papers and magazines for public use. In closing we quote from a poem by Will Carleton, entitled, "Out of the Old House, Nancy," which may be suggestive:

"Out of the old house, Nancy, moved up into the new,
All the flurry and worry is just as good as through,
Only a bounden duty remains for you and I,
And that's to stand on the door-step and bid the old house good-bye.

Out of the old house, Nancy, moved up into the new,
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through,
But I tell you a thing right here that I ain't ashamed to say,
There's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

Fare you well old house. You're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being, a dear old friend to me,
And we will never have a better home, if my opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keeping house in the house not made with hands.

WOODBURY, CONN. JOHN W. NICHOLS.



VIEW LOOKING SOUTH FROM FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

JANUARY 28, 1894.—In the days when Dr. Lyman Beecher lived in Litchfield, ministers' meetings were of frequent occurrence. One of these gatherings was held in Southbury and was attended by Dr. Beecher, who was accompanied by his wife and a son, some six months old. They were entertained at a residence near the meeting house. The daughter of the house, a young lady of sixteen, offered to take care of the infant while they were in attendance at the meetings. She did so, receiving many thanks from Mrs. Beecher for her kindness. The child was the renowned preacher, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The young lady resided in Brooklyn after her marriage and attended Plymouth Church. The incident being related to the pastor, he thanked her most cordially and inquired if he was a good child. Older residents remember to have seen Dr. Lyman Beecher walking from Litchfield to these ministers' meetings, a distance of seventeen miles. He appeared to be completely absorbed in thought, often changing his path in the road to either side. During these meetings Dr. Beecher became so deeply impressed with the need of work in the cause of temperance that the result was a great temperance reform in New England and throughout the country.—*From Woodbury Reporter.*

REMINISCENCES BY FANNIE BROWN MITCHELL.

SOUTHBURY, CONN.

JANUARY 31, 1894.—The new chapel of the First Congregational Church recently finished was dedicated on Thursday afternoon of this date. The weather was favorable and the audience represented all the churches of this town. The order of exercises was as follows:

Organ Prelude—H. W. Beecher.
Singing—"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."
Prayer—By pastor, Rev. J. A. Freeman.
Chant—By choir, "Glory be to the Father." Chorister N. M. Strong.
Responsive Reading—Second Selection.
Singing—Hymn 334.

Report of the building committee by the chairman, Rev. J. A. Freeman. This report was in detail and gave an account of the

items of expenses and to whom paid; also the names of those who have contributed, closing his remarks with the pleasing statement that Mrs. Charlotte Lewis had assumed the balance of the indebtedness, which, in addition to her former generous gift made it possible to dedicate this beautiful chapel free from debt.

Singing—Hymn 81.

Remarks by Dea. J. H. Linsley. Subject: "The places where the First Congregational Church have held their meetings for prayer and conference." In addition to the statements made by him in regard to this subject he gave his hearers much valuable information of the many incidents which had come under his notice during the many years since the first meeting was held in a room in the building now owned by Mrs. Grandison Beardsley, and at that time stood with its side in the highway. This was used until about 1835, when a room was hired over what is now G. N. Proctor's store. At a revival Rev. Mr. Isham from Roxbury was present and assisted in the work. The room being too small the services were held for a time in the church. Henry and Charles Curtiss and others joined the church at this time. Thomas Mallory taught a singing school during the Winter of 1839 and 1840, when he, with D. S. Bull and many others, learned to sing Fa, Sol, La. In April, 1840, he was seated with others in the church choir, is the only one left, and is still there. Week day prayer meetings were held Thursday afternoons, and choir rehearsals were held Sunday nights as Saturday nights were "kept" instead. The music during the recess was of a lively sort, marches, etc., and a roomful to hear. Their orchestra was composed of well known people, Dea. Linsley, D. S. Bull, C. W. Kirtland, N. L. Strong, John B. and Samuel Minor and others. A pack peddler, who made regular trips to the town, assisted and was a fine musician. Flutes, violins and bass viols were the instruments used. Dea. Summers usually led the singing, using a tuning fork and sang such tunes as St. Thomas, Windham and Doomsday. About this date a Sunday School was held a part of the year in the church gallery. N. B. Smith was the first superintendent he remembered. Removed from the Betts room to the old room about October, 1842. This room was fitted up by Mr. Linsley's father

and rented to the society. This room was also used for the Debating Society. George P. Sherman, George Drakeley, A. W. Mitchell and others took part. The temperance cause was prominent about this time and met with considerable opposition, and that, too, by prominent people. Removed to the room over the Town Hall about 1846. There have been nine ministers besides supplys he remembers. Five deacons have been appointed since that time. Tallow candles were used in those days. Mr. Linsley's father had a charge on his book to the society, "One candle chest, $1.50." Afterwards oil lamps were used. In closing Dea. Linsley said: "Mark the contrast of the old rooms with this beautiful chapel with every convenience for comfort, in which we meet this afternoon to dedicate to the service of Almighty God, who can say but that we have great reason to be thankful to those who have been instrumental in bringing about this great change. That our Heavenly Father may continue to smile and bless the old First Church through all the years to come is the prayer of your humble servant."

Anthem—"Open Wide Ye Gates."

Remarks by Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff. Subject: "The Bearing of the Material on the Spiritual Life." Church entertainments should be more than merely to make money and should be of such a nature as to benefit the young. He urged the necessity for better opportunities for the young and that churches should provide rooms for a library whose walls should be adorned with works of art; also one where lectures could be given on many important subjects by local talent, accommodations for a gymnasium, in fact to give the young people attractive surroundings. Just then the writer thought what a good place the committee room in the Town Hall would be for a gymnasium and the old lecture room for a free public library.

The further exercises were held in the chapel.

Singing—Hymn 209.
Reading Scripture—By Pastor.
Dedicatory Prayer—By Pastor. [A very impressive one.]
Singing—Hymn 512.
Benediction—By Pastor.

The work has been done in the best manner by the following persons: R. W. Hill, architect; Wallace G. Ward, builder; George Roswell, cellar and stone work; Frederick Ward and William Forbes, putting on the fine walls; Henry Traver, painting; F. F. Hitchcock, plumbing and heating; the expenses of putting in water by H. D. Curtiss, and the carpets by the ladies of the church.

Woodbury, Conn. John W. Nichols.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY 1, 1900.—It has always been to me an interesting circumstance that the family to which I belong should have been identified with the town of Woodbury. I have not inquired curiously into the genealogy of the Judsons, but I hope no descendant of their stock has ever proved other than a blessing to your community.

I often wonder that I should be engaged in the solution of perplexing problems here in the lower part of this city, when it would be very much more to my taste to enjoy the quiet and refinement which characterizes Woodbury. I would like to convey to them an expression of interest and esteem.

My brothers and sisters are widely scattered. Only one is living in New York, and he bears my father's name, Adoniram. My niece, Miss Emily Hanna, is a missionary in Burmah, where her grandfather laid down his life.

NEW YORK. EDWARD JUDSON,
Pastor Judson Memorial Church.

FEBRUARY 2, 1900.—I am asked for a contribution to the Woodbury Souvenir; but what can I write that will be of interest enough to any possible reader to justify me in taking up any portion of his time, or in occupying any portion of space in the contemplated souvenir?

It is true that I lived in the good old town for several years in my boyhood, having made my entrance therein on my sixteenth birthday with a yoke of oxen, cart and load of household goods. My father, Gideon Hollister, had previously purchased the place known as the Hotchkiss Homestead, situated about a third of a mile northwest of Hotchkissville on the road that leads over towards Roxbury. In this old red house the family resided for two or three

years, and then moved down nearer to, and just north of, the village of Hotchkissville, to a pleasant and commodious house surrounded by a large tract of meadow land. The 'Ville, as it was commonly called, was quite a thriving community with its manufactories, store, shops and attractive dwellings. One of the principal manufacturing interests was that of the firm of J. & R. H. Hotchkiss. I always regarded Dea. Reuben H. Hotchkiss as easily the leading man in the place. He was of excellent personal address and a staunch supporter of the North Congregational Church, and an ardent advocate of whatever was pure and right. He had a keen and just appreciation of things, and could express himself in language suitable to the subject and occasion. I well remember being present at the South Congregational Church on the occasion of the installation of a pastor (the Rev. Mr. Curtis, I think). Mr. Hotchkiss was there and many others from the other churches as visitors. The Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., of Hartford, preached a most powerful and impressive sermon which made a deep impression on the audience and especially upon Dea. Hotchkiss. He expressed himself in relation to the sentences that fell from the preacher's lips, on this wise: He said, it seemed to him "as if a great and powerful giant was on top of a lofty mountain prying out great rocks and bowlders and tumbling them down on the heads of the audience below." When you call to mind the lofty elevation of the pulpit in those days, the simile of the giant on a lofty mountain tumbling down rocks upon the people below is most apt and appropriate. My father always esteemed Mr. Hotchkiss very highly, and in this estimate I fully concurred.

The Rev. John Churchill was the pastor of the North Congregational Church when our family moved to Woodbury, and with that church my father at once became identified. Mr. Churchill was then an able and vigorous expounder of the Scriptures. I remember of his holding a series of open air services on Sunday afternoons in the Summer time in the maple grove near the residence of Mr. Nathan Warner in Hazel Plain, so-called by some people, while others persisted in calling the locality by a name far less euphonious and agreeable, but much more startling and suggestive to the ear

and to the senses. I am sure, however, that the occasion, if it ever existed, for the latter name has long since passed away. These open air meetings continued only for a few weeks, though they were considered productive of good results. Mr. Churchill remained the pastor of the North Church until long after I left the place, but of his later life and ministrations I am unable to speak from any personal knowledge.

In those far away days the distinguished preacher and scholar, the Rev. Samuel Andrews, was the pastor of the South Congregational Church. He was an able man, of great learning and an excellent preacher; quiet, but impressive in manner and delivery, and, after giving utterance to one of his polished and powerful sentences, he would stop and scan the audience individually as if to see if any one had been hit, and to ascertain how effectual the shot had proved. Every sentence he thus shot forth into the audience was a gem in thought, construction and expression, and was pregnant with the deepest and richest Gospel truth. Later he moved with his interesting and talented family to New Haven, where he was elected secretary of the corporation of Yale College, which office he held, I think, until at or near the time of his decease.

The principal lawyers then in Woodbury were Hon. Charles B. Phelps and Hon. William Cothren. Each was distinguished in his own way—Mr. Phelps as a lawyer and jurist, and Mr. Cothren as a lawyer and historian. To the latter, Woodbury owes much for most patient and careful labor and research to rescue from oblivion and bring to the light many of the incidents and treasures of the past and make them permanent, safe and secure, in his valuable history of ancient Woodbury. He was one of the most careful, painstaking men I ever knew. I studied with him in preparing for Yale College, and I can say, advisedly, that he was a good and faithful teacher. Mr. Phelps was a very able man, exceedingly interesting in conversation, and was socially much esteemed. I never heard, however, of his services being in demand for a writing master or an amanuensis. He had a knack of writing so that the manuscript had the air and appearance of gentility, while no one, not even himself, could read it after it became cold, as the saying is. It is said

upon good authority that on a certain occasion he wrote to the Clerk of the Superior Court at Litchfield for information about a case he had in Court. The clerk could not well make out his hieroglyphics, but guessed about what he would like to know, and, being a lover of a joke, he wrote a very brief reply on the bottom of Mr. Phelps's letter on the back, down in the corner, refolded it, and put it in an envelope and addressed and mailed it to Mr. Phelps. When Mr. Phelps received and opened the envelope, he could not at first make anything out of it, and vigorously denounced the man who sent him such a miserable scrawl. A man present in the office said to him, "Squire, there is some writing at the bottom, on the back of the letter, which may explain the matter." Upon turning over the letter he read in the beautiful, clear handwriting of the Clerk, the reply to his letter. A good-natured burst of laughter followed the discovery of the joke that had been played upon him, and no one enjoyed it better than himself. He was for a time a Judge of the County Court of Litchfield County, just prior to the change of the judiciary which abolished the County Courts and established the Courts of Common Pleas.

It was customary then, and perhaps the custom is still retained, of announcing the death of a resident of Woodbury by the peculiar ringing of the bell of the church to which the family of the deceased belonged. The ringing was shortly followed by tolling; each stroke of the bell representing a year of the life of the deceased until the sum was fully tolled. I recollect on a certain occasion when I was walking from the Center over to the West Side the sound of the bell struck heavily and sadly on my ear. I had heard of no sickness and had no idea whose death knell was then being sounded, but I stopped and listened until the bell strokes added year after year to the sum till the full term of the three score and ten had been counted, and I became intensely interested, wondering if still another stroke of the bell would proclaim another year of blessings and mercies and of God's long, patient forbearances, but the bell spoke no more, and I was seized by a desire to know the name of the deceased, and what use he had made of these many years that the iron tongue of the bell had charged up against him. The effect

was most solemn and impressive. Surely the words of the poet would not apply to Woodbury, but should read affirmatively, for

"The sound of the Church going bell
These valleys and rocks oft have heard,
Oft sighed at the sound of a knell,
And smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

I confess to a liking for many of the old customs that used to prevail in the old New England towns.

There is an incident connected with my boyhood life, on the place to which we first moved in Woodbury, that may possibly be of interest to some one. When Henry Clay, of Ashland, Kentucky, ran for President of the United States in the campaign of 1844, though I was then but a boy and not entitled to vote, I was nevertheless a most ardent advocate of Mr. Clay, and when at last, after waiting several weeks for the election returns, according to the slow and tedious process then in vogue for collecting such returns, it became known that Mr. Clay had been defeated, I shed some boyish but none the less bitter tears over the result, and then shouldered a spade and with other necessary implements, started off for the woods a quarter of a mile away, and having selected a beautiful tall, young ash tree among a clump of its brothers and sisters, I succeeded in digging it up, and, placing it upon my shoulder, managed to convey it to the house. My father, who was also an enthusiastic advocate of Mr. Clay, came out of the house and exclaimed: "What on earth have you got there, David?" I told him I had an ash tree. He replied, "Don't you know Clay is whipped?" "Yes," said I, "but I am going to set out this tree in honor of the State of Connecticut who cast her electoral vote for the sage of Ashland," and this I proceeded to do on that November day in 1844, and there it stands to this day at the southeast corner of the gateway leading from the road to the barn, on the north side of the house. It is a beautiful, symmetrical tree, or was when I saw it last, and will testify, so far as it can, to the truth of my story. I have a peculiar attachment for, and interest in, that tree, and I have indulged the fancy that my feeling was reciprocated and that the tree would be willing and glad to

testify in my behalf in gratitude for my act in transplanting it from its cramped and unfriendly surroundings among so many others to a place where it could have plenty of air and sunshine, and room to grow in, and for giving it a mission and a history.

There were occasional justice trials in the town which sometimes occasioned a great deal of merriment among the usual crowd of spectators. I recollect an incident in the trial of a lawsuit in the Hall, or ballroom of the Marshall House at the lower end of the town street. Mr. Cothren was employed on one side and my brother, Gideon H. Hollister, of Litchfield, on the other. It was considered by my brother to be essential to impeach one of Mr. Cothren's witnesses, and he called upon some of those present in the Court-room as witnesses for that purpose. Among others called, there was an old gentleman by the name of Moody (his first name I do not recall). Mr. Moody was probably over eighty years of age and quite infirm, and when called upon, stood up, leaning on his staff, his hands quivering and unsteady. He was asked: "Mr Moody, do you know Mr. A———?" "Yes." "How long have you known him?" "Since he was a boy, fifty years ago." "What is his reputation for truth and veracity?" With a trembling and sepulchral voice he replied, "We read in Holy Writ that "All men are liars.' I never yet heard that Mr. A——— was an exception to the rule." The answer given in a very trembling voice, coming from the lips of a man bowed with years and with a trembling form, looking as if he had stepped out of his grave, produced a startling effect at first, but was soon followed by a burst of laughter to the great chagrin and discomfiture of Mr. A———, the impeached witness.

In the Winter evenings a Literary and Debating Society was organized and well sustained and was quite a factor in stimulating the participants, and even others, to cultivate their minds and to fit themselves for a higher plane of living and greater usefulness in the community. The meetings of this society were held in a hall which was then in use for public gatherings and was situated on the west side of the main street below the South Church. There were a goodly number of people who were always earnest and efficient in their efforts in behalf of the society, and among them I may be

pardoned in mentioning my brother-in-law, George Drakeley, who took a deep interest in its success and was always ready to serve in its welfare. It was in this society that I made my maiden effort to overcome the natural bashfulness that was then the torment of my life.

Unfotunately there were then in the Township several places where intoxicating liquors were sold, and some where they were manufactured. These places were a curse to the town and most destructive to the character and morals of those who patronized them. They were festering centers of vice and lawlessness. At one time in particular the moral sense of the whole community was deeply aroused, and an able and eloquent temperance lecturer was secured from abroad to deliver a series of such lectures. The lectures were delivered in the North Congregational Church, which was freely and gladly opened for that purpose. The lecturer was a guest at my father's house while the meetings were being held, as my father was an earnest supporter of the good cause. These lectures drew large audiences, and were instructive and valuable in every point of view. Dea. Elijah Sherman, who lived a little south of the North Church on the west side of the road, was a very able man, and an earnest supporter of the cause. He was a man of great individuality and force of character, a man who would die, if need be, for a principle, but never yield a hair's breadth to the encroachments of anything against his sense of right, or fail to oppose it by all legitimate means. He had clear and strong convictions, and the courage to maintain them. His character was not such as to make him a special favorite with the liquor interest, and with the usual disregard of right and decency that characterized the minions of that interest, on a dark night they bored holes in the beautiful maple trees that ornamented the front of Mr. Sherman's dwelling, and filling these holes with powder, set a match to it, intending and expecting to destroy the trees, but their diabolical plan so far miscarried that the injury was comparatively small. Dynamite would have accomplished their purpose more effectually, but that was then not to be procured. Not having caused sufficient mischief to satisfy their fiendish desires, upon a subsequent dark night

they broke into his carriage house, stole away his handsome carriage and harnesses and dragged them about a third of a mile north down by the Alder Swamp River, and there destroyed all the property by fire. This sort of lawlessness was the natural and legitimate fruit of the liquor business, and the only argument it deigned to use, but strange as it may seem, and strong as the argument was, it failed to convert Mr. Sherman over to the liquor interest.

The inhabitants of Woodbury were then, as I believe they are now, a church going and church sustaining people. The two Congregational and the Episcopal and Methodist churches were all well attended by devout congregations, and the church buildings within and without were kept in a good state of preservation and were neat and attractive in appearance as befitted the sacred uses to which they had been dedicated. It was a most interesting sight, on a Sabbath morning, to see the worshipers coming from the south, the north, the east and west in long lines of conveyances, from the many villages and hamlets scattered throughout the large township, each one adding is quota to the procession, and all pressing forward to their respective places of worship. It was not considered respectable or decent, for any one who was able to go, to stay away from the House of God. It surely would ill become the descendants of an ancestry, who worshiped God at Bethel Rock amid times and scenes of hardship and danger from the tomahawk and rifle of the prowling savage, to prove false to the God of their fathers who had so kindly and signally bestowed upon them His protection and blessing.

Thus have I jotted down in a very imperfect and disconnected manner, some of my recollections of the persons, scenes and incidents pertaining to the time of my residence in Woodbury 50 years ago.

Should anything I have written prove of interest to any reader my desire and purpose will have been accomplished.

No sketch of the Woodbury of those days would be of much interest, or should be tolerated, that did not speak with enthusiasm of the beauty and loveliness of the many and attractive maidens who then made life worth living, and played the mischief with the

heart-strings of the boys. Of such there were a goodly number. Among whom were the Misses Sherman, Crafts, Marvin, Cogswell, Hotchkiss and Walker, uptown, and the Misses Andrews, Phelps and many others down-town with whom I had but a slight acquaintance.

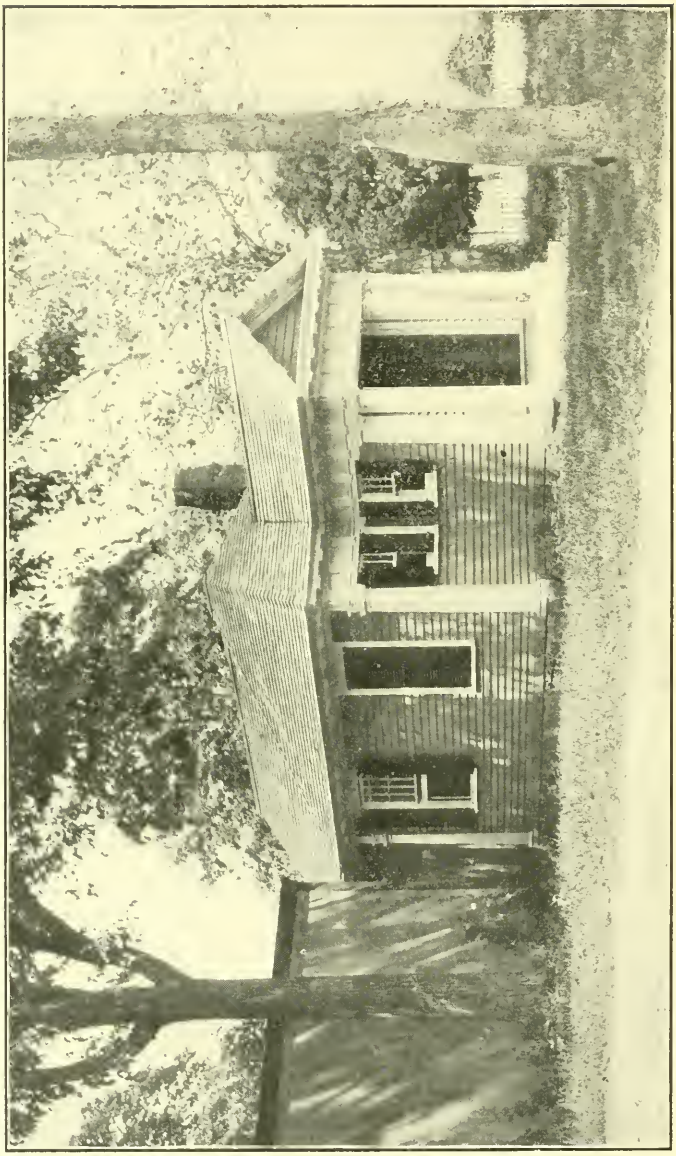
As I write these names, memory brings their forms and faces before me in all the freshness and bloom of the olden time, and I am almost led to fancy that I am a boy again, but, alas! my memory's photograph will not stay and the entrancing vision fades away even while I gaze in admiration upon it.

I hope and trust that the intervening years between *then* and *now* have dealt kindly and mercifully with the originals of my memory's picture. Some I know have passed to the realms of light and joy where no dark shadow ever comes. That God may deal tenderly with and bless the survivors is my earnest wish and prayer.

Dear Old Woodbury—How often have I climbed thy noble, historic rocks that so faithfully guard thine eastern borders, and from that lofty and solid outlook gazed with admiration and delight upon the charming landscape stretching far away to the north, the west, the south and southeast, interspersed with hills and valleys, streams and woods, with the streets below lined with pleasant and attractive dwellings, stores and shops, with here and there a church spire ever pointing upward towards the abode of the Author of all this beauty and loveliness. My heart has overflowed with joy and gratitude in contemplating the wondrous scene. In thy friendly bosom rest the mortal remains of multitudes of thy sons and daughters who have lived, enjoyed thy beauties, and passed on to scenes of greater delight in the Father's house of many mansions. Among these, many of our own loved ones are numbered, and the soil that covers their remains is sacred in our sight and dear to our hearts.

God grant that in the years to come thy sons may be noble, manly and loyal, and thy daughters virtuous, lovely and true, and may peace and prosperity fill the hearts and dwellings of all who may be privileged to reside within thy borders.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. D. F. HOLLISTER.



THE PROBATE OFFICE.

FEBRUARY 3, 1901.—The new Probate building in Woodbury, which was erected last Fall and is now in use, is situated in the south part of the town on the west side of the highway and just north of the Episcopal Church. The main building is of wood, 17 by 19 feet, with a brick vault in the rear, 6 by 12 feet inside, and of the thickness of four bricks and an air space. It was designed by Wilfred E. Griggs of Waterbury and built by C. W. and T. F. Atwood of Watertown.

As the Probate District of Woodbury, to which the building belongs, is one of the oldest and most important in the State, some word with regard to its records would not be out of place. The first distinctly Probate Courts of the State were established in 1716, and were Hartford, New Haven, New London, and Fairfield. The first ones established after this were in 1716, when Windham, Guilford and Woodbury were established. The first court held in this district of Woodbury was held February 3, 1719. At the time of its establishment, its jurisdiction included all of Litchfield County and parts of New Haven and Fairfield Counties and extended indefintely westward, so much so that an estate was in 1737 transferred to New York after its administration had been by mistake started in Woodbury district. The first judge of the district was Hon. John Sherman in the early history of the town a distinguished man in the State, being Associate County Court Judge for 44 years and Speaker of the General Assembly for two years. His successors have been Col. Joseph Minor, Daniel Sherman, Nathan Preston, Hon. N. B. Benedict, John Strong, Jr., Charles B. Phelps, Hon. N. B. Smith, Leman B. Sprague, Thomas Bull, Lewis Judd, Floyd F. Hitchcock and James Huntington the present judge. The first Clerk of Probate was the Rev. Anthony Stoddard, who held the office 40 years.

Of interest to the antiquarian are the introductions in the old wills on file. The person describes himself as usual, then says that he is sick, "but of sound mind and memory, thanks be given to God therefor, and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die," makes his will. Before saying anything about his property, he gives his "soul into the hands of God who gave it and my body I recom-

mend to the earth to be buried in a decent Christian burial, nothing doubting but that at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God." It is of interest that the will of the celebrated divine, the Rev. Dr. Bellamy of Bethlehem, who died in 1790, does not have this preliminary.

There are also on file in this court the records of several estates confiscated at the time of the Revolution. One reads as follows: "At a court of probate held at Woodbury, February 5, 1785, whereas, by a judgment of the adjourned county court held at Litchfield on the third Tuesday of December, 1783, all the goods and estate of John Doe, late of New Milford, who hath gone over to and joined the enemy, is forfeited, and according to law administration is to be granted on such estate, and accordingly letters of administration are this day granted, sufficient bond being given."

Of legal interest are the large number of nuncupative wills on file. An affidavit is made and presented in court by two persons that they heard the deceased, while on his death bed, declare orally that his will was so and so. This affidavit is accepted as the will of the deceased person the same as if he had written it. The early appointments of guardians seems to have been very informal and the record made of them is put in anywhere, in the center of the record of an estate, if necessary room is there found. The inventories show the great value of cloth at that time, as every garment is put in separate, the valuation being in English money. Negro slaves constitute a part of many inventories. Nothing was recorded then as carefully as it must be now excepting wills, inventories and distributions. The records and files of the district from the first are, however, complete none ever having been lost. Old Waterbury and New Milford files are kept separate from the rest.

From this district the Waterbury district was set off in 1779, the Litchfield in 1742, the New Milford in 1787, the Washington in 1832, and Roxbury in 1842, so that the district comprises now only the towns of Woodbury, Bethlehem and Southbury.—*Published in Waterbury American.*

Woodbury, Conn. James Huntington.

FEBRUARY 4, 1901.—In the broad domain of past recollections, none entwine themselves more endearingly around the heart than the memory of childhood days, school companions and the familiar haunts of childhood rompings and boyhood struggles, especially to those who, in after years, have removed to other scenes and climes. Even the very thorns which pricked the flesh and stones which "stubbed" the toe are remembered with a degree of veneration, and are cherished among the other priceless heirlooms in the castle of reflective thought.

These pleasant memories are not the product or growth of a day, but gradually instill themselves into the mind and with each fleeting year, grow, and impress themselves more and more indelibly, until they become almost a shrine of worship.

The place, climate and surroundings in which one has lived, grown and was nurtured from childhood to womanhood or manhood, has an especial charm above all others, and a sort of parental claim upon our patriotic feelings, regardless of subsequent environments. But to increase or diminish that degree of sentiment, the place itself, is, of course, an important factor, and although the town of Woodbury stands in that relative position to me, I believe I can say without bias, that no town or place can lay greater claim for the perfection of those endearing sentiments than Woodbury, basking, as it does, in nature's smiles and reveling in nature's products. While somewhat removed from the more busy hum of industry and the shrill screech of the locomotive, it has its broad and fertile fields, its level and well-kept drives and highways, its magnificent elms and maples, with their ever inviting shade, its dear old New England district schools, from which so many of the stalwart men of the nation have graduated, its invigorating and healthy climate, and with all, the peace and happiness of industrious law-abiding citizens. These are some of the many features which make the town attractive, not only to those upon whom it has an especial claim, but to all who come within its borders.

The early history of the town bespeaks, not only its present but its ancient prestige, and it is to-day the custodian of the early land and probate records of nearly all the surrounding towns, including the city of Waterbury.

While space in this article will not permit of extended illustrations, I would, however, call attention to a section of the town in the northwestern part, known, from its early history, by the misnomer of "Hell Hollow," for, if not a misnomer, then hades is more of a paradise than our religious and spiritual intuition has pictured. In wandering through the Clark Woods, so called, in this portion of the town, in the early Spring, the traveler must necessarily be attracted by the abundance of that gem of all New England's native flowers, the trailing arbutus, making fragrant the air with its perfumed flowers, even before the winters snow has fully disappeared; and if the traveler will but wait the developments of the Summer sun, in the very same locality he can view, in gorgeous abundance, a flower, which in the absence of postive designation, and with due deference to the golden rod, I will term the national flower, the laurel, decking, as it were, the place with a wreath of merit.

Going a little farther north will be found the clear sparkling water of Cross Brook, as it comes tumbling down from the hillside laughing exultantly in its freedom, and then empties itself into the more quiet waters of the Sprain, and together journey on down the beautiful valley, commonly called Hazel Plains, in an endless flow, as the milk of nature's kindness.

Possibly no place in this district is more closely allied with the early school-day recollections than what was known as the "Old Cady House," which, until within the past few years, stood nearly opposite the Hazel Plains School. This old house, until it was torn down, or rather fell down, a few years ago, seemed to be the special property of the school boy, in which was played the game of hide and seek, as well as answering for the arena in which the pugilistic differences of the small boy were settled, screened from the watchful eye of the teacher, and promoted by the deep solicitude of the larger boy. This I know from personal experience, not of the larger boy, but of the smaller.

Although Woodbury cannot claim a large financial or populous growth, it can truly say: Here can be found the mecca of contentment, the basis of all happiness, one of natue's paradises where mankind can follow untrammeled that highest calling in life, the teachings of his Creator.

Winsted, Conn. Richard T. Higgins.

FEBRUARY 5, 1901.

Home of childhood! I cannot forget thee,
Though here I am happy surrounded by friends,
Deeply and warm in my heart I have set thee,
And holiest thoughts with thy memory blends.

Darling old homestead, quietly nestling
Under the trees that shelter thee o'er,
Where with the shadows, sunlight is wrestling
On the short green sward in front of the door.

Shaggy old house dog, playmate of childhood,
Oft have we wandered together away
To where the low strawberry reddened the wild wood,
And loitered beside the still waters to play.

Gnarled old apple tree, near to the window,
Maples that rise to the blue of the sky,
Mulberry where the bright oriole buildeth,
Still do ye toss your proud branches on high.

Where stretch the meadows of snowiest clover,
The Pomperaug River goes hurrying by,
With elm tree and willow, dark shading over,
The pool where the trout were accustomed to be.

On those grey rocks with dark hemlock trees crested,
Many an hour have I lain at my ease,
To watch the brisk squirrel chirp unmolested,
And listen to the soft mournful wail of the breeze.

Lowly red school-house close by the wayside,
Many a year hath it stood where it stands,
Curly haired girlhood and stout ruddy boyhood,
Throng its worn threshold in mischievous bands.

Church of our forefathers! silently pointing
Thy tapering spire to the infinite sky,
There the dear pastor of God's own anointing
Labored to teach us to live and to die.

Graveyard of centuries, headstones all moss grown,
Side by side stand with the mound of to-day,
Cherished and loved ones sleep in thy bosom,
Heedless of footsteps that over them stray.

Friend of my childhood, while fond recollection
Lingers around my old haunts with delight,
I would never forget how your priceless affection
Hath yielded them all with a glory so bright.

And, oh, the dear faces around the old hearthstone,
Where the wood fire burneth merrily and clear,
Father and mother and dark eyed young brother,
That home were a desert unless ye were there.

WOODBURY, CONN. MARY E. SMITH.

FEBRUARY 6, 1899.—From the time of Alexander the Great art began to have a wider development with more variety. Women were partly out of the house of bondage and more free to follow their own inclinations in the pursuit of art. One, belonging to this age, was Helena who painted for one of the Ptolomies the scene of a battle in which Alexander conquered Darius. It is thought this picture was the original of the famous mosaic found in Pompeii.

There are other celebrated Greek women, but we will leave them to turn to one Roman painter, who was of Greek origin and education. Laya was a pioneer in a branch cultivated by many of her sex, miniature painting, excelling in miniatures on ivory and lived about one hundred years before Christ.

The nuns were among the first women to practice art. There were miniaturists and miniative calligraphists. The work of the first was to color histories and arabesques and place on the gold and silver ornamentations. The second wrote the book and the initial letters so often traced in red, blue and gold.

The first woman sculptor was Sabrina Steinback, the daughter of the one who designed the cathedral of Strasburg, the ornamenting being done in part by the daughter. Her sculptural groups are of great beauty and have been admired for ages. During the fifteen century there were few women artists, first among these was Margeretha Von Eyck, deserves mention. She was the sister of Hubert and and John Von Eyck, who discovered and introduced oil painting.

In the sixteenth century we find Properzia de Rossi, the first

to gain reputation as a sculptor in Italy. She undertook the minute carving of peach stones. On one was carved the crucifixion of our Savior, a work comprising a number of figures, executioners, disciples, women and soldiers, wonderful for the delicate execution and distinction of all. In the Grassi coat of arms are imbedded eleven peach stones, and on one side of each is carved the eleven Apostles with an article of the creed underneath; on the other, eleven holy women with the name of the saint in each and motto. At last she turned her attention to the sculpture of large figures, executing work in the highest taste.

Marietta Robusti, daughter and pupil of the great painter, Tintoretto, went everywhere with her father, and learned to give proportion and unity to her work and the difficult art of foreshortening. She became famous as a portrait painter.

About the middle of the fifteenth century lived six sisters, all gifted in music and painting. Sofonisba Anguisciola could draw at the age of ten years, and became a pupil of Campi. She painted with so much skill that her pictures only wanted voice to be alive. Philip II invited her to the court of Madrid where she was much honored. Van Dyck said he received more enlightenment from the instruction of Sofonisba than from all his studies of the great masters.

To the school of Seville belongs Luisa Roldau, an excellent sculptor in wood. Her productions were designed and executed with great delicacy. She sculptured a statue giving an exquisite idea of an angel's sweetness and protecting love. It is in the hospital at Cadiz.

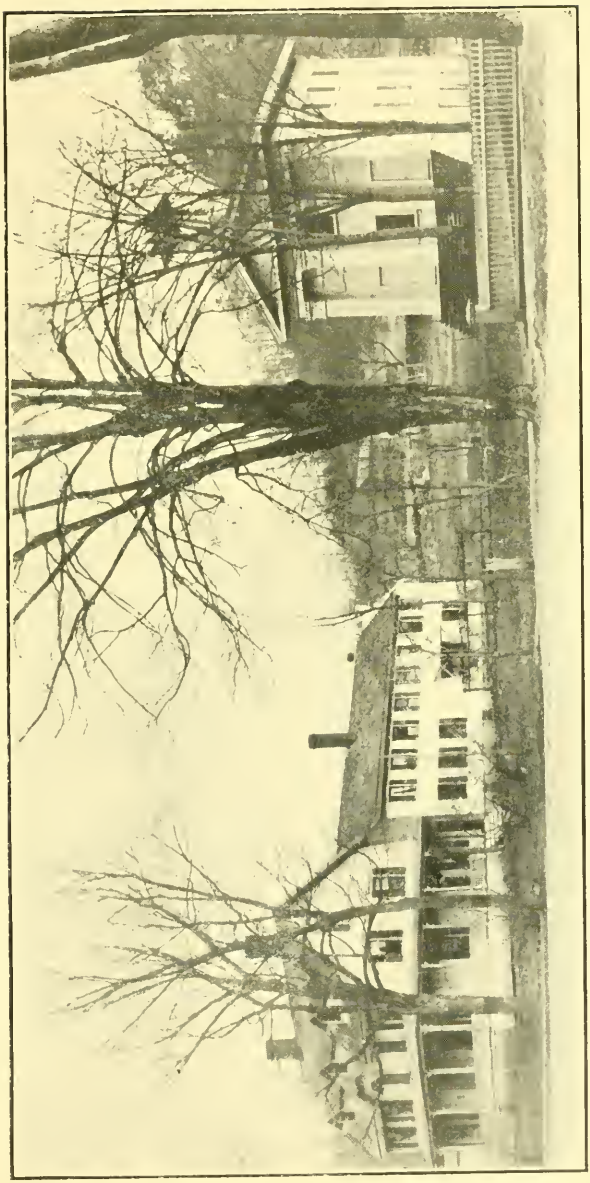
The eighteenth century has produced many artists. Marie L. E. Vigee was the daughter of a skillful portrait painter whose home was in Paris. When only eight years of age her father recognized her work as that of a genius. Her instructors were the best and she studied from the works of Rubens, Rembrant and Van Dyck. She married Jean Baptiste Le Brun, who had such a habit of gaming that in 1789 she said she had not twenty francs, although her earnings had amounted to half a million. In 1835 she had finished six hundred and sixty-two portraits, fifteen large compositions and two

hundred landscapes. At eighty years of age she painted a portrait so remarkable for coloring and expression that it is preserved among her best specimens.

In the nineteenth century Rosa Bonheur stood at the head of women artists. It is well known that she so disliked school and study that her father took her into his studio to work. From 1841 her work appeared in all the Paris exhibitions and several medals were awarded her. Able pens have written all that can be said of her history.

This country may be proud to own the "Horse Fair," which is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. As the women artists are constantly appearing in our papers and magazines a short list is sufficient, Cecelia Beaux, Mary Cassatt, Mrs. Henyon Cox, Rosina Emmett Sherwood, Rhoda Holmes Nichols and Mary Lawrence.—*American Art and Artists.*

Woman's Club, Woodbury. S. Augusta Salmon.



THE PARKER HOUSE AND ACADEMY.

February 7, 1875.—It is not so much what we say and do as how we say it, and in what spirit we perform the act, being careful not to offend, striving to please others, and so bring them into the sunshine, which, mirror-like, will reflect its rays upon our own hearts and lives, giving assurance of duties made lighter by giving to others that which all need, and which each one depends upon others for; so be yourself what you would have others.

Woodbury, Conn. R. B. Martin.

February 8, 1871.—The author of this description, Mrs. Rathbun, was among the first of that noble band of women who were ever ready to encounter scorn and persecution, for the sake of teaching the colored people. The first experience was at Vicksburg thence she went to Galveston, where she founded a school which still bears her name. It was the privilege of the contributor of this article to the "Waterbury American" to listen to her account given in the North Church of her visit to the Islands of Palms and Malta, and also of her work in behalf of freedmen. In her address she said:

"Saint Paul's Bay, ten miles from Valetta, supposed to be the place of the shipwreck, was a place I had greatly desired to visit, but sitting on the shore watching the waves dancing in the sunlight, brought me no nearer the great Apostle, nor was I able to realize more clearly the fact that his feet have pressed the same beach I had been walking.

"The beach, the bay, the place where the two seas seem to establish beyond a doubt that the Malta of to-day was the Malta of the Bible. I learned two lessons here, that the Blessed Master whom we love and serve, is no nearer us at Jerusalem than in our own New England homes, and that the good we may do will live long after we are gone."

Woodbury, Conn. Sarah Barnes Rathbun.

FEBRUARY 10, 1821.—

CONSTITUTION OF WOODBURY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE 1. This Society shall be called "The Woodbury Temperance Society," auxiliary to the Temperance Society of Litchfield County.

ART. 2. Any person subscribing this constitution shall be a member of this Society.

ART. 3. The members of this Society believing that the use of intoxicating liquors is, for persons in health, not only unnecessary, but hurtful, and that the practice is the cause of forming intemperate appetite and habits, and that while it is continued the evils of intemperance can never be prevented, do therefore agree that we will abstain from the use of distilled spirit, except as a medicine in case of bodily hurt or sickness, that we will not use it in our families, nor provide it for the entertainment of our friends or for persons in our employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of it in the community.

ART 4. The officers of the Society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, to be chosen at each annual meeting of the Society, and who shall perform the duties customarily assigned to such officers.

ART. 5. The officers of the Society in their associated capacity shall constitute an Executive Committee to carry into effect all votes and orders of the Society, and to devise and recommend the best means of accomplishing its benevolent designs.

ART. 6. The Society shall meet annually and at such other times as shall be judged necessary by the Executive Committee.

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Samuel R. Andrew,
Grove L. Brownwell,
Seth Minor,
Elijah Sherman, Jr.,
Judson Blackman,
Benjamin H. Andrew,
Reuben H. Hotchkiss,
Ira Thomas,
Walter Cramer,
Gilbert S. Uliner,
John Cramer,
Truman Hunt,
Judah Baldwin,
Silas Clark,
George W. Hurd,
Jared Allen,
Dr. Frederick B. Woodward.
Samuel W. Judson,
Gould C. Judson,
Wm. B. Hotchkiss,
James Cramer,
David A. Tuttle.

—*Connecticut Quarterly, Vol. IV, No. 3.*

The following was printed in the Connecticut Quarterly in the first number of Vol. IV.

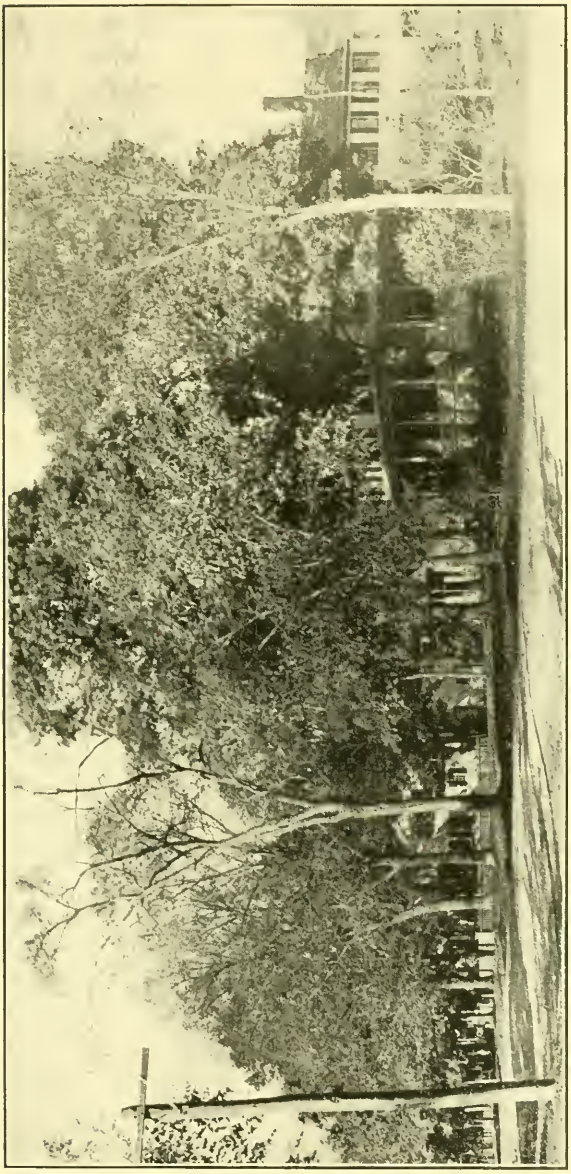
The following is a copy of the First Records of the First Company, Thirteenth Regiment, Light Infantry, Connecticut Militia, organized at Woodbury in 1795, and having its first drill July 25, 1795:

We, whose names are underwritten, do hereby enlist into the First Light Infantry Company, Thirteenth Regiment, and engage and bind ourselves to conform to all the rules and regulations adopted by said company.

Nathan Hurd, Jr.,
Bethuel Tompkins,
Simeon H. Minor,
David Roots,
Samuel Asa Galpin,
Phineas Marfin,
Samuel Atwood,
Abram Crouchright,
Daniel Stillson, Jr.,
Mathew M. Morris,
John Judson, Jr.,
Truman Percy,
Amos Tuttle,
Uri Gillet,
Oliver Judson,
Bishop Cramer,
Solomon Root,
Reuben Mallory,
Garrick Bacon,
Peter Foot,
Elijah Calhoon,
Richard Man,
Judson Morris,
Nathan Galpin,
James Clark,
Truman Foot,
John Marshall,
Ichabod Prentiss,
Daniel Mitchell,
Samuel Spoloine,
Christopher Prentiss,
William Lum,
Thady Crammer,
David Hinman,
Dennis Bradley,
James Moody,
Gideon H Botchford,
Charles Thompson,
Truman Martin,
Noah B. Benedict,
Samuel Martin,
Amos Smith.

The above has recently come into the hands of Edward S. Boyd of Woodbury as Librarian of the Woodbury Library. The book was presented to the library by Mrs. Carr, daughter of the last captain of the company, and contains the records from 1795 to 1817.

Woodbury, Conn. Edward S. Boyd.



VIEW FROM THE PARKER HOUSE, LOOKING NORTH.

FEBRUARY 12, 1900.—The Kindergarten and Manual Training Schools are identical in their fundamental principles. They bring the mind through the eye and hand into contact with material things. As early as 1858 a simple species of manual training was introduced into the schools of Finland by Otto Cygneaus, who credited Pestalozzi and Froebel with the ideas underlying his work.

It was from the introduction of manual training into the Russian Technical Schools that Dr. J. E. Runkle derived the knowledge and inspiration which made him the founder of manual training in the United States. The spread of manual training principles is due largely to Prof. C. M. Woodward of the Washington University, St. Louis, the first training school in the United States. In May, 1878, Prof. Woodward gave an address on manual training which led to the establshing of the St. Louis Training School as a sub-department of Washington Unversity, the funds being contributed by private citizens of St. Louis. In consequence of the demand for more room it was greatly enlarged in 1882. During the years 1880-82 thousands of visitors inspected the St. Louis school and its reports were sought from far and near. The success of the St. Louis school attracted the attention of the Commercial Club of Chicago, and the members decided to establish a school, which was opened in February, 1884, under the directon of H. H. Belfield. Dr. Belfield has expressed the opinion that "An hour in the shop of a well conducted training school develops as much mental strength as an hour devoted to Virgil." This question was asked of the St. Louis Manual Training School: "Do the pupils of a manual training school prosecute ordinary school work with the interest and success equal to that observed in other schools?" The testimony of the teachers is very pertinent here. They all say that those boys do better work than those of the same grade without the stimulus of manual training. Col. Augustin Jacobson of Chicago says: "It is said that if a boy learns the use of tools he will necessarily follow the pursuit of a mechanic and thereby be debarred from rising in the world. Many men are kept down in the world by ignorance and want of skill, but I have never yet seen or heard of any man who was kept down by knowledge and skill. To say that to teach a boy

the use of tools will force him to become a mechanic, is like saying that if he is taught to dance he must become a dancing master, or if taught to ride he must become a cavalryman or cow-boy. The manual training school educates boys to become men of intelligence and ability. It opens to them a wider field of employment than they could have in any other way." Since June, 1890, there has been no opposition to manual training excepting from differences of opinion in regard to methods of organization and instruction. Manual training is recognized as an essential feature in the education of both boys and girls.

At the World's Fair there were exhibits from seventy American training schools of Grammar and High School grade.

In 1894 Massachusetts made it obligatory upon every city of considerable size to establish and maintain a manual training school in the High School. It has been adopted by State Agricultural and Normal Schools, has made its way from Boston to San Francisco, and very many business men who have cared little for the old college methods have been enthusiastic in regard to schools for manual training. It is claimed for the Toledo Manual Training School that it was the first to be operated in connection with the public school system, and was the outgrowth of a private endowment, which was held in trust for educational purposes. The board of trustees decided to erect a suitable building adjoining the city High School, to be known as the Scott Manual Training School. Ex-President Hayes was much interested, presided at the dedication and delivered an eloquent address. The Toledo Institute carries on a separate educational course in manual and domestic training in all grades above the fourth. It offers a four years' course in both mechanical and architectural arts of young men of High School grade, and is so arranged that the regular studies may be taken in connection throughout the entire time of the course. The enrollment in the Winter of 1896 and 1897 previous to the establishment of this school included two hundred pupils. Since the opening of the manual training department the attendance includes over one thousand students.

Beginning with the fifth grade instruction is given by a well

trained manual teacher, and inexpensive ways have been constructed that may be used for the knife-work on the desks in the school room. In the course practical knowledge is given in the use of the knife, compass, T square and triangle, scale and pencil, each pupil making drawings for many useful articles. The work of the seventh and eighth grades makes a careful study of the grain, quality and texture of materials, the use of bench tools and construction of useful articles. Instruction is given in carpentry, cabinet making and wood turning, the geometrical work of the drafting room and a systematic course in heating, bending, welding of iron and steel, with the forging of useful tools that may be used in the machine shop or at home. In the mechanical arts the study of pattern making, moulding and casting, tinsmithing and plumbing is made, while in the architectural course the study of different types of ornamentation, the drawing of plans for buildings, with clay modeling of architectural ornamentations. Instruction is also given in manual training for girls in cooking and housekeeping in domestic science, drawing, modeling and wood-carving, millinery and dressmaking. There are such training schools in connection with the graded schools of Naugatuck, Bristol, Manchester, New Britain, Hartford and New Haven.

If the assertion is true, made by those who are fitted by education and experience to judge, that an hour in the manual training departments develops as much mental culture as an hour devoted to Virgil, why is it not just what we need in our new school to make it even more successful than it is now.

It is especially true of our country boys that as soon as the High School age is reached they leave us for the city for further advantages and employment. Does it not appear reasonable that if the manual training department was in our school the children in our families could remain longer in our homes and the town, and be better qualified to do their best work in life.—*Manual Training for Boys.*

Woman's Club, Woodbury, Conn. Nellie Dews Harvey

THE QUAKER SHERMAN HOUSE.

FEBRUARY 13, 1876.—My youthful days were spent in old Woodbury, and the first school I ever attended was in the little brown school-house in District No. 3, standing on the place where now stands Messrs. Burton's large warehouse. There was nothing on the large meadow at that time but the school house. Now there are the warehouse, Wells's store, L. J. Allen's machine shop, and the large barn and storehouse and sheds connected with the lumber yard. The changes of forty years have made a wonderful difference with the appearance of things around and near the old school house site; now this locality can hold her own both in buildings and material, which constitutes a prosperous people. The pleasant days when I attended school in the old brown school house come back with greater force when the changes since that time are considered. Then the country store kept by Mr. Cogswell was where the people from far and near brought their butter and eggs to ex-

change for sugar, molasses, dry goods and Yankee notions. "Doc" was the presiding genius behind the counter, and we small boys looked with wonder and envy on the treasures he controlled. His fiddle was our delight and nothing could excel the music from his magical bow. Happiness was easily earned then, and there was no thought for the morrow that (that sleep could not remove) troubled the row of curly heads who sat on the long bench in the school house. The little boy was at home with the rest, and knew not the rugged road he was to travel in after life; neither was the aristocracy of birth considered, but rather the swiftest foot and strongest arm bore off the honors.

Coming out of "Dark Lane" toward North Main Street, the first residence is occupied by one of the boys born and brought up in Number Three. The barn at the rear of "Doc's" was once the old store in which he was for a long time clerk. Every door and every timber must bring up some reminiscences of scenes enacted in his boyhood days, when he was the best loved of all the merry crew. The anvil has the same ring in the old shop, although a different arm wields the hammer. The church still stands on the original site, a monument to a difference of opinion between our sects. It is thrifty and prosperous under the pastorate of Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff, who is the third in line to honor the position. When all have done well, comparisons are not in place. The founders builded well and to their action many of the changes in the town can be traced. The house north of the church has been, like others, greatly altered since the society bought and converted it into a parsonage. Leman Sherman, called the honest merchant, was the builder, and for many years made it his home. The next house north, the residence of N. M. Strong, was built by Mrs. Olive Olcott, and was one of the first in this locality to constitute the number of goodly residences to be seen on the street at the present time. The handsome cottage on the north, put up by Almon Galpin, is an addition to the street and shows the good taste of the owner. Built mostly by himself, the work will stand longer without repairs than will the average of contract houses.

The next cottage north was built by Matthew Elliot for his sister.

This was one of the early additions and one of the first balloon frames put up in town. The natives wondered how a house put up with umbrella frames could stand the test of time. The premises at the present time are owned by Mrs. Booth of Stratford. The next house was built by Miss Avis Youngs, who builded according to her means and not according to lines of beauty. After her death it came into the possession of the Methodist Society, whose minister used it for a residence until the society was able to buy the Sherman house. Mr. J. B. Burton bought the place of the society and has greatly improved its outward appearance. Mr. Burton is the senior member of the firm of that name, and spends most of his time in the West buying lumber, grain and flour for market. In looking over the many changes constantly occurring in our town none is more suggestive of the past and present, the old and the new, then those going on in and about the Isaac Sherman place. The name of Sherman was a prominent one in the early settlement of the town, and the family held their share of the offices in the gift of their fellow citizens. Father Sherman was one of the founders of the Methodist Church and one of the main pillars during a long life of usefulness. Isaac, the Quaker, carried on the nursery business, and many is the fruit tree now growing that was set out by him. People came from far and near and paid their shekels for trees of doubtful origin. The boys were his especial foes. They changed his labels, cut his grafts and stole wax and tools pertaining to his trade. The old man never knew to a certainty whether the trees he sold would bear the fruit called for, so long as certain lads were allowed on his premises. A little north of the old house was a small red shop where Zib Wilbur put the heads on brads finished from the nail shop of Peck & Bacon. This was done with a hammer by hand and was the only way known at the time. The manufacturer of to-day would smile at the brawny arm that hammered out brads for our people.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

WOODBURY, CONN. LETTERS BY W. A. STRONG.

FEBRUARY 14, 1900.—

When you ask me to tell you a story
Of good old Woodbury town,
My thoughts turn back to my childhood,
And recall some scenes there set down.

The first, which stands out in my memory
As distinct as the light of day,
Is that of the hoary old Quaker,
And his brown house over the way.

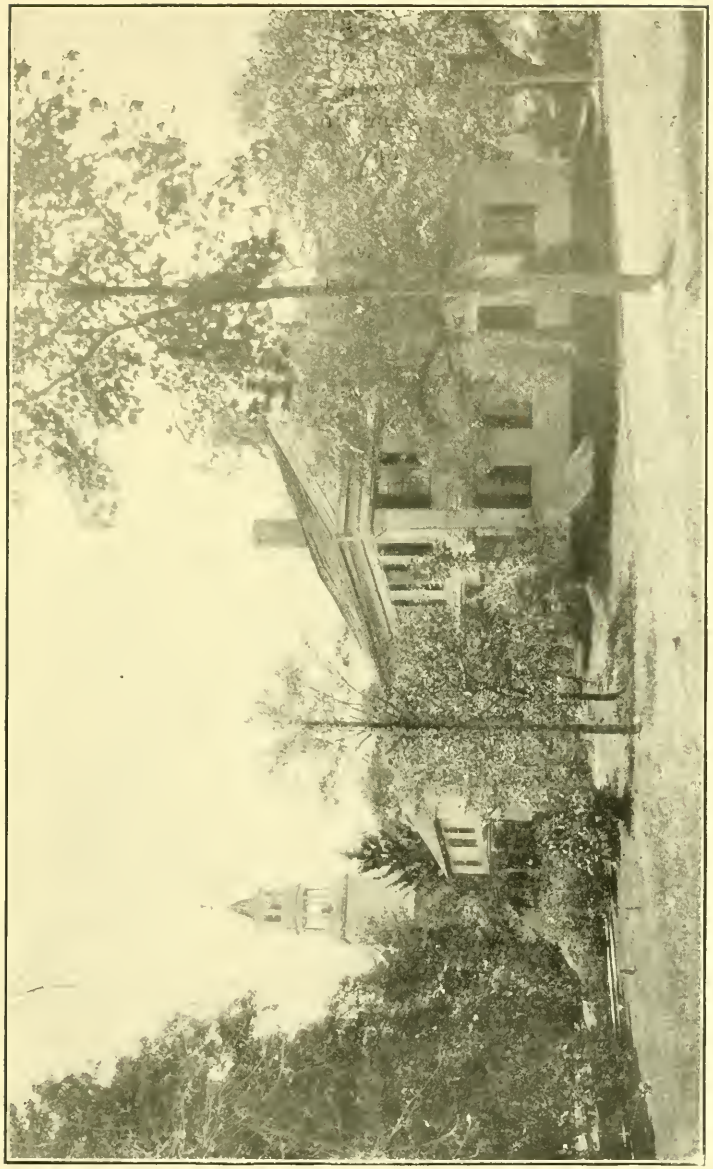
The house was enclosed in a forest
Of trees reaching far o'er my head,
And held a little old lady,
Poor thing! what a life she was led.

The Quaker had nurseries of fruit trees,
Pears, apples and peaches galore,
Not one would he give for the asking,
For all he had such a large store.

The boys of the village oft went there
To sample the fruit on the sly,
In the hours of darkness at midnight,
But found Quaker watching the sky.

What a change has come over the landscape!
Not a vestige of either remains,
Of the forest, the house, or the Quaker,
Another new Dynasty reigns.

WOODBURY, CONN. HATTIE CHURCHILL STRONG.



VIEW NEAR THE NORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

February 16, 1892.—In a sunny bay window in the home of N. M. Strong the children of the neighborhood had been accustomed to gather for the morning pastime with their playmate, Frank. The little group came merrily, bringing happy greetings. There was Eddie, with sunny hair and genial smile; Harry, whose dark brown eyes were sparkling with fun, and thoughtful Perrin; Willis, whose tactful way and plans suggested a future foreign diplomat, and Charlie, who was the first to spy the golden-winged flicker returning to her accustomed tree on the lawn; Winfred, the boy who wished to be a sailor; Herman, always kind in assisting others, and Winfred, possessing the eye and skill of the artist. As the morning hours speed on the children bring a request for "a new game," and a believer in the kindergarten, suggests one of these games.

The thoughtful treatment of childhood through the natural methods of the Kindergarten is appreciated by this group, who become so deeply interested that the arrival of the noon hour is a surprise. With eyes sparkling with cheerful animation, they don hats and coats, asking with pleading looks, "Can not we come again tomorrow and play these games, and may our brothers and sisters come?" The mother, to whom the voice of childhood never appealed in vain, willingly consents to grant their request, and voices and footsteps are soon lost in the distance, as they hurry homeward eager to tell of their pleasant anticipations.

One following morning, February 16, 1892, a bright eyed company of boys and girls assemble in the sunny south window, and with songs and words of welcome the new school is commenced. The children gather in the circle of bright little red chairs for the story and thought of the day. As the teacher looks upon the little company she sees the beautiful child spirit there enshrined; also realizing that the harmonious development of the creative self-activity of these children will be through unity of thought, principle and conduct, in the fulfillment of the daily programs. Not only a spontaneous self-activity, but self-control will be secured by co-operation, even in this little republic.

The teacher believed that each child held a three-fold relationship in this world, to nature, God and his fellow beings. During the

days and weeks that followed, many happy and interesting hours were passed as they gathered about the kindergarten tables for the development of those fundamental and progressive principles contained in the gifts and occupations of Froebel's system. They considered the wild flowers, how they grew, became acquainted with their bird neighbors, who alighted on their arrival on the flowering shrub near the school-room windows, singing their beautiful songs, and listened to the voices of the pebbles and the stories told by the trilobites and others of the creation of world.

Some times the morning talks were of "Right Living and Patriotism," seeking to impress the value of good morals and citizenship of oft repeated songs and words. The joyous hours pass quickly and the more mature children becoming efficient through the development of their powers by these methods and principles, advance to the next grade, and find the primary department to be a continuation of that already acquired. With a readiness and ability that could not have been possessed without this system, which has established habits of order, industry and self-government, the children read, write and comprehend numbers; gain a clear understanding of the elements of geography by field study, practice in sand tray and modeling in relief, become correct in their perceptions through study of lines and surfaces, and ingenious in designing through parquetry.

On December 25, 1893, a Christmas festival service was held in Strong's Hall with a program which consisted of Processional Carols, Songs of Welcome, readings of Christmas time, and poems recited by the children. In answer to the children's request, "Tell us a Story," the teacher gave the "Legend of the Christ Child." A Christmas hymn from Gottschalk, with words by Kate Douglass Wiggin, was sung by a voice from the group of girls and two lads, carol of the Christ child coming to bring "Light to the World." All of the children rising, joined in the "Christmas March" about the tree, laden with gifts of their making, tributes of their affection and esteeem for parents and friends. After the bestowal of these tokens and singing of the "Wonderful Tree," the exercises closed with a Christmas Recessional.

This school continued through four years of prosperity, finding

its highest reward in the guidance and development of these youthful minds in the philosophy of Froebel. In closing its work the sincere wish was expressed by all, that schools based upon these harmonious principles and with such far-reaching influences, might be established in every hamlet in this broad land.

Woodbury, Conn. Julia Minor Strong.

February 25, 1895.—Five years ago this winter I left your beautiful town, which had been my home for so many years, and turned my face westward toward new friends and scenes. After leaving the hills and valleys of New England, the flatness of the landscape is very noticeable until one becomes accustomed to it. There were no brooks, lakes, rivers or water of any kind in the vicinity of Champaign, with the exception of one muddy stream about the color of coffee. All the trees about the place had been set out, the only natural woods being a small clump of trees called "the timber," not a very attractive place so far as scenery is concerned. How well I recollect my first return to old Woodbury! Never did the hills seem so high, never the water in the myriad little brooks so sparkling and clear, never the shade more grateful of the magnificent old trees which line the road on either side from Southbury to your street. But aside from the natural features and location, there were many pleasant things about the life at Champaign. The people of the West are noted for friendliness and hospitality, and we found them no exception to the rule. Being a university town it presented many advantages not to be found elsewhere, and after living there four years and a half it was with feelings of real regret that we contemplated the prospect of a change. Regret tempered with pleasant anticipations, however, for we had heard much of the beauty of Madison, Wisconsin, our new home to be, anticipations which have been more than realized since coming here six months ago. Situated on a hill surrounded by lakes, Wisconsin's capital city lifts its white dome to the blue sky. A mile away on a long ledge her State University stretches out its numerous buildings for the distance of a mile along the beautiful shores of Lake Mendota, a most charming sheet of water eight or nine miles long and

four or five miles wide. It is one of a chain of four lakes nearly surrounding the city, their outlet being into Yahara river. Monona, Waubesca and Kegonza are the names of the other small lakes. Musical Indian names, worthy to be classed with Nonnewaug, Owanaga, Orenaug and Pomperaug. The real Indians are not lacking in this case, but frequently come in from their reservations in the northern part of the State and may be seen wandering aimlessly through the streets of the city, looking very picturesque in their bright blankets and moccasins, a striking contrast to the busy life around them.

Madison has a population of fifteen thousand, not including fifteen hundred students. There is no manufacturing to speak of. The capitol and university make up the life of the place. The university has about twice as many students as the University of Illinois, a faculty numbering ninety-nine, and is a much older and wealthier institution, has more and better buildings and better facilities for work. With the exception of the Universities of Minnesota and Michigan, it is the largest college in the West. The First Congregational Church of Madison has a membership of nearly seven hundred, and a very remarkable preacher, Dr. Updyke, formerly of Chicago.

With the exception of three or four weeks in January the weather has been mild and beautiful. More sunshiny days than I ever saw in succession at this time of year anywhere. Together with the rest of the country we suffered from two or three blizzards, the thermometer going as low as 23° below several times, but aside from that, a more delightful Winter could not be imagined. Ice boating is much indulged in by the students here, and is very fascinating though somewhat dangerous, the boats attaining some times a velocity of sixty miles an hour. In skating, too, a large sail is used by means of which a terrific speed is acquired. Altogether the thought of making one's home here is very pleasant, although it is so far from most of our friends. Still our annual visit home every Summer, looked forward to all the year, keeps us in touch with old friends and scenes.

The former are constantly changing, reminding us of the uncer-

tainty of life. But the dear old town remains the same, peacefully resting in the valley, and the longer I live the more I am convinced there is no lovelier spot on earth than the Litchfield hills of Connecticut. Other places may be grander, but they have not the charm for me to be found there. When you have electric cars running between Woodbury and Southbury, making it easy of access to the outside world, I am sure others will not be slow in discovering and availing themselves of the beauties to be found in this "Garden Spot of the Earth."

MADISON, WISCONSIN. MAUD WYCKOFF FARRINGTON.

FEBRUARY 28, 1869.

There is no heart but hath its inner anguish,
  There is no eye but hath with tears been wet,
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
  O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
  But perished buds beneath its hues are hid;
No eye within its dewy light reposes,
  But broken star-beams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, howe'er with laughter ringing,
  However light and gay its words may be,
But it hath trembled at some dark up-springing
  Of stern affliction and deep misery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming,
  Yet hand meets hand and eye to eye replies;
Nor deem we that beneath a brow all beaming
  The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

Oh! blessed Light that gilds our night of sorrow!
  Oh! Balm of Gilead for our healing found!
We know that peace will come with the to-morrow
  And that afflictions spring not from the ground.

WOODBURY, CONN. FANNIE J. MINOR.

WEST STREET TOWARD HOTCHKISSVILLE.

MARCH.

March 1, 1900.—

This grand old town, our place of birth, gives many varied scenes;
The lofty hills, the Sylvan dales, the rocky, deep ravines;
Its street are wide, well shaded o'er by trees of rarest beauty;
To curb our lawn, lay concrete walks it is our bounden duty,
So that our nomes attractive are, to visitors and neighbor,
A tribute high, it also pays to man's industrious labor.
We've two hotels to take in guests; also some private houses
Where weary strangers can find rest, and husband's bring their spouses
To spend the summer free from care, and roam our hills and valley,
Get ozone fresh from nature's land, from all disease they'll rally.
There's Hesky Meadow, Crystal Lake, likewise old Bacon's pond,
While all complete the Reservoir's a little way beyond.
Its crystal stream runs through our streets, its supply ne'er relaxes,
The hydrants and hose reels of course increase our taxes,
But what of that, the luxury to drive dust from our street,
Or wet our lawns when parched with thirst, it's done so well and neat.
In morning, noon or evening if upon a walk you're bent,
Do not forget the sign-board, 'tis the Soldiers' Monument.
Turn to the east, ascend the hill, 'twill be a little lark,
You'll find a rustic roadway leading into the Park,
The course is steep and winding, yet still a rosy bower;
The shady nooks are filled with seats, it leads up to the Tower.
We have barbers, butchers, bakers, who do their goods disburse,
And doctors, lawyers, merchants, priests, who want your very purse.
We have harness makers, ice men and milk men three or four,
Who come around all times of day and leave it at your door.
We have clubs and we've societies, of every creed and kind,
Who have their meetings frequently to keep them in our mind.
We've carpenters and masons, and painters by the score,
Who ply their trades successfully, and if you wish for more,
We have our factories numbering three, all running on full time
Employing quite a lot of men, all covered with the grime.
We've wagon makers, blacksmiths and washee—washee man;
Enough printers, tinners, plumbers, to fill a caravan.
Milliners and dressmakers and dealers in fine shoes
Telephone and telegraph by which to get the news;

A dentist, who manipulates his instruments with twirls,
A jeweler, who sells fine rings to laddies for their girls.
There's horsemen, and good horses with which to get about;
Also a place to buy their feed whene'er your oats are out.
We've tennis courts and golf links, and base ball played by rule;
The place to seek for knowledge is Mitchell's graded school;
A noble gift to this old town by one who knew her wants,
And one whose praises we will sing long's we're inhabitants.
We have an undertaker, he's lean and lank and wan;
In want of anything from him just telephone for Swan,
His horse is always ready, it being just a bike;
He'll serve you well and faithfully, can call him day or night.
Then there's the Silent City wherein we lay our dead,
With loving hearts we cherish them, places flowers on their bed,
In tenderness we leave them to sleep beneath the sod,
Until the resurrection they're called forth by God.
We've musicians, who love to sing with voices clear and sweet;
The soloists and male quartette just make it all complete.
We've players on stringed instruments, and when they're all in tune,
Can play L. M. Doxologies or "Up in a Balloon!"
A place where we can bank our funds and get our four per cent.,
But if we want to borrow we pay them higher rent.
We have a creamery in the 'Ville, a tannery on the street,
A private hall is in Strong's block, where the O. U. A. M. meet;
We've dealers in green groceries and fresh fish peddlers too,
We've courts of almost every kind, and courting is the go.
We even have our drummers with patent leather boots,
The kind of drum he uses is soliciting for blank books.
We have two photographers whose names are on our books,
And every one who has the price can see just how he looks.
We've two insurance agents, who are the humming stuff,
Just say the word, they'll write and write until you say enough;
Then turning say we've raised the rate, will send you on the bill.
To sell our own and others' goods we have two auctioneers,
When going in full force cry out, "come bid!" "what do I hear?"
This grand old town is one of health, but if one should have ills,
He's only to step into Strong's for powder or for pills;
If Strong has not the kind you want, and feel you cannot wait,
Just come down town to Judson's, he'll give it to you straight.
Our postal clerks are genial to all who go for mail,
They weigh our letters awful close for fear that we shall steal.
A florist too we used to boast—his courage seemed to fail,

When the Lord broke out eight hundred glass by sending down the hail.
We have some butter makers, who on the make are bent,
When feed's a little higher, they raise the price five cents.
We've dealers in store cattle, sheep and horses fine,
We have a clock upon the church by which to tell the time,
Then there's the noisy threshing mill, which helps pound out our grain;
And we have a fine new stage to take us to the train,
We've men go out to whitewash, and women go to clean.
One must engage before the rush, which always comes in spring.
We have machine horse clippers, who do their work quite neat,
John Capewell in the west side, Irving Atwood on the street,
We've professionals to nurse the sick, sewing machines for sale;
Have hunters traversing our woods and bringing in the quail.
We've happy benedicts and brides, and would-be's not a few,
Who hope e'er long to join the list. How will it be with you?
We have four churches in the town, which ought to make it good,
And if they lived what they profess, we have no doubt it would.
We've a telegraph operator, the one whom we call Nick—
It's his daily occupation to get in every tick.
A lineman too, who climbs the poles and makes all the repairs,
An earnest prayer he offers up for those who mix the wires.
There's a Library, Club Room and Ice Cream Parlors too,
A Temperance Hall up in the 'Ville, Masonic Hall below.
We've a Probate Office just complete and poulterers and fruit,
A Town Hall which is near undone, the State road leads up to it,
To the city of elms one express; two to the city of brass—
Will bring whate'er you wish to get,
And all they ask is cash.
But should I undertake to tell all that in town is done,
'Twould take me days, weeks, months and years,
And bring me no renown.
So I will stop just where I am, the sun is in the west,
Whene'er you want to know some more just sit right down and guess,
This grand old town is well supplied with everything most fair.
Our only present pressing need
Is Warner's trolley car.

Woodbury, Conn. Susan W. Baldwin.

MARCH 4, 1900.—All valuable things come to us through effort. The spontaneous products of earth are mainly weeds and briars. Behind the rich harvest of autumn there has been the careful and persistent toil which has brought sweat to the face and weariness to the limbs. Behind the glowing passages of the brilliant historian, the sweet strains of the skilled poet, and the rich fruits of ripe scholarship there lie years of careful and intense application which wore heavily upon the body and often kept sleep from the eyes. Hereby their products are made precious to them and to the world. So our rich heritage of civil and religious liberty is the outcome of centuries of struggle and sacrifice. The Covenanters of Scotland, the Huguenots of France, the Pilgrims of Holland and the pioneers of freedom in the mother country have braved persecution, privation and death in order to pass on the boon to us. And hence, bethinking ourselves of its cost in tears and blood, we set the higher value upon it. If we seek now by a like process to estimate the cost of the Gospel, we shall be utterly baffled, and can only join with the apostle in calling it glorious, or as the New Version more clearly puts it, "the Gospel of the glory of the blessed God," that is, one in which the glory of God is displayed to angels and men. Ah! we were redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold—our earthly standards of value—but with the precious blood of Christ as a lamb without blemish and without spot. Think what it must have cost God to see His well-beloved Son lay aside the glories he had with Him from the foundation of the world to go out from the peace and bliss of heaven to encounter the perils and privations of earth, to be despised and rejected of men, and to die the shameful and agonizing death of the cross. Think, too, what pangs must have come to the loving heart of God as he beheld the persecutions, imprisonments and martyrdoms of His apostles and disciples in the early establishment of Christianity and through the ages since. Our poor methods of estimation fall far short of solving the problem of the cost of the Gospel of Christ. In it is the unspeakable gift of a sacrificing, suffering, dying and reigning Saviour. Its establishment has been marked by the toils, tears and blood of millions of

heroic and loving disciples, who disclosed the glory of the Lord who sustained them and gave them songs of victory.—*From Sermon Entitled "The Glorious Gospel."*

GURDON W. NOYES,
Pastor First Congregational Church,
WOODBURY, CONN. *November 14, 1869, August 9, 1879.*

MARCH 5, 1890.—Thus to every man comes the new ideal of character and the new vision of service, when Jesus Christ lays hold upon him in the way. Happy he, if obedient to the heavenly vision, he can say with Paul, while confessing that he has not attained unto the perfect character nor fulfilled the service to which he was called, "But one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal." Herod trembled before John the Baptist, but turned again to his lusts and his pride. Felix and Agrippa saw life in a new aspect as Paul spoke before them, but their sins proved too strong an attraction for them to pay heed to his words. The young ruler had a vision of a new life in the friendship of Christ, but the sacrifice was too great. Multitudes have turned away from the vision. But a greater multitude have entered with joy into the path opened before them and have found it growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. They add their glad testimony to that of Paul, bearing witness of what they have seen and heard. Wendell Phillips saw the mob maltreating Garrison, as they dragged him to jail. That night he could not sleep, and there came before him the vision of the slave, scarred and forsaken and scorned, while he heard a voice whispering, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In that hour his career was determined. His eulogist nobly says: "The long-awaited client had come at last. Scarred, scorned and forsaken, that cowering and friendless client was wronged and degraded humanity. The great soul saw and understood." Obedience to that vision made him the man we honor.

"O young Mariner,
Down to the haven
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

NEWTON CENTER, MASS. EDWARD MCARTHUR NOYES.

MARCH 6, 1867.—

Weary and worn, I seem to've wandered far;
And now by lonely, dreary thoughts oppressed,
I turn away from earthly scenes and care,
And long for rest.

Tell me, why am I gloomy thus and sad,
While youth's fond hopes should be within my brain?
Why is it, that thus, while all around are glad,
I seek for rest?

Is it not wrong, thus earnestly to crave
The blessing yet denied in kind bequest,
Thoughts of our duty high sublime to waive
For thoughts of rest?

Thus anxious into the future dim to gaze,
And let these foolish fears our peace molest;
Unable—weak in faith—beyond the haze,
To see our rest?

Ah! sweet will it be home where, far removed
From all the foes which have our path infest;
Our faith by works, our love by deeds, well proved,
In Christ we rest.

Where we shall meet to part again no more
From those whom, when on earth, we loved the best,
When sorrows all are past and trials o'er,
And all is rest!

When, from in dwelling sin we shall be free
"Forever with the Lord," and all the blest,
While "Jesus will our Elder Brother be,"
In that sweet rest.

Dear Savior! help us e'er to love by faith,
With love for Jesus in our lives confessed,
Till victors faithful ever unto death
In Heaven We Rest!

[*Written while pupil at Parker Academy, Woodbury.*]

NEW YORK. SOLOMON C. MINOR, M. D.

MARCH 10, 1893.—Minortown is a school district which in the earlier years was known as Lower Nonnewaug. It is pleasantly situated on the "classical shores" of the limpid Nonnewaug River and bounded north by Nonnewaug, east by Puckshire and Catswamp and west by Flanders districts. Within the memory of some of us still residents here, there was killed here on the mountain to the west, a catamount or panther, which no doubt was a lineal descendant of the disturbers of the peace whose blood curdling cries and piercing calls made night hideous as they resounded from the hill tops and reverberated through the Indian wigwams located in this still somewhat "lonely vale." In our childhood, straggling families of Indians occasionally passed through here. They sometimes peddled baskets, often begged for cider, and not infrequently for victuals. When a lad, the writer heard Ephraim Minor, then an aged man, talk of going in his younger days accompanied by another to lie in wait at night to shoot the bears which came out of the adjoining woods into a field of corn then growing on ground now known as the "old peach orchard," situated on the table land to the east. Some of the details of the old gentleman's story were that each hunter made a white chalk mark on the top of his gun barrel, so as to get a better range to shoot in the night, and that the bears made a good deal of noise in crushing down the stalks and munching the corn. The writer has also heard Captain Jesse Minor, of those or earlier times, give a narrative of the training of a company of Woodbury "militia men" on the level ground in what is

now and was then known as the "Mill meadow," a portion of the then parade grounds of which is now in another enclosure. The captain said that at that time a tavern was kept at the "old mill house." This stood near the well, or what is now Mrs. Goodsell's premises, and was torn down many years since. Country taverns in former times seem not to have been uncommon. In the house of John Minor near by, as in other instances in other places, the wood work gives evidence. In our schoolboy days, at one time the newspapers announced that war with England was imminent, and that a man-of-war at New York was taking her ammunition aboard, which created no little excitement. The school fellows of those days in talking the matter over said: "If we have war with England all Nonnewaug, all Puckshire, and Catswamp, and all Flanders will have to go." War was not proclaimed at that time, but to what extent the possible array of these forces was instrumental in averting it, we will leave for the diplomat and historian to say.—*Woodbury Correspondent of Waterbury American.*

March 14 1901.—Shortly prior to the outbreak of the Civil War I was making a business trip in Illinois, and en-route westward entered northeastern Missouri just previous to the assault on Fort Sumpter. The Secession element was very strong in that section and threatened to have the State out of the Union in thirty days. At one hotel where I registered, I found "Yankee" written after my name. Returning soon to Free Soil in Illinois, I found business almost paralyzed, many banks in the Northwest issued currency based on Southern State bonds, and their currency had rapidly depreciated in value, various products of the Northwest had found their best market in the South, via the Mississippi Valley, and this source of revenue was now cut off. Butter sold at seven cents per pound, eggs at three cents per dozen, and other articles in proportion.

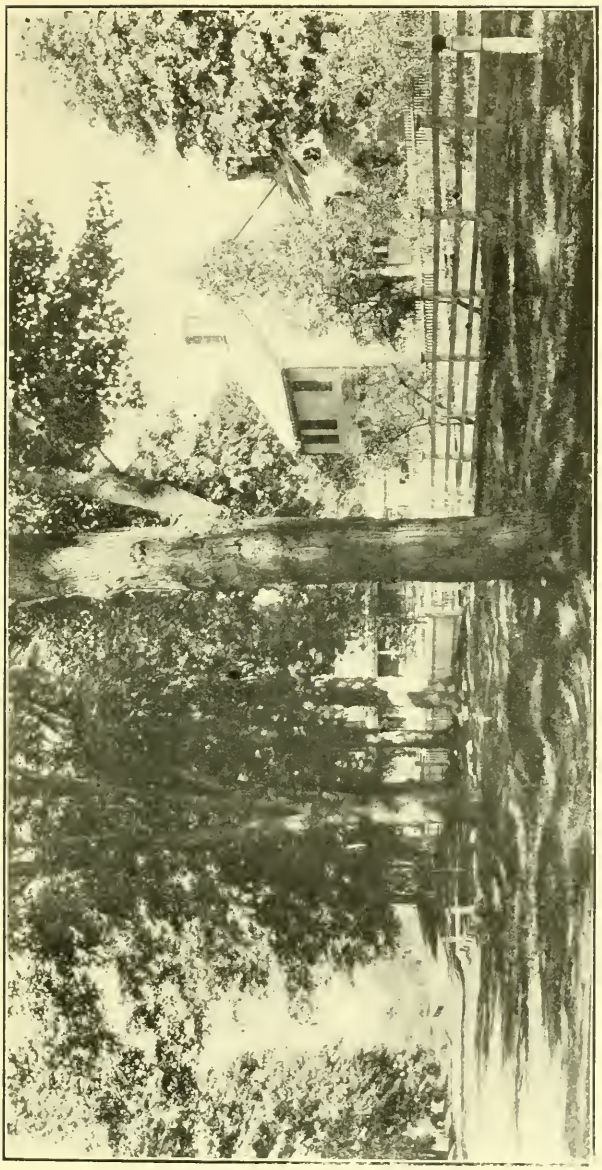
Returning to my business in Wisconsin, I found it conducted by friends, my partner ill at home, and our clerk enlisted in a three months' regiment, commanded by Colonel, afterwards Major-General, Ruger.

For some time previously one U. S. Grant had been engaged as commercial traveller in Southwestern Wisconsin for his father, whose business was at Galena, Ill., then a busy shipping point on Fever River, where steamers landed, bringing freight from as far as Pittsburg. An incident occurred on his last trip in that capacity which may be new in print. Grant, appearing in military uniform, registered at a village hotel, and was in the public office waiting for dinner, chatting with a friend, when a merchant of the village, and stranger to him, with Western freedom approached, and volunteered some badgering remarks, asking: "Did the government pay for that suit? What did the rig cost?" etc. His object being to raise a laugh at the expense of the man in uniform. His questions were answered politely and coolly by Grant, and our friendly shortly withdrew, and soon dinner was announced. As Grant walked in, he asked his friend who the queriest was, and the subject was then dropped. The humorist, however, soon enlisted and became corporal in the First Company sent from the town to the war, served in the Army of the Potomoc, afterwards re-enlisted with his regiment for three years, doing valiant service, and was later transferred to relieve Rosencrans at Chattanooga, thus coming under General Grant when he took command and carried on that famous campaign.

In 1864 while at a hotel in Madison, Wis., an officer was seated by my side, and I was pleased to find that it was my old friend, the Corporal, now Adjutant, in charge of his regiment (the Third Wisconsin), its ranks being refilled after coming from Chattanooga, to go forth and serve to the end of the conflict.

Incidents are rare which illustrate more strikingly the change so briefly accomplished, from "drummer" to General Commanding. —*Recollections of '61.*

New York. Henry A. Lambert.



THE NORTH PART OF MAIN STREET ON THE EAST SIDE.

March 15, 1901.—We would thank you, both pupils and teaches, for the box of pinks and roses presented to us through Principal E. H. Johnson.

And while you study to get knowledge you may study to be wise, to shun that which is evil, and choose the good, that your ives may be like the opening rose—brighter as time passes away.

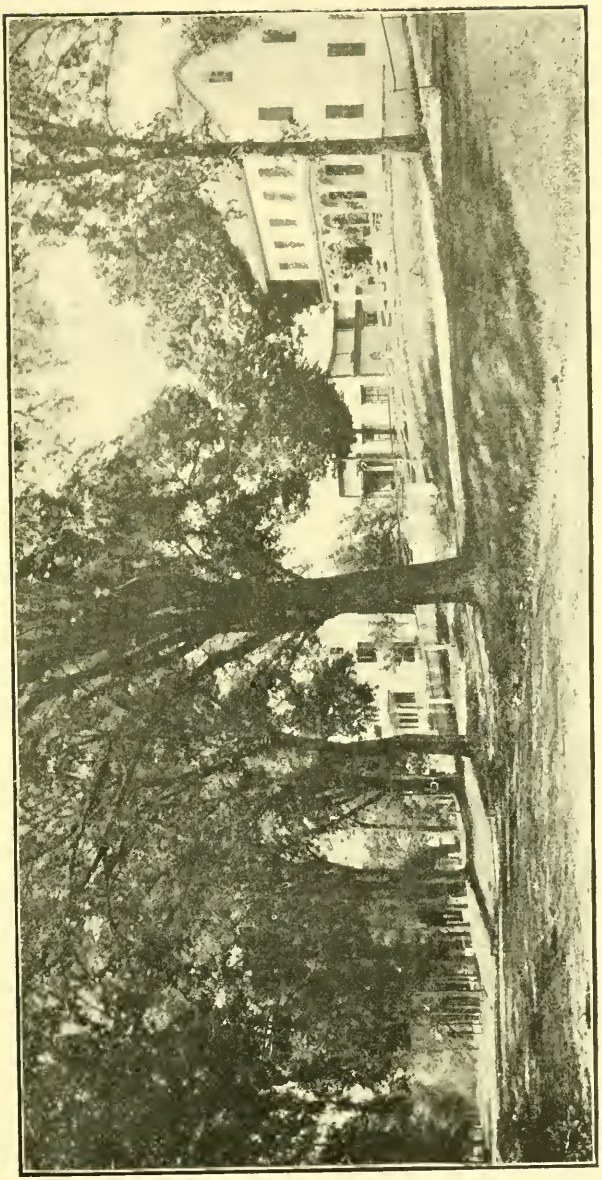
Woodbury, Conn. Charles C. Mitchell.

March 18, 1900.—Colonel Kellogg Council, No. 55, O. U. A. M., was instituted October 31st, 1890, by Thomas F. Gilmore, State Organizer, assisted by the officers of the State Council of Connecticut, and the officers of Excelsior Council, No. 2, O. U. A. M., of Waterbury. At the institution of the Council there were 45 Charter members. The place of meeting is in the third story of what is known as Strong's Block at the upper end of Main Street. The present membership is about 90. The members furnished the room in which they meet with desks, chairs, carpet, curtains, etc., at an expense of about $250.00. This is the most prosperous Council in Litchfield County. They pay a sick benefit of $5.00 per week, and a death benefit of $50.00. Their dues are 60 cents per month. At the present writing (January, 1901) they have a fund of over $600.00. The first Councilor was Willis A. Strong. The first Treasurer was William H. Rowell, who has faithfully performed the duties of that office until the present time. Death has invaded this Council five times and removed the following members:

Charles E. Strong, died December 25th, 1891, aged 49.
Willis D. Smith, died June 7th, 1893, aged 34.
Marcus D. Smith, died August 5th, 1894, aged 68.
Willis A. Strong, died September 11th, 1894, aged 67
George H. Daskum, died January 28th, 1900, aged 55.

This Council is in a very prosperous and flourishing condition, both numerically and financially.

Early in the year 1898 the State Council of Connecticut issued a circular offering as a prize to pay each Council the sum of $1.00 a member for every member gained July 1st, 1898, provided 90 per



MAIN STREET LOOKING SOUTH FROM CHARLES C. MITCHELL'S RESIDENCE.

cent. of its members were in good standing on June 30th, 1898. No. 55 won the prize, having made a gain of 13 members, with 93 per cent. of its members in good standing. This was the only Council in the State having 90 per cent. of its members in good standing June 30th, 1898. This Council has the largest fund of any Council in Litchfield County. The laudable endeavors of this Order are to secure to posterity the privileges we enjoy, to aid our Brothers in distress; that when laid upon a bed of sickness the friendly and timely aid of the Order may be manifested, and in the silent watches of the night a friend will ever be ready to administer to the wants of those who are in need of care. This Council has done a noble work in the ten years of its existence, in helping its members in sickness and bringing joy to many households.

Woodbury, Conn. Watson Frisbie.

March 19, 1895.—Woodbury is not only one of the oldest and most beautiful towns in the State of Conecticut, but it is also quite noted for the longevity of its inhabitants, two at least of whom have lived to be over one hundred years old.

The last centenarian was Mr. Horace Manville, father of the writer. Mr. Manville was born and passed all his days within the limits of ancient Woodbury. He celebrated his one hundredth birthday on the nineteenth of March, eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

The whole town participated in making the occasion one of the pleasantest events of his long life, and as he possessed his faculties in a remarkable degree he was able to enjoy and appreciate to the utmost all the pleasurable circumstances of the day, and was fully confirmed in his life-long belief, that Woodbury was a good town in which to live and die.

Woodbury, Conn. Katherine M. Parker.

March 19, 1895.—To my near neighbor and dear friend, Horace Manville, on his one hundred birthday—*Greeting:*

Hail! favored friend. With glad refrain once more
We welcome you to this propitious day.
This memory day rounds out a cycle
Of a hundred years since first thy infant life
Inhaled the air of Middlebury hills;
A century is thine, a century big,
With issues wonderful and numberless.
'Twas thine to see the day when red men
Roamed these hills, where, wind the only motor,
Sailed brigs and ships across the trackless sea,
When slow stage coach made fleetest convoy for
The traveler or for carrying public mail;
The telegraph to cheat both time and space
'Twixt distant points. No camera to print
The face of Nature, to paint the human form,
Or reproduce a visage true to life.
But see! A day of change is also thine;
A day when Nature's storehouse has been probed,
When searching science has upturned the rich
Treasures hid within the labyrinthine toils
Of Natures handiwork; earth, sea and sky,
Electricity, light and heat have all
Been harnessed and subdued by keen-eyed science
To the will of man. And lo! a multitude
Of dazzling wonders have come forth as helps
In this progressive age. Steam chests aglow
With power unmeasured set massive wheels
In motion, and with resistless force applied,
Drive ships majestic o'er the mighty deep,
Or pull the pondrous trains o'er hill and plain
At breathless speed. The telegraph and telephone,
Twin sisters, rival in dispatch and care
The messages conveyed to distant points.
The phonograph catches any voice or sound,
In prison holds it while transferred afar
To other lands or later times. At will
The prison band is loosed; then reproduced
Are words and sounds true to the sample caught.
But time would fail to speak of kodak snaps,
Daguerrian arts, electric plants, of volts,
And dynamos and myriad wonders
Brought to light within thy lenghtened days,

They mark thine age progressive far beyond
All other eras since the world began.
Hail! nighly favored man, thou'st kept thyself
In virtue's ways. The siren's tempters' song
Has never lured thee into haunts depraved,
Or led thee to imbibe intoxicating draughts.
Religion's pleasant ways of peace and love
Have kept thy feet in paths that end in heaven.
Through all these years an honest, blameless life
Has shed a blessed influence around thyself,
And in thy ripening days, while waiting patient
For the Reaper's blade let benediction's free,
Descend in copious showers to fill
The measure of thy days with quiet rest,
Until the loving Father bids thee come,
And take thy home prepared for thee above,
Among the many mansions of the blest.

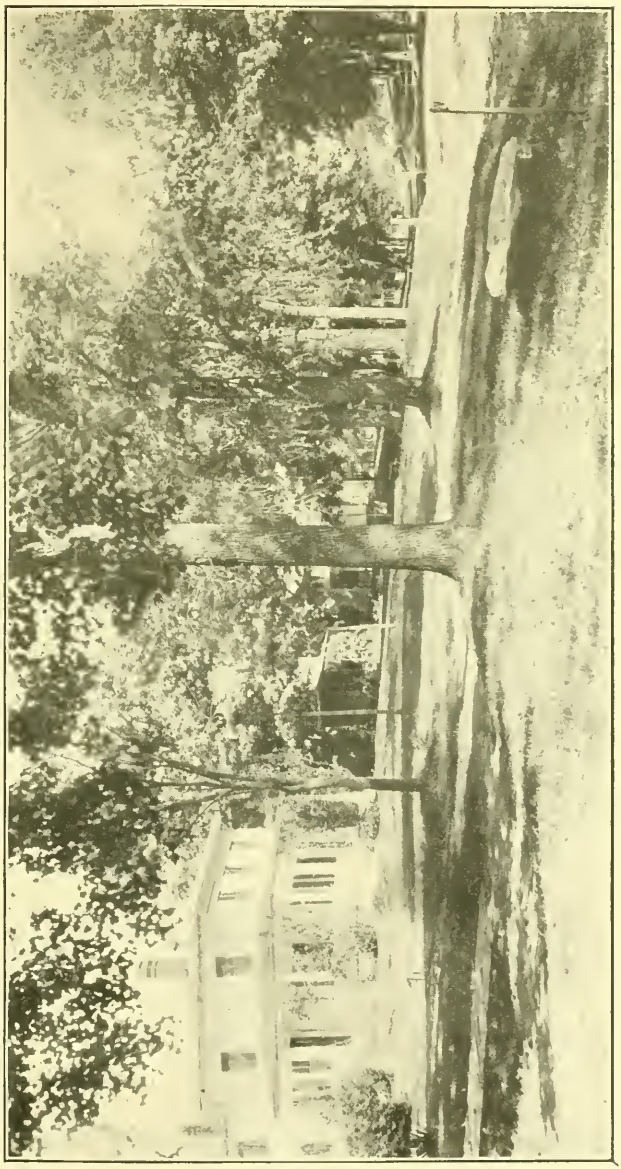
Woodbury, Conn. George P. Allen.

March 20, 1900.—A study of the history of education reveals the fact that among the leading nations of the world certain fundamental ideas peculiar to the respective peoples have directed and controlled the education of youth. Among the Spartans, this fundamental idea was physical development, looking toward the production of a race that should be hardy in war. With the Athenian it was grace and elegance of mind and body, while the Jew was dominated by his religious beliefs.

It is only in recent years, however, that any serious attempt has been made to develop the physical, moral and religious nature of the child along with his intellectual training, in other words, to build up a noble and abiding character.

If we are to grant that character building is the aim of our schools to-day, we may profitably ask what are some of the conditions that are likely to make the realization of that end possible.

First in importance, it seems to me, is the well-equipped, sympathetic teacher, who can readily adapt herself to local conditions. We might dispense with costly school furniture, with apparatus, and with modern improvements, but we must have the teacher who has



THE NORTH PART OF MAIN STREET ON THE WEST SIDE.

in her a love for her work and all that this love implies. She must come to know her pupils individually as well as collectively, if she would serve them well. She must know the home influence surrounding each one, that she may supplement whatever there may be of good in that influence, and counteract the bad, and above all she must respect the individual rights and opinions of her pupils.

Such a teacher, inspired by a genuine love for her work, will readily discover some method for reaching even the most indifferent pupil. She will soon learn that volitional acts, prompted only by the highest motives, are alone valuable in mental and moral training. Such acts are the result simply of an aroused interest and of a well-trained will. Moreover, it is a pedagogical principle that aroused and sustained interest finds expression in repeated volitional acts, each one of which leaves the individual stronger and more determined in purpose.

Interest, however, cannot usually be aroused, or long sustained, by talks upon morals and manners, or upon the importance of diligence. Such friendly talks by the teacher have their place in every well-regulated school, yet it is by indirect means that the most good will be accomplished. The field of literature, as opened up in the class-room, furnishes the teacher with an opportunity for impressing the great truths she wishes to present. "Stories of great and noble deeds," says Bain, "have fired more youthful hearts with enthusiasm than sermons have."

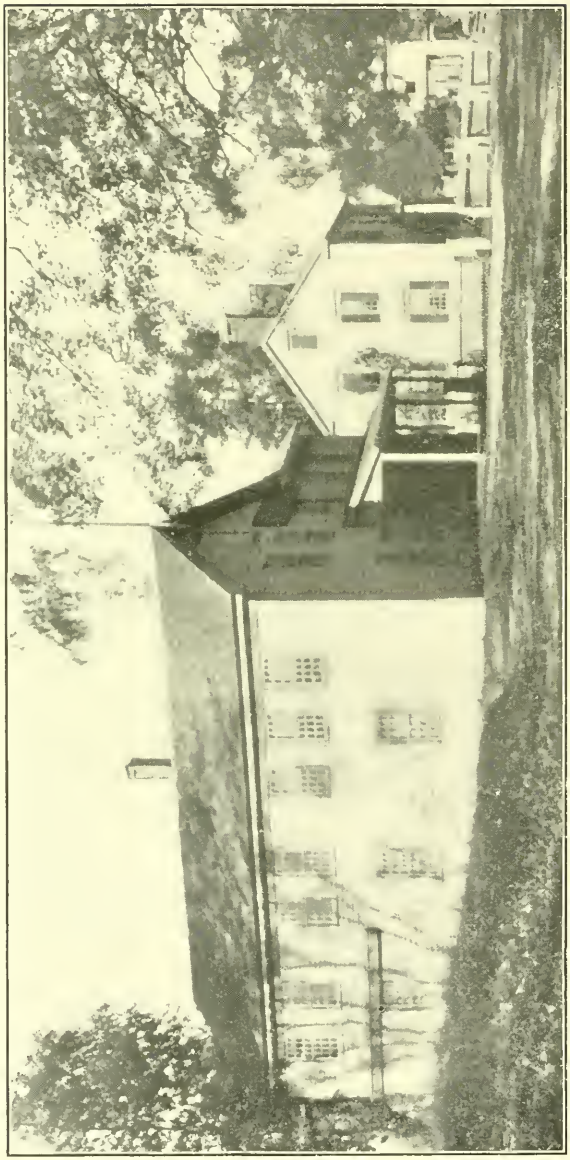
Back of the mental and moral life of man there must be a sound and vigorous body. Clear thinking, and oftentimes right living, are conditioned by good health. In ancient times, the people of Athens carried on physical and intellectual training side by side, and one of the most hopeful signs of our own times is the attention given to athletics. Under proper regulation and restraint, athletic sports may be made to play an important part in training the youth of our land for noble living.

In many of our schools religious training must be only incidental to the other work, yet it need not be less positive in character. The quiet influence of a truly devout teacher will do much to inspire in the pupils at least a reverence for holy things.

It has been my purpose in these few words to show that we must educate the heart as well as the mind, that we must teach gentleness, love and sympathy for others, and reverence for the things of God, and that there must be back of all this instruction a sound and healthy body.—*Character Building in Education.*

PRINCETON, MASS. EDGAR H. GROUT,
Superintendent of Schools.

MARCH 22, 1879.—It seems but a few years since the Hon. Leman W. Cutler of Watertown was teaching a singing school here; still fewer since Augustus Smith of Washington, now at the head of an important department at our national capitol, was here engaged at each part of the town in the same business. The past season Prof. Earle Buckingham of Washington has had a class consisting of the choir, present and prospective, of the First Congregational Church of this place, which culminated in a free concert in this place March 22. Dr. M. S. Page presided at the organ, as usual, to the satisfaction of all. Among the best selections were the "Cradle Song," by Misses Carrie Wells and Ella Abrams, Messrs. J. H. Linsley and N. M. Strong. "Adieu," a German folk song, by Misses Minnie Smith and Ella Abrams and Messrs. Linsley and W. V. Rood. The baritone solo by N. M. Strong was considered by many the gem of the entertainment. We mention but a few of the many pleasing songs, all of which were finely rendered, being creditable alike to the ability of the pupils and careful instruction of the professor.—*Waterbury American.*



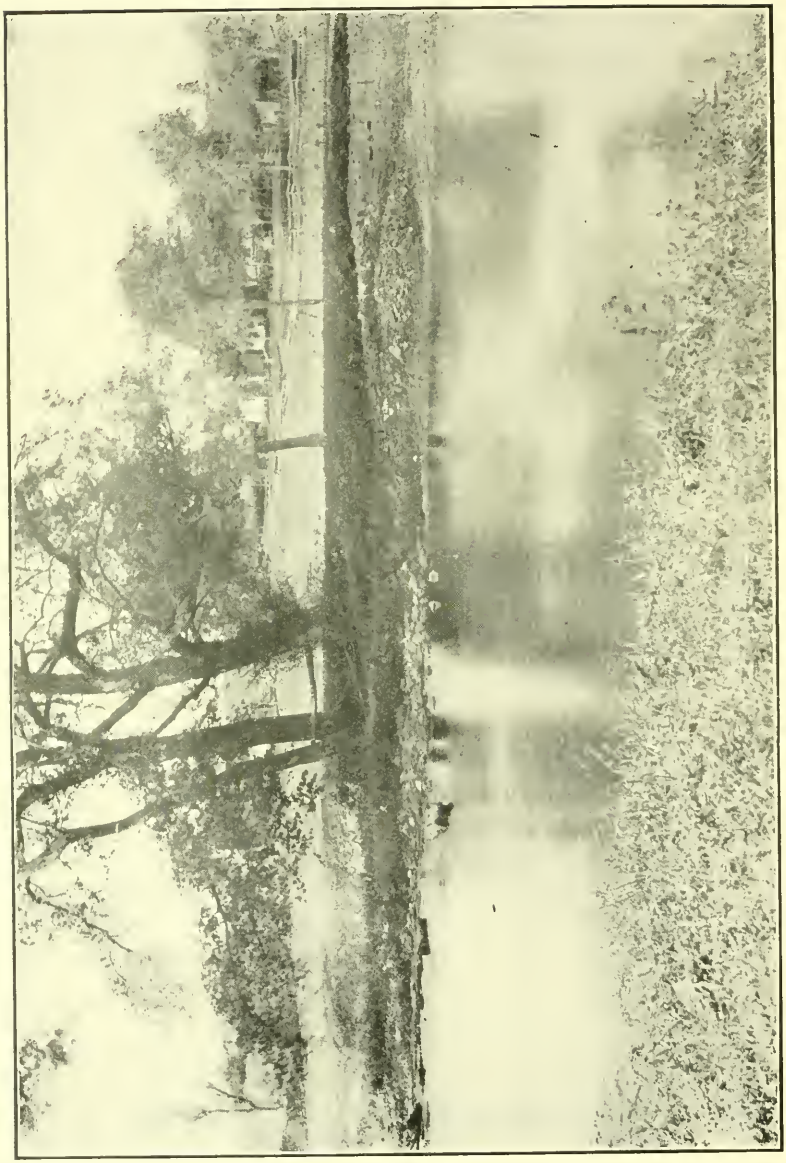
THE CABINET SHOP.

March 25, 1874.—Many of the present citizens of Woodbury can recall the establishing of the telegraph and the unsparing and able efforts of David S. Bull as originator of the enterprise. On the completion of the line March 25, 1874, he dispatched the first message sent over the wires from Woodbury to Waterbury, and which is recorded in his "Telegraph Journal," as follows:

"We have seen the bonds of union
Cemented by a ring,
But to join the town and city
The wire's more the thing.
Good is this slender tie,
Better iron bars.
Thanks for the telegraph,
But hurry up the cars. D. S. Bull.

The Woodbury Telegraph Company was organized, of which H. D. Curtiss was president and D. S. Bull secretary and treasurer.

The value of the enterprise to the town is proved in the records, which state the number of messages for the year ending March 1, 1879, to have been twelve hundred, and at the close of the next year the amount had reached sixteen hundred. At the present time Woodbury can communicate by telegraph with the most distant places in our land, and foreign countries through the Cable company, who have had an office in town for several years. The prediction frequently expressed in those days by Mr. Bull that "people would some time be able to talk from here to San Francisco," has been realized, and the telephone has, to a great extent, taken the place of the telegraph here, as well as elsewhere. Long distance telephones are in various parts of the town, and there is a fine local telephone system of one hundred subscribers that include Southbury, Southford, South Britain and Oxford, connecting with Seymour, Derby and Ansonia.



THE POMPERAUG RIVER AT TERRILL'S MEADOWS.

APRIL.

April 1, 1880.—During the spring floods we often had a merry time watching the moles and muskrats that were washed out from their hiding places. To catch them was a chance worth the trial. The prize was not often to the watching lad, but rather to the hunter and his gun. How we envied the owner of a gun and counted up the spoils he carried by watching the rising flood for gains. The pelts were in demand at the hat shops, and many a lad was proud of the beaver he earned during the harvest of furs in the early spring time when the oracular R pronounced them sound and good.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

Letters on Ancient Woodbury, by H. and E.

April 3, 1900—There always seems to be a more or less generally accepted theory that the most enjoyable period in ones existence is during early life.

This is probably true in a measure. Certainly the first ten or fifteen years are freer from care, responsibilities, and many of the vexing annoyances that come later. But children have their trials, their little jealousies. It may not be so hilly or so stormy the road they are travelling, but often times they find thorns and burrs that older ones would be apt to avoid. At a large children's party recently, when the lawn was thick with joyous, romping little ones, and the air full of laughter, a by-stander remarked: "They were having the time of their lives and did not know it." "I don't know about that," remarked another. "I believe the majority of these children will enjoy themselves just as much at thirty or forty or fifty as they do now—differently of course, but just as completely." I well remember the first big trout I caught in East Meadow Brook, and how fast I ran home with it, and when Aunt Mary said it weighed eleven

ounces, I was the proudest boy in town, but I doubt if I was any more excited that memorable day than in after years when fishing the Au Sable or St. Regis, and I am sure my heart did not thump any more violently the day when, quite a youngster, I shot, accidently, doubtless, a partridge in the woods back of the great swamp off the Bethlehem road, than when I killed, one frosty morning in November up among the Berkshire hills, a fox, that seemed to me to be going faster than any railroad train, with the dogs in full cry less than a thousand yards behind him.

A man like Casper Whitney, who has spent most of his life afield and afloat, confessed that he never knew what real enjoyment was until he hunted successfully "the most inaccessible animal on earth," the musk oxen far away in the extreme Northwest on the Saskatchewan and Copper Mine Rivers.

Men past middle age who have tramped the Barren Lands of New Brunswick in quest of caribou or who have shot moose in Northern Maine, all agree to the keen enjoyment they can only find in the woods and among the lakes and rivers. "Surely as a child I had no fun like this."

Of all the days in Summer, when I was a boy, nothing equalled the one when we went to "Scuppo" haying. The early start, for oxen were slow, when it was hardly daylight and usually cold. I remember Osborn told me once I was as blue as an indigo bag. The fresh air, the noisy birds, the hum of many insects, all went to make up the rarest of days; and the things we had to eat, nothing could equal our dinner, nothing could taste so good at home; perhaps we took little heed of sharpened appetites—it was not necessary, everything was so good that a man who had just dined would have eaten heartily. But the air nowadays is just as clear and bracing, the birds sing just as sweetly, crickets and grasshoppers are just as numerous, and when I think of a luncheon of crackers and ice cold milk at Hannon's after a tramp down the Shepaug on a hot morning in June, the Scuppo dinners do not seem so grand after all.

Bright recollections I will always have of my early home life. As I look back upon it now there seems only sunshine and happy days. My father was thoughtful, kind and indulgent. Many trips I took

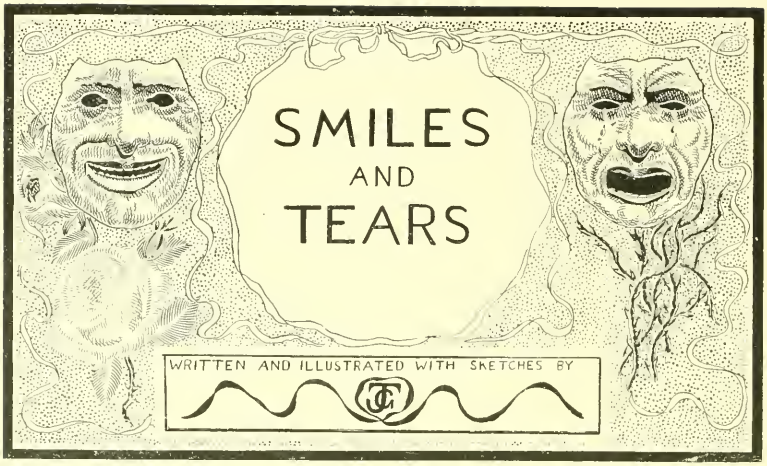
with him to different parts of the town, always with some definite purpose, but they were only pleasure trips to me. A hundred things happened, hardly worth telling of, but all contributing in its own way to a fund of reminiscence never to be forgotten.

My uncle seldom went to Waterbury without me, and once when I went to Litchfield with him I thought there was nothing more to be desired; he seemed to be always thinking of my welfare, and doing what he could for my well-being. One can never but in a small way repay the many kindnesses so ungrudgingly bestowed. These past pleasures of childhood I think have no parallel in later years. It must stand by itself, or it should, the fairest, most enjoyable part of all.

If the years come to us, as James Russell Lowell says, "Shod with felt, so that we hardly notice their approach," and as we all may hope to have them, there seems no reason why life should not be as full of enjoyment to those of mature years as to children.

It much depends on ourselves. Circumstances and general surroundings have much to do with it, but the sunny disposition, the contented mind, can almost always find "books in the running brooks and good in everything."

WATERBURY, CONN. JESSE MINOR.



April 5, 1900.—From the fact that the leading character of this story is at present acting the part of a peaceable and law-abiding citizen, we will not suffer him to bear the humiliation sure to follow should I choose to give his real name, so familiar to the people of Woodbury.

For fear that he might seek revenge by returning to his old ways we will, for the time being, know him as Ben, just Ben.

Taken as a whole, Ben's life was one in which the sunshine predominated, he sought to make it so. If trouble came, as it sometimes did, he conquered it by means fair or unfair, and laughed at its flight.

While Ben was not generally superstitious, he believed that fate ruled certain things. For instance, one bright June morning he was called three times before making his appearance at the breakfast table, then in reaching for the syrup he upset his coffee. For this careless act he was reproached by his mother, who enumerated his faults with remarkable accuracy. In passing through the kitchen he accidentally stepped on the cat's tail. To show his mother that this was done unintentionally he lifted the frightened cat in his arms and smoothed her hair the right way (something unusual). To his

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mother this show of sympathy was only further evidence of his guilt, and she proceeded to instruct Ben in the proper treatment of dumb animals. Hoping to find a more congenial state of affairs Ben leaves the house. In passing the wood pile his eager eyes fell on his father's axe; of course he picked it up. As he was about to lay it down the choping block, aided by a vivid imagination, suddenly took the form of a hostile Indian. With a nerve-grating whoop Ben flourished the axe above his head and brought it down with trip-hammer force, not on the block as he had intended, but deep in the ground. "Gee!" said Ben, as his vision of the Indian was followed by one of his father in a less friendly mood. Ben extracted the axe, now much the worse for having come in contact with a stone, placed it on the block and in utter dismay returned to the house.

The discovery of the axe in its present condition would bring but one result and that was the peculiar application of a certain strap that was well known to Ben. With true logic he realized that a soiled table cloth could be made clean, that a cat's tail would mend, but a broken axe never; for this reason alone he was depressed in mind and spirit, and his mother noticed it. "What's the matter Ben?" she asked. "Nothing," said Ben. He spent little time in preparing for school. Taking his ready lunch he departed in haste. His mother watched him from the kitchen window and mistaking the real cause of his meekness for one of repentance, remarked aloud to herself as she returned to her baking, "Ben is a pretty good boy after all."

Ben had not gone far when he met a strange dog. His first impulse was to "plug" a stone at him, but the broken axe was still fresh in his mind. As a result the dog passed unmolested. The next thing to cross his path was a toad, who, in a futile attempt to get out of his way by a series of awkward jumps was napped by Ben. "Where yer going?" asked Ben. As the toad made no reply, he added: "Guess yer going with me," and Ben guessed right. In the toad he recognized a valuable aid to future fun, and unmindful of his many vigorous kicks Ben stuffed the toad in his pocket.

By quick steps Ben's legs carried him over the ground at a rapid rate, and in a short time we find him at school greeting his friends

with an assortment of names that savor more of convenience than dignity.

From the fact that a boy's name is inscribed in the family Bible as Robert Dayton Smith, it did not necessarily follow that he would be so addressed by Ben. In this case the freckled faced urchin known at home and by the girls at school as Robert did not deem it derogatory to his dignity and social standing to acknowledge Ben's "Morning Speck" with a hearty "Hi there, Ben." Another youth he called "Jam." This name found its origin in its owner's adeptness in making successful raids on his mother's stock of preserves.

Ben proceeded to the entry room where he hung his dinner pail on one of the hooks provided for this purpose. Then he cautiously peeked through the key hole; the scene presented within was as he had hoped, and is described as follows: The teacher engaged in writing and Susie Brown with bowed head studying her spelling lesson. Ben disliked Susie, as in fact he did all persons who lavished time

on intellectual improvement, and Susie was a strict adherent to this rule. On many an occasion she had been called on to anwser questions that Ben could not and the humiliation accompanying her promptness at such times only deepened his ill-founded hatred. Ben stepped to the outer door and as no danger presented itself he quickly took the toad from his pocket. Ben had the reputation of being inhuman. This belief was more prevalent among the old maids and young girls of the community, and however universal it may have been, it was to an extent false, as this will show. In taking the toad from his pocket Ben found him in a rather exhausted condition. The first and most available means of relief suggested by Ben's mind was a pail of water intended for drinking purposes. Without

further delay Mr. Toad was plunged head first into the water pail and for the next thirty seconds he was the center of an aquatic display that furnished not a litle fun to Ben.

By the use of a pair of very dirty hands the toad was then taken from the water and slipped into Susie Brown's dinner pail. All this would have passed unobserved had it not been for Tommy Jones, who, suspicious of Ben's long absence from the play-ground, peeked in the window just as Ben was placing the toad in Susie's pail. Tommy had no intention of "telling on" Ben, but the joke was so good that he could not conceal his joy. He rushed to the play-ground and there gave vent to his feelings by jumping up and down, emphasizing each jump with a yell. Inquiries relative to the cause of his merriment brought but one reply and that was, "Wait you'll see," then Tommy began a new series of jumps and yells. Satisfied that Tommy intended to keep his secret his audience dwindled away until little Johnnie Thomas was his only listener. "Hu! think you're smart, bet taint nothing," said Johnnie and he, too, was gone.

It was at this point that Ben again made his appearance and suggested a game of "snap the whip." This did not appeal to the younger boys—past experience had made them familiar with Ben's methods. With many pledges and promises by Ben at last they yielded and all joined in the game. By the time the bell called them to their labors he had won the confidence of every boy in school, and he now took advantage of it. As the first note of the bell peeled out on the morning air he set the line revolving, slowly at first, but gaining speed with every turn until those near the end of the line barely touched the ground. Faster and faster they revolved until Ben, with one mighty swing, let go. The result was appalling. Over an area of several rods the ground was covered with a squirming, kicking mass of humanity. One by one they gained their feet and limped to their seats. For this barbarous act the teacher blamed no one in particular. Instead she cautioned the entire school and ordered them to adopt games more suggestive of civilization.

For the next hour nothing unusual transpired. The classes were in turn called and the general behavior of the school was excellent, but

'tis always calm before a storm. Just then Sarah Warner raised her hand and asked leave to get a drink. The request was granted and Sarah tripped lightly out of the room. Hardly a minute had passed before the occupants of the room were startled by a sharp feminine shriek coming from the entry and Sarah rushed in bringing the information that "Something alive was in Susie's dinner pail." "Don't be foolish, Sarah," said the teacher. Still Sarah insisted on the truth of her statement. Ben knew the exact cause of Sarah's alarm, but pretending not to notice it, he kept his eyes on the book open before him.

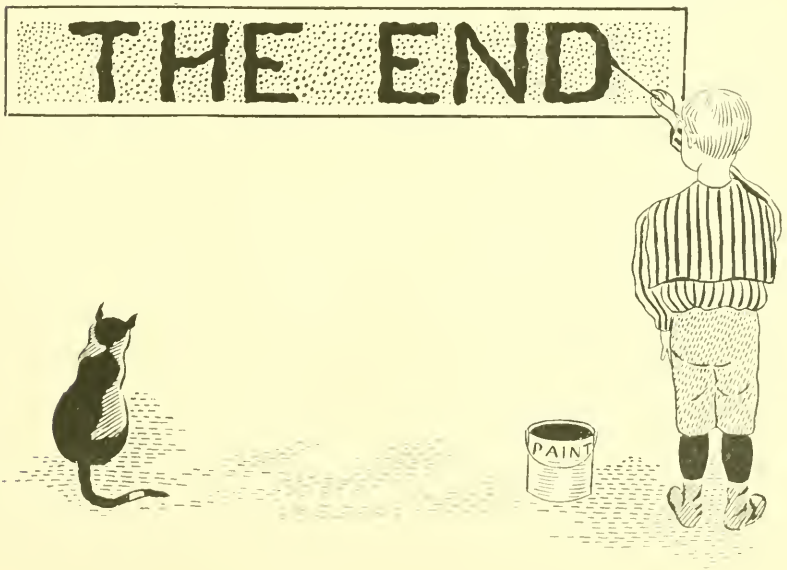
With Tommy Jones the effect was quite different. He snickered once, twice, then laughed, laughed until the tears trickled in streams

down his cheeks and all efforts to check his hilarity failed. Sarah was ordered to bring the mysterious pail, and most reluctantly she obeyed. Holding the pail at arm's length before her she half ran, half danced across the floor, stopping at regular intervals to scream to an accompaniment of thumps and bumps from within the pail. Placing the pail on the teacher's desk she backed away and stood

trembling with fear. The cover was removed and the innocent toad jumped out. At this the whole school joined in uncontrollable laughter; even the teacher turned her head and bit her lips to suppress a smile. "Thomas Jones, come here," said the teacher. Tommy arose from his seat, glanced at Ben and advanced slowly to the teacher's desk. "Thomas, who put the toad in Susie's pail?" she asked. "I—I don't know," stammered Tommy. The teacher picked up her rule and again repeated the question. The strain was too much for Tommy and he broke down. Between sobs he muttered, "I guess Ben did." The teacher then turned her attention to Ben. When she asked him if he was the guilty one he replied in a firm voice, "Yes'm." Without further ceremony she punished him in a manner that indicated remarkable proficiency of the art. Sore and disgraced he was sent home, there to receive further punishment from his mother by being sent to bed.

An hour later his mother in passing through his room found Ben sleeping soundly. Under pretence of arranging the covers she stooped and placed a kiss on his tear-stained cheek. For such is a mother's love.

WOODBURY, CONN. J. GARRETSON TERRILL.



April 6, 1901.—The sons and daughters of the American Revolution residing in Woodbury, in their reminiscences, often recall the accounts by their ancestors of the summer of 1781, memorable for the encampment of General Lafayette and the French Army in the town while on their way to join General Washington, in his well devised plan for the seige of Yorktown. The army arrived from the east by a winding road containing many short curves, one being known as the "Ox Bow," a route which they had constructed from the northern side of Lake Quassapaug through the picturesque woods called White Deer Rocks, where the tall ferns and pink and white laurel grew in abundance amid huge rock masses. The traveler of to-day, desiring a well shaded and direct drive to the city of Waterbury, selects the road built by the French army. During their stay a soldier's autograph is said to have been inscribed with a diamond on a pane of glass in an ancient dwelling near the residence of Thomas Bull. Honor is given in history to these soldiers for their fine order and discipline in their march through the town and State. With the close of the war the army returned to Boston by the same route, again passing through Woodbury.

Of the patriotism, heroism and liberality of our ancestors during the Revolution, the historical records give many proofs. The noble spirit of those days, which dwelt in the heart and was manifested by the life of every one of our forefathers, was exemplified by Rev. Noah Benedict, pastor of the First Church of Woodbury, as shown by the church records.

"At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the First Society in Woodbury December 27, 1775 Capt. Elnathan Judson was chosen moderator.

"Voted to pay to Rev. Mr. Benedict lawful money, eighty pounds as a salary for the current year according to covenant. By a vote to be made on the poles and rateable estate of the inhabitants of sd society and any person or persons shall have liberty to pay one equal half of his or her rate in provisions (viz.) wheat at 4|, rye at 2|6, Indian Corn at 2|Pr bushel, sd rate to be paid to Mr. Benedict at or before the first day of March next, sd Mr. Benedict appearing in sd meeting was pleased to make this offer to the society, that he was

willing to relinquish ten pounds of his salary, for the benefit of sd society under the difficult circumstances of the present times."

Although the affairs of the country were far from being settled at the close of the Revolutionary War, there was a respite from many duties therewith associated, and our forefathers could turn their attention more especially to matters of home and church interest. Music, one of the most glorious gifts of God, they believed in and recognized as one of the powerful influence in human life to which the sacred writings gave abundant testimony. They believed that the noblest qualities of mind and heart could be developed and strengthened to the highest purposes and wisest results through the use of good music. Therefore a vote was passed "at a meeting of the inhabitants of the First Society in Woodbury December 3rd, Anno Domini 1781, to grant a society rate to defray the charges," and voted to appropriate "one-half" of above sum "to promote the learning of Psalm tunes for Divine Service." The place and importance of music in the sanctuary was established many centuries ago in Judea. Among the musicians in the schools of the prophets at Ramah, whose mission is considered by an eminent writer to have been the utterance of hymns and songs, was David, the sweet singer of Israel. His inspiration found rich and deep expression in his Psalms, "For his harp was full stringed, and every angel of joy and sorrow swept over the strings as he passed." Through him a service of song was included with the daily offerings in the sanctuary and became a fixed part of the worship of Jehovah.

Song is a marked feature of every revival of truth, hence the Reformation required a music that the people could understand and sing. The Psalms were arranged in metrical form that the singing might be united and in the native language that all might participate. Through the Hymns of Martin Luther in Germany, and the Metrical Psalms and original Hymns of Dr. Watts, music took its appointed place as an integral part of public worship. So highly were the writings of Dr. Watts esteemed for their worth and adaptability, that it is said there were within the last few years, those who refused to sing and sat down, if any other were given out. Our Puritan ancestors, when they came, brought with them their Hymn

Books, composed mainly of the writings of Dr. Watts who held the position of "Master of Hymnody" for upward of a hundred years. The various books containing tunes were unlike, and early in our Colonial days collections of music began to be printed. Among the composers was William Billings, who published the "New England Psalm Singer" in 1770, and whose setting of the Psalms and Hymn tunes comprises a large portion of the "Choristers' Companion," a publication extensively used in New England. This music book was based on the "Mi, Fa, Sol" system and contained besides the necessary rules of Psalmody, a variety of plain and fuguing Psalm tunes, together with a collection of approved hymns and anthems, many of which were never before printed." "The "Gamut" or Scale of Music, is explained, presenting the four parts of music, "Treble, counter, tenor and bass," the various "cliffs" noted and examples given, the "Moods of time, compound, triple and common" measured, and explanations given regarding the "Transition or breaking of notes," with "Directions for tuning and forming the voice," in these, "Observing for imitation the sweet sound of the violin, the soft melody of the flute and the tuneful notes of the nightingale." In "Observations on Singing," says the author, "The voices on the bass should be majestic, deep and solemn; the tenor full, bold and manly, the counter loud, clear and lofty, and the treble soft, shrill and sonorous. Let the pieces be set so that all parts may sing with ease for which purpose a pitch pipe is very convenient. It would be well to raise the hand somewhat slower in the closing note, always observing to sound the whole tune of the last beat. A small beat is sufficient for all except the leader. All levity, whispering, laughing or looking about while singing sacred words is abominable and renders the performance contemptible. These observations may be sufficent for the young chorister, experience must teach him the rest." The popularity of this early New England composer and writer, William Billings, is well established, for it was his paraphrasing of the psalms, patriotic hymns and tunes that were sung by singing schools, choirs, families and around camp fires, and it is said that "Chester" was the melody played by every fifer in the Revolutionary War. In the history of the First Congregational Church, from the

meeting held in December, 1793, Major Thomas Bull presiding, when Josiah Judson, Stiles Curtiss, and Noah B. Benedict were appointed the first choristers, a sum of money was regularly granted "To be laid out for the benefit of singing," and musical committees were appointed "To expend the said money to the best advantage of the society."

On December 7, 1801, nearly one hundred years ago, Reuben Walker, Moses Clark and Elijah Sherman were the appointed choristers of the First Church in Woodbury. The antique leather covered music book owned by Reuben Walker and later by Erastus Minor, contained three hundred pages of psalms, hymns and anthems, which are as perfectly copied in pen and ink as if they had been printed. The music is arranged for the different voices and is of as fine a quality and difficult composition as that in use at the present time. In the collection are a few selections from Holden, the contemporary of Billings, also a writer of "fuguing" music and known as the composer of Coronation.

The children of Reuben Walker gave early evidence of musical ability. During the absence of their father at church those remaining at home were required to complete the learning of several tunes which he had selected. One of the sons, Joseph Frederick Walker, was a leader of the North Church choir for several years.

During the time when Benjamin Minor held the office of chorister, there is evidence in the records of a wish to reserve a special place for the choir, for it was voted that the "Tithingmen be directed to see that the young men do not occupy the two seats on the east side of the south gallery; also the two east pews in the south gallery."

Gilbert Somers Minor, also mentioned as Somers Minor, succeeded his father in 1806. He is remembered as being associated with the choir for a number of years and mentioned as having charge of the singing school and choir in 1830. His voice is described as being of fine quality, resembling the flute. Among his descendants is Seth Minor, a resident and musician in Woodbury.

According to the custom in those days the church was seated by age, or "dignified" as it was some times called. A committee was appointed for seating the church after it had been so dignified, and all

persons living within the limits of this society, belonging to other denominations, wishing seats, were to be provided by leaving their age with the society's committee.

Anthony C. Strong, whose voice in smoothness, richness, compass and power, is considered to have been the equal of any singer of the present time, was a member of the choir for many years. The "Gamut, or Scale of Music," owned by him in 1811, was an antique leather covered choir book resembling the one previously mentioned. It contained several pages of printed music, psalms and hymns, with a large number of additional leaves of finely copied selections. These were preceded by directions for tuning and forming the voice and studying music according to the "Mi, Fa, Sol, La" system, the method in which Dea. James H. Linsley, David S. Bull and many others were instructed.

Dea. Marcus D. Mallory and John Strong, Jr., were the appointed choristers from 1812 to 1815.

The choir book of tunes used in 1828 by Anthony C. Strong was the "Boston Handel and Haydn Society collection of Psalms and Hymns, which included selections from Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven." The selection and arrangement of the book was by Lowell Mason, and special attention was given to the notation of the time according to Maelzel's Metronome, then a recent invention.

In the fall of 1828 the society's committee was authorized to employ Gilbert S. Minor and Samuel Sherman, each to have the care of instructing the singing school and lead the music on the Sabbath, during the term of one year. Arrangements were made with Dr. Steele for the use of his room for the purpose of singing the ensuing Winter. Each person attending the singing meetings was expected to provide the necessary light for his own use. This consisted of a candle, placed in a candle stick of simple construction and easily transported, made by placing three small nails in a piece of board. In 1829 one of the expenses of the church was for a candle chest.

Ralph G. Camp, from out of town, was the next instructor and is recalled as being very successful in teaching each one to become proficent in his own part while singing with others, "independent" singers as they were called. Mr. Camp was instructor in singing from 1833 to 1836.

Thomas D. Mallory, who resided where Mrs. Benjamin Russell now lives, was appointed in 1837 as chorister, which office he retained for six years. He is well remembered by Mr. C. C. Mitchell, and spoken of as a valued teacher in the public schools of the town. In 1839, while Thomas Mallory was chorister, the church appointed a singing committee to make all necessary arrangements, including lights, fires, music and musical instruments. "Over fifty years ago," says F. Treat Strong, "I remember the music was led by a bass viol played by Nathaniel L. Strong and two flutes, one played by David S. Bull and the other by James H. Linsley." The choir included many young people, and the names which were recalled represent those who now are the heads of families in this and other churches of the town. During the year 1840 Nehemiah C. Briggs, of a musical family, assisted Mr. Mallory in leading the music.

John E. Strong and Merrit Platt became the choristers in 1844, and were in charge of the music at the close of the pastorate of Rev. S. R. Andrews, and at the ordination of his successor Rev. Lucius Q. Curtis in 1846.

In 1847 J. P. Webster the composer of "Sweet By and By," was instructor of music in the choir. Miss Margaret Olcott says of him: "As I recall him he seemed all music and poetry. He excelled in the first, and to quote his own words, if he had had an education, would have succeeded in that line. He was very sensitive to criticism and inclined to despondency. Some years ago we entertained during a convention a gentleman from Minneapolis. One morning he sat down to the piano and began to sing one of Mr. Webster's compositions. I recognized it as having heard him sing it. The gentleman then told of a little incident that occurred in his town. A company was practicing for a concert, "The Old Man's Dream." They did not sing it to satisfy their leader, who was becoming quite impatient, when a shabbily dressed man who was in the back seat of the Opera House stepped forward and said he would sing that for them. His first impulse was to turn him out, but finally handed him the music and told him to sing it. He refused the music and sang the first verse; they were dumb with astonishment. He then taught them how to sing it. I can think just how he would have sung it."

His pieces were rather plaintive. "The Land of Sunset," "Green Hills of Alleghany," "Oh, How I Love My Mountain Home," "Spare the Old Homestead," and the "Old Man's Dream" are among those I have of his composing. I shall never forget his song, "Tread Lightly," as sung by my sister Sarah, Maria Marvin, William Cogswell and J. P. Webster. There are others in Woodbury who were acquainted with him in a musical line—Mrs. Emily Sherman and Mrs. Emily Benham, members of the Glee Club."

The choir meetings in 1849 were held on Sunday evening and were fully attended by the members and others who chose to do so. During the intermission secular music was practiced. The inappropriateness impresses us now, but in those days the Sabbath commenced on Saturday evening when the church bell rang for the people to cease labor, and ended on Sunday at sunset.

In 1850 Philo M. Trowbridge was appointed chorister and continued as leader for twenty years. In that time he held the office of Deacon, Superintendent of Sunday School, Instructor of Singing in all of the Sunday Schools, and Acting Visitor of the Public Schools of the town.

For a while after his appointment the church orchestra continued to lead the music, Mr. Trowbridge playing second violin. Then, in addition to the usual arrangements for vocal and instrumental music, a committee was appointed to procure a good melodeon. The chorister was well qualified for his position, having studied music in Boston, and was ably assisted by his wife, Mrs. P. M. Trowbridge, who had been a music teacher and was skilled in playing the melodeon, reading and singing at sight, the music, often classical, required for the church services. The esteemed pastors of the First Church during this period were Rev. Robert G. Williams, 1855-1857; Rev. Charles E. Robinson, 1862-1864; Rev. Charles Little, 1865-1867, and Rev. Horace Winslow, 1868-1869.

Miss Katherine M. Woodruff was appointed organist of the church, and was chosen to fill that position for several succeeding years.

In 1869 Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes was invited to become the pastor of the First Congregational Church and in 1870 Deacon James H.

Linsley became the chorister. Possessing a genial and gracious presence, gifted with voice of wondrous melody, compass and power, progressive in all affairs of the church and town, of refined taste and most excellent judgment in business matters, Deacon J. H. Linsley has lived for more than half a century an honored Christian life, of inestimable value to the church with whose history he was closely connected, to the town and surrounding locality. He was a member of the choir for sixty-one years, the leader during sixteen years, deacon of the church for thirty-three years, and superintendent of the Sunday school for sixteen years. He sang in the choir until the second Sunday previous to his decease. Shortly after his appointment as chorister, the church decided to procure a new pipe organ, and the fine organ now in use was selected by him at the firm of Hook & Hastings in Boston and placed in the church in July, 1873.

In December, 1873, W. H. Gordon received the appointment as organist, continuing for three years, when he was succeeded by Dr. M. S. Page, who held the position for several years. Mrs. W. E. Wells was appointed organist, kindly assisting in the music of the choir.

In 1886 Nathaniel M. Strong, son of Nathaniel L., and grandson of Anthony C. Strong, was appointed chorister. He has been a member of the choir during forty years, and is well known as a baritone singer of much cultivation, a successful conductor of the music of the choir and musical director of several concerts. Under his management the choir has attained a high degree of proficiency and from its members, many of whom are trained singers, several glee clubs have been organized who have furnished delightful music on many public and patriotic occasions. Mr. H. W. Beecher, a cultured tenor singer in the choir, was the appointed organist for many years.

Rev. A. P. Powelson, pastor of the church from 1883-1887, was succeeded by Rev. J. A. Freeman, the present pastor, who was installed in May, 1890.

The society authorized the removal of the organ in 1897 from its location in the gallery to the place which it now occupies in the

alcove back of the pulpit. Miss Daisy Stiles, the present organist, has made music her study during a number of years, and has occupied the position most acceptably for the past three years.

In the minds and hearts of all who have been associated with the music of this church during its whole history, there has been one purpose and endeavor, to offer in the sanctuary the best music of the time and the most perfect interpretation. To accomplish this, all have devoted thought, effort and means, making use of all possible advantages in vocal training and study of technique.

Music may express in melody, words of prayer and praise, and it also has the power of rising far above any human speech, using this merely as a foundation for a more glorious offering. There are many ways in which the voice of God speaks to the hearts of men, not alone through the pulpit and the words of the preacher. To those who rebel under this influence, the voice of song has carried the message. The chorus possess a mighty power to uplift the soul. When the twilight falls, the darkness deepens and the day is drawing to its close, "He, watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps," brings calmness and trust to the waiting congregation appropriately leading to the benediction of Divine peace.

Woodbury, Conn. Julia Minor Strong.

April 7, 1891.—The people of Woodbury have an interest in the glory and fame of the grand hero, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, beyond that of any other citizen of the country, arising from the fact that he was a descendant of Woodbury stock in the parental line of his ancestry. He was of the famous Sherman blood which furnished Roger Sherman, "signer of the Declaration of Independence," coming down from the three eminent men, Hon. Samuel Sherman, Rev John, his brother, and Capt. John, his first cousin, who emigrated from Dedham, Essex County, England, arriving at Watertown, Mass., in 1634. Rev. John and Capt. John settled at Watertown and Samuel at Stratford, Conn., whence his son, Capt. John, emigrated to Woodbury with the first settlers in 1672. The descendants of these in all the succeeding years have been among the leading and honored men of the nation. Of this blood and closely

related to Gen. Sherman during his life were Senator Evarts of New York, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin and Prof. Thatcher of New Haven, and Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew of New York, who is of Woodbury descent, both in the Sherman and Mitchell line. Gen. Sherman was the great-grandson of Judge Daniel Sherman, who was a contemporary of "Rodger, the Signer." Judge Sherman, who was a member of the Committee of Safety all through the Revolutionary War, a Justice of the Quorum 25 years, County Court Judge, Judge of Probate, Member of General Assembly, during two years occupied the Speaker's chair, and a member of the State Convention to ratify the Constitution of the United State. Gen. Sherman was also a great-grandson of Rev. Anthony Stoddard, the second pastor of the First Church, and his name appears on the presentation tablet of the father's monument as a contributor toward its expense. He was also descended from Hon. Wm. Preston, the first Judge of County Court for Litchfield County. Being thus descended from many of the early prominent Woodbury families its people may well cherish an honest pride in his magnificent achievements. Gen. Grant, his best and nearest friend, was also of Woodbury descent, in the female line, being the sixth in descent from Grace Minor, the daughter of Capt. John Minor, leading founder of Ancient Woodbury, who was married to Samuel Grant, Jr., grandson of Deacon Matthew Grant of Windsor, Conn., April 11, 1688. The ashes of Capt. John Minor, who was also a deacon, and the first deacon, John Sherman, lie near each other in our ancient cemetery. They were also close friends in life, as were their descendants, Gen. Grant and Gen. Sherman. The people of Connecticut will never forget that in the closing year of our Civil War, when the final grapple came on, we had Grant before Richmond, Sherman in the Southwest, and Terry in the Southeast, working at the rebels, trunk and giant limbs, while officers and men were in their best fighting trim. As they look on the struggle they recall with pardonable pride the fact that these three soldiers, Grant, Sherman and Terry, who had become the supreme hope of the nation in its hour of agony, had sprung from a long line of ancestors who were born on the soil and trained in the schools of Connecticut, and old Wood-

bury had the proud satisfaction of having furnished the lineage of two of them, Grant and Sherman.

In April, 1887, Gen. Sherman and his brother, Senator John Sherman of Ohio, paid a visit to the writer for the especial purpose of having shown to them the ancient dwellings and graves of their ancestors. This was done to their great satisfaction. Mayor Boughton, of Waterbury, gave them an invitation to stop one day to visit the manufacturing establishments of the city. This they were unable to do for the reason stated in the following card:

"*To Hon. Henry L. Boughton, Mayor:*

"My Dear Sir:—We have received your kind note and thank you for the proffered courtesy. We are on a visit to Ancient Woodbury and its historian Mr. Cothren. Are limited to time and will be unable to visit the establishments of your busy city. We are the more obliged to you for meeting us at the depot, conducting us to our hotel and tendering the hospitality of Waterbury.

"With great respect,

"W. T. Sherman, *General.*

"John Sherman."

Since that date, though General Sherman has been on the retired list of the army, he has occupied the foremost position in the eyes of the nation.

Woodbury, Conn. William Cothren.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

April 8, 1901.—While reviewing the many historical events with which this ancient town is still luminous and considering its picturesque hills and valleys with their winding streams, a shadow falls athwart them all as a glow of memory lights up a snowy range of the Alps in far away Switzerland.

Lake Geneva.

"Dimpling to each touch of sunshine," lies hundreds of feet below, its blue expanse studded with sails, fishermen in artistic costume starting out with their nets, a gaily canopied skiff floating the stars and stripes in intricate confusion of mast and sail, clear reflection and rippling surface. Hotels, cathedrals and tiny cottages seem to have perched themselves capriciously on the mountainous heights with an occasional peasant posing in the foreground in brilliant bodice and quaintly knotted headgear.

The crowning glory of all is Mt. Blanc, which at the southeast rises more than 15,000 feet, and although 37 miles distant is sometimes reflected in the lake. Whoever is so fortunate as to see its spectral whiteness thus mirrored can but exclaim with Tennyson: "Would that my tongue could utter, the thoughts that arise in me." A most fascinating feature of this lake is the massive castle of Chillon as it looms up full of the romance of history and song. Its dozen or more square and round richly embellished towers of pinkish gray stone, with conical roofs and spires are exceedingly ornamental. The castle stands on an isolated rock surrounded by water 1,000 feet in depth and is reached by a covered bridge. Shadowy tragedies crowd around it. Here the tide of battle waged in ages past, and many a life went out in the dungeons below. The pillar and ring to which Bonivard was chained for six years, by order of the King of Savoy, is still shown.

A luxuriant vine literally covered with miniature roses looked in at the window of the highest tower, a branch of which presented us with the purple and white lilac has ever since been a connecting link between this delightful spot and our own New England.

It was a beautiful hour and place. Day was deepening into twilight, the setting sun tinting the distant summits sank to rest beneath a gorgeous drapery of scarlet and gold, the lake was aflame with its radiance, as if

"The sunset stooped to make
Double sunset in the lake."

Little fishing boats came into the picture, snatches of song floated over the water. At the east above the Alpine peaks and pinnacles, a fitting background for all this loveliness, the full moon rose in majestic splendor, the boat moored to the castle bridge, rocked lazily back and forth, the waves splashed with a saddening cadence against the base of the castle, the lights in the little village near twinkled like stars, and the dark wing of regret hovered over us as the iron horse came shrieking into the Chillon station, compelling us to take a final look at this enchanting scene and turn our faces toward the vineyards of France.

PINE HILL, WOODBURY, CONN. SARA M. JUDSON.

APRIL 9, 1895.—

Mysterious round that power divine,
Has led us these long fifty years;
'Tis by God's grace we've called it mine,
Sweet solace 'mid life cares and fears.

The youth of fifty years gone by,
That graced our wedding feast that day,
But seven now left 'neath golden sky,
All now are gone to endless day.

A wedded pair were left alone,
Of all that day we loved most dear,
Could grateful hearts for this atone
We'd bring out richest tribute here.

Our skies were fair, our prospects bright,
In heart and hand we've both agreed,
Good health and strength made labor bright,
God thus supplied our every need.

The day school, Sunday school and church,
Our fondest memories center there,
These pupils, oft we meet them now,
And thus recall past scenes most dear.

The six and forty years gone by,
The Savior called us to his breast.
May Christian faith be ever nigh;
E'en when we're laid away to rest.

We're glad, kind friends, you've come to-day,
For friendship's tie must e'er be strong;
In Christian hope we'll work, we'll pray,
Till joined in everlasting song.

Woodbury, Conn. D. C. Somers.

April 12, 1879.—Thank God there is many a minister of all sects that brings the practical matter of temperance in at almost or quite every sermon. If not in so many words, at least in very plain connection so that it is understood. Such men are most of our Methodist pastors and such preachers as Dr. Cuyler and Dr. Tyng.

The fact is, these things seem different in the light of eternity. It is good to be always zealous in a good cause, and if any seem too enthusiastic now, they will not appear so when either they or we approach the next world.

Woodbury, Conn. Susan T. Abernethy.

April 13, 1901.—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Woodbury was organized March 30th, 1876, by Mrs. M. A. Stone of New Milford, Vice-President of Litchfield County, under the following pledge: We, the undersigned, do agree that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage nor traffic in them, that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment or for persons in our employment, and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use in the community.

Mrs. Giles Minor accepted the first presidency, succeeded by Mrs. Barlow Russell the following year, who was faithful to her trust till 1882, when failing health compelled her to resign, and she was called to her rest and reward at the ripe age of 73, August, 1894. Mrs. Harriet Newel Hall Galpin was next chosen September, 1882, serving nine years, followed in 1892 by Mrs. Henry Dawson until 1897, when for lack of physical strength she could not consent to retain

the office, and was succeeded by Mrs. Frank Dawson our last president. Under the supervision of the W. C. T. U. the "Band of Hope" was organized in 1878 and about this time a reading room was started, as well as the buying out and permanently closing up a liquor saloon in Hotchkissville. A "Reform Club" was also organized then, the result of the labor of Lawyer Graves of Litchfield, who for 23 years had been a confirmed drunkard.

In January, 1879, the clergy held union meetings in the North and South Chapels the same day and the pastors took the ground that if Christians would be committed to total abstinence everywhere the traffic in liquor would cease. Within four years 24 lectures and addresses, which touched upon various points in the temperance field, showing good work done in each, were delivered and wth the exception of two years the town has since voted "No license." Mrs. FitzGerald of Bridgeport in 1892 organized a branch of the "Loyal Legion," and 40 names took the triple pledge against profanity, rum and tobacco. A Flower Mission was formed by the young ladies whose generous donations of sweet blossoms with scripture texts attached, brought joy to many a shut-in. "The Loyal Legion" ran well for a time, but was disbanded for want of a leader.

Free-Will Offerings have been annually made in addition to our regular work; also funds sent to the "Temperance Hospital" and "Temple" at Chicago and given to "Fair Work" to scatter temperance literature, thus sowing, as we humbly hope, seed that will spring up and bear fruit notwithstanding the defects of the work. This was ever the sentiment of our "White Ribbon" comrade, Mrs. Susan T. Abernethy, who was among our earliest workers (at one time State president) and from the organization served as secretary of the Union until August, 1892, when she resigned the office, but she nobly kept her hand on the helm through much discouragement and under great difficulties. Through her efforts many of our national workers were secured and entertained by her. Her voice and pen were never idle when she could in any way help the cause which lay so close to her heart. She brought Miss Frances E. Willard (later our national president) to her home, who gave in the North Church a fine address which might be called "The War of Women upon Liquor."

With Mrs. A. it was not, "Are you working my way for temperance?" but, are you conscientiously, prayerfully and definitely working some way to reform the drunkard, to abolish the saloon, to educate the children; in a word to make the world a cleaner, quieter, happier place to live in? After a short illness she was called to leave the ranks of the "White Ribbons" on earth to join the band of comrades on the other side April 10, 1892, aged 70 years and 7 months. Thus passed from us this excellent woman, an untiring worker in the Master's Vineyard and an unyielding warrior for total abstinence from intoxicants.

Woodbury, Conn. Wealthy R. Allen,
Rec. Sec'y W. C. T. U.

April 14, 1873.—Lines from a poem written for the Biennial Celebration of Orenaug Lodge, Woodbury:

Brothers! we shall not strive in vain,
Although some lives still bear the stain;
For each faithful good endeavor
Is God's strong and mighty lever,
Lifting up the one that's doing.
Thus we reap what we are sowing;
Losing self for one another,
Follow thus our Elder Brother.

Woodbury, Conn. Seth Hollister.

April 17, 1890.—There is a literary treasure, an ancient Bible printed one hundred and sixty-two years ago. This valuable antiquated edition of the Holy Bible may be seen at the library of Mrs. Dr. Harvey.

On the title page we find "Printed by His Majesty's special command. Appointed to be read in churches Edinburgh. Printed by James Watson, printer to King's most excellent Majesty, MDCCXII." The volume contains the family records from 1726. It shows the record of the birth of Susannah Mitchell, born in 1752. The eldest daughter of the family of each generation since that time have the name of Susannah, Mrs. Harvey representing the fourth. Inclosed

in this Bible when sent from the east was the funeral sermon of Rev. Dr. Joseph Bellamy, printed in old style English in ordinary pamphlet form and in a good state of preservation. It may be a matter of interest to Congregationalists to know that Dr. Bellamy was one of the pioneer clergymen of that denomination and an eminent divine, born in Connecticut in 1719, graduated at Yale in 1735, ordained in Bethlehem in 1740, died in 1790, aged 71 years. The document containing his funeral sermon is therefore nearly one hundred years old. PUBLISHED IN STOCKTON MAIL, CALIFORNIA. JOHN H. ALLEN.

APRIL 24, 1860.—The society and people of the North Congregational Church gathered at the house of their pastor, Rev. John Churchill, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of his ministry and to present him with a purse of gold.

Dea. Truman Judson called the gathering to order and made a few appropriate remarks alluding to the long existing relations, mutual and pleasant to both pastor and people.

Wm. C. Cogswell was called to the chair and followed with remarks congratulatory. The chair then called upon A. W. Mitchell, Esq., to make the presentation address, which was replied to by Rev. Mr. Churchill. Mr. Mitchell, after the preliminary congratulations, gave a sketch of the pastor's labors during his twenty years ministry, the blessed fruits of which were visible in the gathering there met to express their appreciation and gratitude. In behalf of the congregation, the speaker presented the reverend host with a purse containing one hundred dollars in gold as a token of their regard. Upon receiving the purse Rev. Mr. Churchill gave expression to his thankfulness in a most heartfelt manner, saying whatever merits he possessed, if he had been successful in his labors, it was attributed under God quite as much to the co-operation of the parish as to himself. A song followed, led by Mr. Frederick Walker, Mr. Chauncey Somers and others.

The following resolutions were offered by the chair:

Resolved, That we have cause for gratitude to God that we, as a parish, are permitted to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of our pastor's minsistry.

To which Dea. Nathaniel Minor, one of the fathers of the church, responded in a happy and appropriate manner. He congratulated the audience that they were permitted to witness the occasion and to participate in the golden wedding, for, said he, we have come not to sunder ties, but to make them still stronger. He proceeded in touching allusions to the past history of the church and society and its present harmonious and prosperous state.

Resolved, That in behalf of this assembly our pastor's continuance with us for so long a time is truly a matter of devout thankfulness to God and great satisfaction to us.

Mr. J. G. Minor responded in a very happy manner.

Resolved, That whereas, the relation of pastor to this people has continued for so long a time in unbroken harmony, it is our hope and prayer that it may long be perpetuated. "Ties of time a day can sever, but the ties of spirit never."

To this resolution a gratifying and appropriate response was made by Gideon Hollister, the venerable father of the historian of Connecticut, and long a respected and valued member of the church.

The chair announced that the services would close to give all present an opportunity to partake of the refreshments furnished in great abundance by the society. The table was burdened with one hundred loaves of fine cake, ornamented with wreaths of evergreens, and flowers and fruits were in abundance. The whole evening passed pleasantly, all leaving with good wishes and happy hearts. The whole affair was decidedly successful and long to be remembered by all who were present.—*Correspondence of Waterbury American.*

WOODBURY, CONN. ASAHEL W. MITCHELL, SR.

APRIL 25, 1855.—When eleven years old, I was a busy, happy little girl, my time fully occupied with school, making patches, playing with my mates. Serenely I made my mud pies and kept house with beautiful broken dishes. My father at that time was pastor of the Congregational Church at Durham Centre and I supposed of course I should live and die right there.

Like a thunderbolt came the word to me that we were to go to Woodbury. I did not want to go, I hated to hear even the name, and as for the men who had persuaded my father to make the change, why, they were perfect ogres. I didn't even think of them as civilized human beings. I knew I should never be happy again, and even now, there is a feeling of pity for the poor little thing who went about with so sad a heart. No one seemed to think of the child huddled in the corner of the pew, that last sad Sunday when my father preached his farewell sermon. I can see him now, and hear his voice as he said: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It was a mystery to me that he could preach. "Why does he not cry," I thought, as I shivered to myself, hoping no one would notice the tears that kept filling my eyes.

The good-byes were said, and we off over the country to Woodbury. And what a ride that was for the sorrowful little one.

Fortunately the troubles of childhood soon pass—though with me there was good reason. It did not take long to learn that there were just as dear little boys and girls in Woodbury to play with, and that I could be as happy as in the old home.

How often a child will suffer without those about them being conscious of the fact. I soon had two terrible trials, the result of the new home. I heard my elders talking about the examination of my father before the ordination. I did not exactly know what it meant, but supposed it was something like school work. I was in terror least some question should be asked that could not be answered, supposing of course he would be forbidden to preach in Woodbury, if not then and there put out of the ministry. How many times I pictured our disgrace at his *missing* and we having to leave town. I *knew* they would ask the hardest questions they could possibly find and on every conceivable subject.

My other trial was facing the Academy—that then stood near the Town Hall and opposite the church—so full of strange faces. A fearful ordeal, for I was pretty shy in those far away days. How well I remember my first seatmate, and her kindness to the little stranger, and the teachers, one and all, for one would leave and

another take his place till I could claim the efforts of several of those who taught the "young ideas how to shoot." And indeed I think my ideas must have gone shooting in every direction.

Day by day, month by month, my love for Woodbury grew. How proud was I to have our friends visit us and see for themselves the beautiful town. I knew they must be sorry to leave so attractive a place. I have often wondered if any one ever did feel towards Woodbury the strong, sacred love I have always had from a child. I was glad I lived just to have my home there.

One of the most attractive spots, to this day, is the range of rocks back of the south part of town. We had no parsonage in my day, and our house was nearly opposite the Episcopal Church, just at the foot of the hill whose crowning joy is these same rocks. It was my perfect delight to go to what is now the "Singing Rock," though then we did not have the beautiful entrance that now makes it so attractive. I think it must have been more of a resort, for hardly a pleasant Summer night passed without a party being heard, as well as seen, from our yard. How sweet the singing sounded so far above us. Would that some photographer could reproduce the vision of loveliness that there greets the eye. That great sweep of charming landscape west, south, north. How often have I seen it at sunset with beautiful cloud effects and dainty after-glow. Thankful have I always been that when my father left Woodbury I was away at school. My sorrow was great, but would have been the keener had I gone from there knowing it was my home no longer.

I love the old landmarks, I love the new, I love everything connected with the town; even the very name is sacred to me. I have seen snow-capped mountains, but they are not as dear to me as the hills about Woodbury. I have been in wonderful valleys, have seen our own "Ice-rivers" and those of Switzerland, have enjoyed tropical countries as well as the cold of Alaska, but none of it all can lessen the charms of the dear old New England town—Woodbury.

Mrs. J. C. Paulson (Amelia E. Williams).

April 28, 1895.—A fine business in the manufacture of cutlery was done at this time by Hilton & Dunworth at F. R. Ford's shop in North Woodbury. Mr. John Hilton, a thoroughly competent maker of fine articles in this line of industry, began the business the year previous. After a few months he took a partner, his brother-in-law, Mr. Dunworth of Bridgeport, a gentleman of much experience. Their goods were always in demand in the New York market, often competing with the best English manufacturers. They were makers of fifty varieties of knives. The increasing business was transferred to Hotchkissville, and Mr. Dunworth retiring, Mr. Curley of New York becoming a partner. The firm has a well established reputation as manufacturers of the best cutlery.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

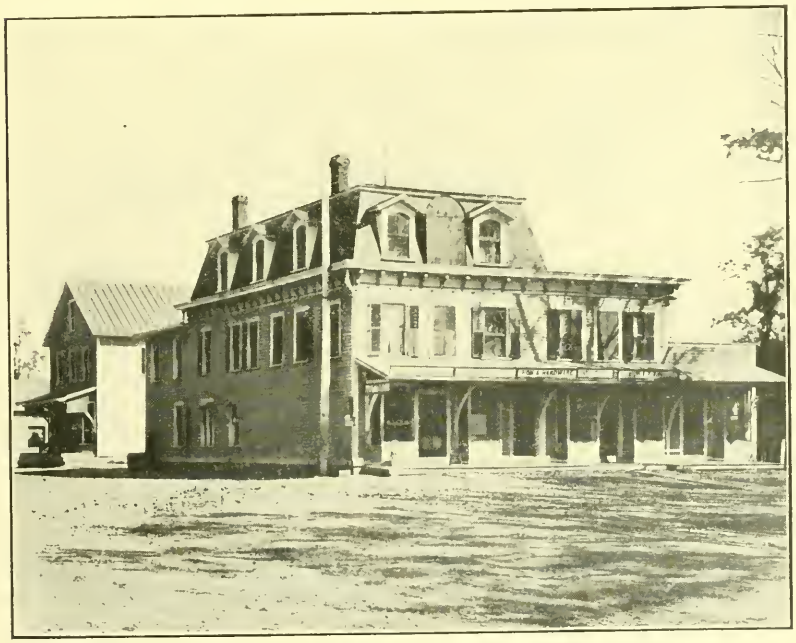
MAY.

May 1, 1900.—All that God is and does is beautiful. In Him all beauty is summed up. It has been well said that "beauty is as much a quality of divinity as righteousness." Righteousness, we know somewhat of the obligation to be righteous. It has been preached eloquently and untiringly from pulpits always, from Sunday school teachers, from Christian friends, from the condition of the world itself we learn constantly and over and over again that we should be righteous. Strict and stern morality, honor and justice in dealing with others, and purity and uprightness in personal life, in short a fine righteousness has been declared to us not only as a duty, but also as a great and noble thing to strive for. But the obligation to be beautiful has not always been so preached. In a world of beauty made by a God of beauty, we have often looked at beauty with a little doubt and distrust, as being hardly right for Christians to pursue, or if not that, at any rate we have not sufficiently felt its obligation resting upon us. Even when we have felt our hearts hungry for beauty we have felt that the hunger was to be satisfied from without rather than from within. We have surrounded ourselves in our homes with objects of beauty so far as our state of culture told us what was beautiful and our purses permitted us to buy, and even then have not always felt the obligation to be beautiful within. We must do right, of course. But, oh! how stern and forbidding, if not actually hard and cruel, has that effort after righteousness made some men.

The line of right conduct by many has not been associated at all with the line of beauty, and yet, "beauty in visible structure and form is righteousness in structure and form," and, looking from the other side, righteousness should appear as beauty. Nothing can be perfectly beautiful that is not perfectly right and that which is right is really, though we may not always see it, the only beautiful thing

in the universe. We owe the world something more than mere living, we owe it right living. And we owe it even more than that, we owe it a life which is beautiful, radiantly beautiful in its righteousness. The way beautiful is God's way of working, and we can grow into God's likeness only when we are striving for perfectness, like Him seek beauty. Beautiful living is the finest of all fine arts. Has any one of us ever felt the passionate desire to be an artist, to be a creator of the beautiful in painting, music or verse? We may each one be artists of the beautiful by cultivating beautiful living. Thus striving to live beautifully, we may press on "till we all attain unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."—*Extract from a sermon on "The Divine Art of Living Beautiful." Text, Ephesians, 4:13.*

BOSTON, MASS. WINFRED CHESNEY RHOADES,
Colleague Pastor Eliot Congregational Church.



STRONG'S BLOCK.

May 7, 1900.—In passing through the upper part of Main Street the attention of the traveler is attracted to a fine park with smooth turf, shaded by trees, and ornamented with beds of foliage. On one side is the Methodist Episcopal Church and on another is Strong's block, which stands at the meeting of four main roads in the town.

In 1875 Willis A Strong, who had previously been engaged in business in the Hollow store and in the building on the opposite corner, purchased this site and constructed a large building for conducting business. On May 7, 1876, the firm composed of Willis A. and Nathaniel M. Strong established a drug and hardware store, which has continued with uninterrupted prosperity during a quarter of a century. After a few years in partnership the senior member of the firm retired from business, and his associate, N. M. Strong, who had charge of the pharmaceutical department, became owner and proprietor. Constant additions have been made to the stock and to the facilities for conducting the business. A handsome twentieth century soda fountain dispenses all the cooling fruit syrups in their season. The prescription department is in the care of experienced licensed druggists, Henry H. Canfield, who has been associated with the business for the past ten years, being head clerk. Dr. H. S. Karrmann's office is located in this block. He is devoted to his business, has an extensive practice, and a well established reputation as a successful physician, not alone in the immediate vicinity but also in the various towns of Litchfield County and Western Connecticut.

"The Woodbury Reporter," our valuable local paper, in its early history, was located in this building, and while here became firmly established. Dr. C. F. Boutwell, dentist, now a resident of South Norwalk, at one time occupied rooms in this block. Mrs. C. F. Boutwell is well remembered as a gifted musician and member of the North Church choir. The block was extended to the east and a large store fitted for conducting an extensive boot and shoe business. William J. Wells and his son, William E. Wells, who have been located here for twenty-two years, are among the leading dealers in these goods in this valley. The north section is occupied by the tonsorial artist, Alexander Randolph, who has the patronage of many

customers. He has had many years of experience, and but few are as well fitted to meet the requirements of his profession. The third floor of the main building contains a hall well adapted for societies and social gatherings. The United Order of American Mechanics, Ancient Order of Foresters and the Grange are flourishing Orders and hold regular meetings.

There are many dairy farms; also a creamery in Woodbury, where the most delicious cream can be procured, and there are numerous poultry yards that can furnish the freshest of eggs. Ice cream composed of these ingredients, no others being allowed in the making, can be procured at the ice cream rooms in Strong's block during the Summer season.

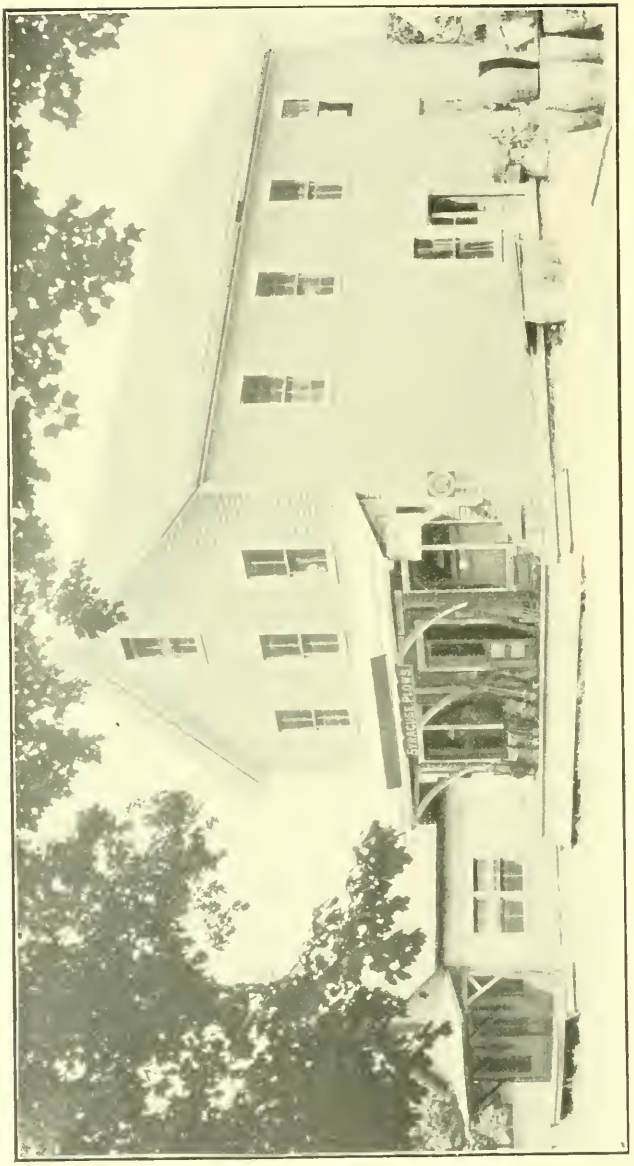
MAY 8, 1900.—One of the time honored institutions of Woodbury is the ancient watering trough located on Main Street near the Gordon tannery, and it has been a boon to man and beast for many generations. Always there could be found the cold sparkling water, until the years 1899 and 1900, during the drouth, when for a short time the water was unavailable.

The first trough hewn out of a log, stood east and west, running out from Gordon's tanyard. In 1853 it was placed parallel with Main Street. In 1893 a new trough was built, which is the one in use at the present time.

Strangers, who visit old Woodbury, will find refreshing draughts at the old watering trough, for the cold sparkling water will send the weary traveller much refreshed on his way.

WOODBURY, CONN. MRS. ALEXANDER GORDON.

MAY 9, 1895.—During the early part of this month the books belonging to the Woodbury Library Association were removed from their previous location in the Woodbury Drug Store to the room in the Town Hall formerly occupied by the First Congregational Society for religious services. The books, numbering about five hundred volumes, were rebound and the library room opened for free distribution on each succeeding Wednesday in the afternoon and evening. The collection has increased in number and value under the efficient management of E. S. Boyd, Librarian.



THE STORE OF W. H. MUNSON AND YOUNG MEN'S CLUB HOUSE.

MAY 12, 1900.—On Main Street, north from Strong's block, is a large building especially designed for a hardware and plumbing establishment. It was built in May, 1900, by F. T. and N. M. Strong, the present owners. The building is firmly constructed, ample in dimensions, finished in the interior in natural wood and fitted with an elevator. W. H. Munson, owner and proprietor of the business, has an extensive stock of goods in the various departments, including builders' hardware, agricultural implements, steam and hot water heating and plumbing. He is an experienced business manager, and has with him those who are trained and competent workmen in every branch of this business.

The North Woodbury post office was transferred from its former location to this building in April, 1901, W. H. Munson being appointed postmaster.

MAY 15, 1878.—In ye olden times before the day when the 'Ville was baptized by its present cognomen, when houses and people were few in this region of Ancient Woodbury, a new road was constructed which changed the whole face of the country from Weekeepeemee down to the bridge at Allen and Morris. Our ancestors objected to paying toll for roads under the name of turnpike, which charged the traveller at the gates. In order to make the desired change the residents of North Woodbury and Bethlehem took up the enterprise in such numbers that the road running through the 'Ville was built in a day. The new route changed the current of travel to the east side of the river, where the factories and mills are situated at the present time. The grist mill and saw mill were all that the people considered necessary, and when the fulling mill was added, the luxury of clothing of a superior kind was to be obtained, and the spinning wheel and loom were discarded.

The whole travel from Weekeepeemee and Carmel Hill was on the west side of the river, down by the Rodger's place, through West Side to the old Meeting House on lower Main Street. The new road opened a shorter route to the same place. The district now known as the 'Ville remained almost stationery as to business and population until after Ancient Woodbury was cut and carved into the

sister towns on our borders. The Cramer house was the only remaining one on the east side of Main Street.

The mill, which formerly stood in the place of the lower mill, was built by a company having capital and credit. An agent took charge of the business and the profits were found satisfactory to the stockholders. This factory was destroyed by fire. Then W. B. Hotchkiss and Seneca Loomis took hold of the business and built the present factory. They built the store and carried on a trade in dry goods and groceries in connection with the manufacture of broadcloth in the new mill. The firm kept pace and prospered with the other woolen mills in the 'Ville until a change came in ownership and the order of the manufactory. After J. and R. H. Hotchkiss declined business their factory was occupied by the Plymouth Shear Company, composed of Woodbury men, who manufactured shears for the company. These were skilled workmen. The profits remained in the concern during its existence, and at the closing up some of the workmen were entitled to a sum far beyond their expectations, which laid the foundation for more than one future home.

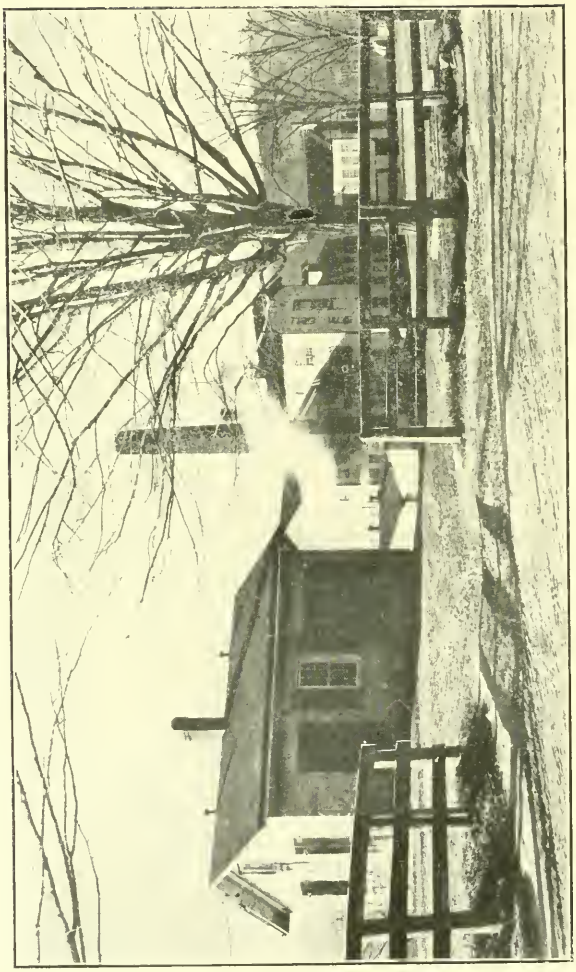
After the decline of the shear business, the factory was in the hands of the Union Woolen Company, a joint stock corporation with a capital of thirty thousand dollars. This was composed of some of our best citizens and men of experience who had given a lifetime to the manufacture of woolen goods. The works were run to their fullest capacity with sales for the goods at a fair valuation.

Dawson Brothers and John T. Ward commenced business in the lower factory and such was their attention to it that cloth, yarn and other goods of their make became household words in regions far away from the place of manufacture.

Manufacturing has raised the 'Ville from five houses to the flourishing village of to-day. To J. and R. H. Hotchkiss must be awarded the honor of the first venture. The building in which now are the works of the American Shear Company was built by a company of men mostly residents of Hotchkissville. The returns not entirely meeting the expectations of those interested, the stock was

on the market, one after another selling out until it fell into the hands of David Cowles of Bethlehem and his sons. A new power rose up which was calculated to raise the value of the stock and establish the business on a firm basis. Alone he bought the stock and placed his son, Edward Cowles, at the head, who filled the place of secretary, treasurer and general overseer of the works without a thought that he was accomplishing the duties of three, and waiting for his reward in the future prosperity of the company. In 1878 an engine of sufficient power was put in to carry on the works. The officers of this well managed corporation are all within the family. The manufacturing interest of various kinds have all been traced from their inception to the present time and the small beginning contrasted with the Hotchkisville of the present day in her full strength and pride of position among the localities of the town.

WOODBURY, CONN. W. A. STRONG.



THE AMERICAN SHEAR AND KNIFE COMPANY.

MAY 16, 1878.—The manufactory of the American Shear Company, located in Hotchkissville, is second to none in the State. With a large capital at commencement the energetic head of the establishment has increased the business since coming into possession of the property, so that one hundred and fifty workmen are employed in the different branches pertaining to the business.

The head men among the employees are among the most skilled and intelligent of any in their position. Skilled workmen have much to do with success in manufacturing in its various branches. Here we have the best of their class, chosen from the many good ones in the Mother Country, all masters in the art of constructing the best from the material furnished, and gathered with a liberal hand from Africa's sunny clime to the frozen regions of the north. Improved machinery renders the labor secure from flood and drouth. The shears made are second to none, and the pocket cutlery is the best in the market. The works are driven to their utmost capacity, and the call is still for more.

The workmen are paid semi-monthly. The pay is certain; no one can complain of waiting for wages justly due. Many of them are making homes of their own and have established a reputation for honesty and industry in their adopted country.

WOODBURY, CONN. W. A. STRONG.

MAY 21, 1900.—Of all objects in the visible universe there is none whose splendor is so great, whose revolutions are so grand, and whose benign influences are so widespread as the sun. Every year, season and day this glorious orb pours down upon the earth its warm and animating beams, dispelling the shades of night, diffusing joy and gladness among its teeming populations, and ministering in a thousand ways to the well-being of all its sentient and organized existence. Such is the sun in the great system of creation. How important his functions, how inestimable his benefits. It would be impossible to describe or even enumerate all the blessings he daily diffuses on our own planet alone. How he enlightens, warms, fructifies, adorns and blesses. What a circle of beneficent changes does he annually effect over the whole face of Nature. Old as the earth may

be the sun must be older. We have clear evidences, not only that the sun existed, but that he also enlightened, warmed and ruled over our globe, as at the present day, from the earliest geological periods. The trilobites, which were among the earliest of living things, and which inhabited the seas of the immeasurably remote Cambrian period, had eyes of the most complicated character. The heads of all fossil fishes and reptiles in every subsequent geological formation exhibit the cavities where the eyes were planted, and not a few of them the perforations through which the optic nerve passed into the brain. Again, the presence of the sun in all its genial influences is sufficiently attested by the vegetation which has occupied the surface of the earth through every period of its geological history, for light and heat were indispensable to the growth and reproduction of every tree, herb and blade of grass which went to make up that vegetation.

In connection with vegetation, the sun produced many results of inestimable importance to coming man. To the sun the earth owes its covering of rich productive soil. Its earliest soil was little else than triturated rocks, coarse and poor, and incapable of producing only a very low grade of vegetation. But each growth as it was changed by its decay, left the soil a little better. Thus through the annual rounds of the sun's influence the earth was fitted to yield the herbs, fruits and cereals which the nature of man would require for his sustenance.

While the sun was purifying and vitalizng the atmosphere, it was at the same time filling the vaults and cellars of this earthly house with invaluable stores of coal for its coming occupant. The quantity of carbon extracted from the air and made into coal was enormous. In short, the sun was the prime agent in all the grand processes, mechanical and chemical, which carried forward the world's formation from its chaotic condition to its final state of order, fruitfulness and beauty. But in addition to this, the sun's warm and luminous beams exert directly a sanitary influence upon all animated nature—sunlight and heat are the essential stimulants of vital force. When the sun shines the spirits are light and buoyant, the energy is greater and the body actually stronger in the bright light of day, while the

health is manifestly promoted and digestion hastened. The new and daily influence of the sunlight also contributes much to the recovery of the sick. Reliable statistics prove that in general the chances are four to one, in favor of well-lighted wards of hospitals. Of all hygienic factors for children's preservation sunlight is the most important.

Sunlight is essentially the same in nature and properties wherever it falls; in every part of the world the sunbeam carries in its silvery thread the same luminous heating and chemical power. None of its benefits are withheld from any region. All the currents and commotions that take place in the atmosphere are produced by the sun's heat, all vegetation is the product of the sun's energy, all animal life and strength are sustained by the sun; the sun is the means which the all wise and Omnipotent God has contrived and empowered to effect all the operations described on our globe.

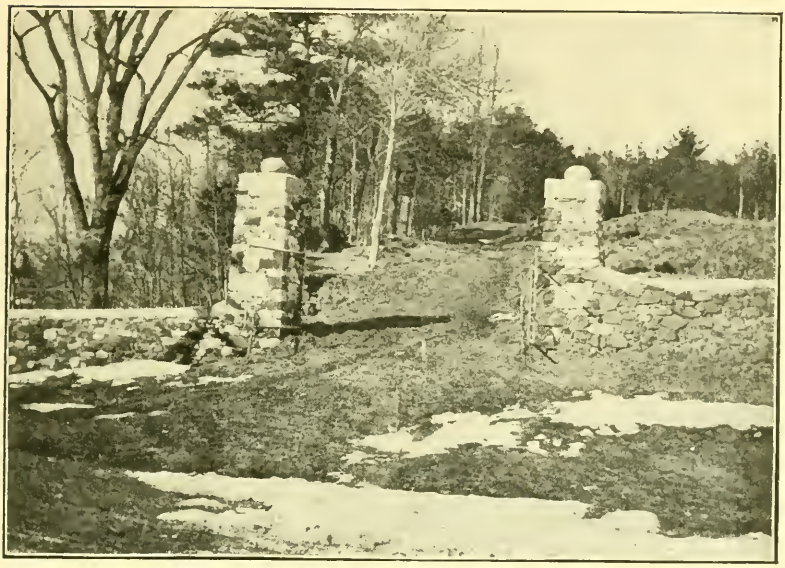
WOMAN'S CLUB, WOODBURY, CONN. MRS. H. S. KARRMANN.

MAY 23, 1878.—Nonnewaug Falls. How many there are who travel in foreign lands to view the beautiful objects in nature and art, who know not that at home they can find natural scenery often superior to that which they have spent both time and money to see. Woodbury is full of beautiful views and rugged scenery, the joy of the artist's soul. Few there are who can or will appreciate that which costs them nothing but time to enjoy. Would you like to see beauty unadorned by naught save nature's gifts, go to the Falls of the Nonnewaug on through the meadows, through field and valley, till you come to the ravine down which pour the waters from the Falls. Follow the stream if you would enjoy the whole of the beautiful prospect as it spreads out before you: 'tis a rugged path, but when the object is gained you are well repaid for toil and trouble. Take your seat on the mossy bank beneath the Falls, overshadowed by birch and hemlock, and you can well spend a few hours in looking at the silvery waters as they dash over the falls and rise in a misty veil around you. Imagination carries you back to the time when the red man alone looked on the waters and the hand of man had not

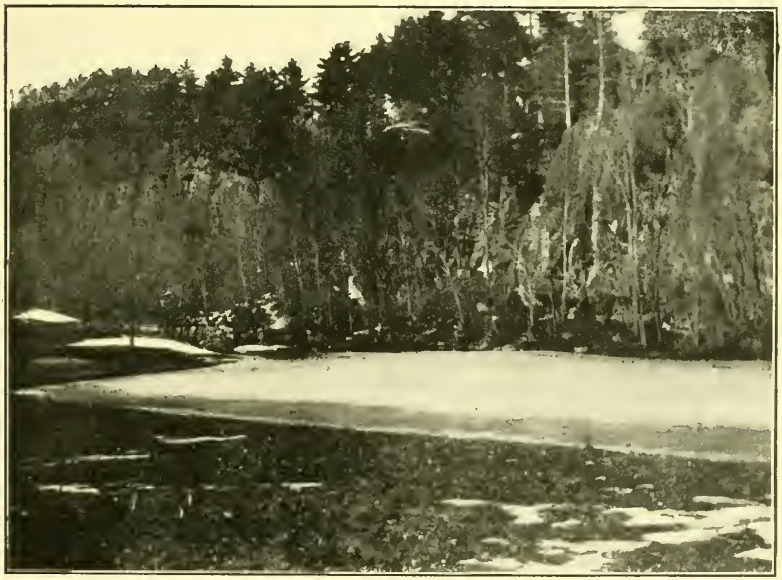
changed the works of his Maker. In the mirror of times long passed away, you can see again the dusky forms of warrior braves as they stood in your place and worshipped the Great Spirit who presided over the Falls and their race.

The last medicine man of his tribe lived at the Fall of the Misty Waters. He alone of his people had the power to call up the spirits of his forefathers from the misty deep and learn of them the future of his race. Here he lived with his dusky sons and dark browed daughters where the mist from the Falls rose like incense over the sacred altar. Secure from the gaze of man he carried on his incantations and called on the great Manitou to bless and protect his people or to curse the enemies of his race. It is related that, enraged because his kindred had parted with some of their lands to the Pale Face, he cursed them in his wrath. "The plough of the Pale Face shall go over the bones of Pomperaug and his kindred, the corn shall wave over your hunting grounds, your blood shall mingle with the foe, hoe his corn and till his ground." A prophecy fulfilled today.

Woodbury, Conn. W. A. Strong.



THE GATES OF ORENAUG PARK.



SILVER LAKE IN ORENAUG PARK.

May 27, 1878.—The child hears his first little songs and rhymes from his mother's lips as she sits in an easy chair by the window while he is going to sleep. Listen! what is that we hear? Why, the dear child, half alseep is humming "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." Methinks the thrifty housewife is mentally scowling and saying, "Lay the child on the bed and go out and shut the door, there is too much to be done in this busy age to waste time in that way." I take up my little hymn book and read, "Take time to be holy," and in the same breath comes the thought, take time to be motherly. There are some of those things which are so closely allied that it is with difficulty we separate the one from the other. Whatever is done for children must be done quickly. It seems only yesterday that the little boy stood in a chair to have his hair curled; to-day he is two inches taller than his mother. Now the children are continually clamoring for stories and I have copied a few lines from one of the magazines which expresses my sentiments. "It will be a sorry day for the rising generation if those nineteenth century realists who are continually clamoring for facts succeed in banishing from juvenile literature all the dear, more or less, imaginative tales and rhymes which have been the joy of whole armies of little men and women for many a century past." "Down with all the fairies and hobgoblins," they cry. "Santa Claus is a myth designed to fill the youthful mind with falsehood and foster unbelief, and Mother Goose is a nursery witch who deserves to be burned at the stake." Heaven defend the poor children from such iconoclasts. For heaven knows the prosaic side of life comes soon enough, and more than dolls are stuffed with sawdust. Surely we need not begrudge our boys and girls the few radiant years when bright fancy spreads her enchanting glamour over land and sea, when for them each flower is the home of a dainty fay, and the genial spirit of Christmas love and good will is personified in the person of a generous old gentleman, who owns the fleetest racers on record. The child's life so far has been simply a preparatory course. He has been well fed, well clothed and well loved, one of these requisities just as necessary as either of the others, although if I were to emphasize one, it would be the last, that of being well loved. There is always the question of what a child should read or have read to him. It is considered

by the best authority, in my opinion, that fairy stories are good for children. Deprive a child of fairy stories and you deprive him of much joy and happiness which naturally belong to childhood. In reading a fairy story all the childish trouble will be forgotten. He will forget the jack-knife that was lost and can not be found, forget that Jim had the largest orange, and that Rob jumped further than he. He will be in blissful oblivion of all that irritates and annoys. Let us take Hans Christian Anderson and follow the ugly duckling till our sympathy for the said duckling is lost in wonder and amazement. We will stand by the side of the one-legged tin soldier and watch the little lady he wanted for a wife, and join the boys and help make a boat for him to sail in, and get a glimpse, if possible, before he is swallowed by the fish. We will follow along with the mother, death and night on their journey, until we are ready to say from the heart: "Thy will be done." We will read of little clans and big clans with their horses, and go with thick headed Jack and his two brothers and find out who is worthy enough to marry the king's daughter. We will follow Anderson's and Grimm's fairies and hobgoblins till we are satisfied. Many of them have such high standards or ideals that the influence can not help but be good. Generally speaking it is the unimaginative child that gets into mischief. In a child's imagination things are pictured which he is continually trying to reach, so I will quote again: "Surround a child by all that is best and beautiful in art and nature, let him see grand pictures and sculptures, trees and flowers, and let him hear refining music."

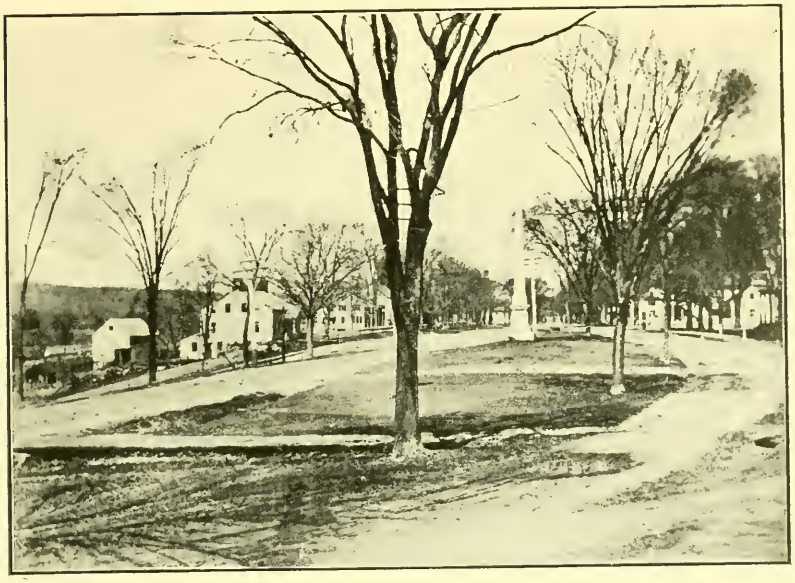
Children love poetry. They like good poems written by Whittier or Longfellow, and even if there is a part they do not understand they like the sound of the words and the rythmic movement. These really good things appeal to their best instincts, as they always should. There are books upon books written for children, interesting, amusing and instructive. Were I to give you a list of them it would be like a long column of statistics, and equally as tiresome.

Many of the books which contain much useful information are written in such an attractive way now that a child will get something of an education without working for it, or if it is work, he is unconscious of it.—*From "Literature for Children."*

WOMAN'S CLUB, WOODBURY CONN. MRS. CHARLES GARLICK.

May 29, 1880.—The grist mill represented alone the water power of Woodbury in the early days and was considered of greatest importance in the internal economy of all that region. The mill must be sustained or recourse must be had to the primitive mill of the Aborigines, the stone and mortar, for their material support. The owner of a mill was especially favored by his townsmen who, when the mill was in need of repairs were obliged to turn and give their labor for what was considered the public good. Labor was of little account then, if the means to sustain life could be gained thereby; each man was bound to assist his neighbor in time of need. In this respect the present generation can look to the past for an example of chivalry and kindness. Mr. Stoddard owned and had charge of the mill at the time when the interests of manufacturing first began to be felt, and dawn of future prosperity began to show in the dim future. In his day the road from the west was cut through his land, and in compensation, all the land south of the road down to the American Works, was given in exchange. This shows in what estimation the mill and the miller were held. At the time the property passed from his hands, the area was much reduced and the number of mills so increased, that the public had ceased to bow the knee for the public good, and the mill and its product was left to private enterprise. Mr. Pierce, Messrs. Downs, Beardsley, Calvin Downs, Mr. Castle, Mr. Jackson and Czar Winton, have all owned the mill in succession, worthy men who flourished in the business without the helping hand of the public benefactor. These men have done well for the public and ground the products of many a farm outside the limits of "ye ancient towne," both to their own and customer's advantage. The products of the West have taken the place of grain formerly raised here, and the mill of the present day does not fill the place of the carefully cherished one of fifty years ago. The bolts for flour have gone and the provender run has taken the place of it, with plaster and bone added. Great changes are everywhere and the steam whistle calls hundreds to labor where the timid deer came to the stream with her fawn.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

Woodbury, Conn. Letter from W. A. Strong (H. and E.")



VIEW NEAR SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

MAY 30, 1886.—The annual memorial service for the Trowbridge Post was held in the Episcopal Church on Sunday evening. The text of the sermon, "This day shall be unto you for a memorial." Rev. Dr. Nelson, pastor. The memorial services in commemoration of the deceased heroes were appropriately observed last Monday by Trowbridge Post and the citizens of the town. The Post met at the Town Hall and at one P. M. marched to the North Cemetery and laid memory's token of reverence upon the graves of their comrades in arms buried there. Continuing they bestowed the same tribute upon the graves of those buried in South Cemetery, after which the company assembled in front of J. H. Linsley's, where appropriate music and addresses were delivered by those invited to participate, the principal address being by Rev. H. Q. Judd, followed by Judge Huntington, who, in behalf of the ladies of the town, presented to the Post the beautiful flag that floated in the breeze from the staff near the Soldiers' Monument. Chas. E. Rodger gave a poem suit-

able to the occasion, Rev. A. P. Powelson and Rev. Dr. Nelson responded to the call and made brief addresses. At the conclusion Rev. H. Q. Judd suggested that it would be helpful for future memorial occasions for the citizens to be associated with the Grand Army of the Republic in perpetuating these ceremonies. At his suggestion the following officers were nominated and elected: President, Hon. James Huntington; Vice-Presidents, E. N. Bishop, F. F. Hitchcock, M. F. Skelley, Mrs. E. G. Smith, Mrs. H. D. Curtis, Mrs. R. H. Baldwin; Secretary, G. F. Morris; Treasurer, H. D. Curtis, Committee on Music, J. H. Linsley, N. M. Strong and Alexander Gordon, Jr. After three cheers for the flag, the Post marched to their rooms and the people and veterans returned to their homes. The lovely day, clear and balmy sunlight, added much to the comfort of the citizens.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

May 30, 1886.—

Not only in the quiet vale,
And in the silent wood,
The gentle flowers are springing,
To tell us God is good.

Not only from the happy home,
And from the peaceful grove,
The balmy air their fragrance brings,
To tell us God is love.

His ministers to us they are
In every scene of life,
And bid us trust His care and love,
E'en on the field of strife.

No musket charge, no clash of arms,
No cannon's deafening roar,
Or ghastly death and gloom that tell
The deadly fray is o'er.

Can fright from the fallen hero's side
In these dark fearful hours,
God's faithful messengers of love,
That come in form of flowers.

No power have they to banish pain,
Or cool the fever'd brow,
Or quench the burning thirst that haunts
The wounded soldier now.

But to his heart in tones of love
They speak a Father's care,
And bid him trust in One above,
Who keeps them safely there.

For will not He who even guides
The sparrow in its fall,
And guards the tiny flower's, thus
Neath wars dark mantling pall,

Much more protect His children there,
Who on His arm rely,
And lend a loving Father's ear
To every earnest cry?

'Tis thus the little flowers are sent
As messengers of joy
To fill with faith and cheer with hope,
The wounded soldier boy.

While we, to whom the noble work
Of ministering is given,
Are called to follow in their train,
As almoners of heaven.

—*Flowers on the Battlefield.*

WOODBURY, CONN. HORTENSIA M. THOMAS BURTON.

MAY 30, 1884.—On this day, above all others we, the soldiers of the war, recall the memories of the past, the battlefields, the sieges, the forced marches and the music of a thousand bands are all fresh in our memories. This granite monument which was erected by the citizens in commemoration of our fallen comrades, and which we have to-day decorated with beautiful flowers, may stand for generations to come. The names thereon written remind us of the fathers, brothers, or dearly cherished friends who perished by the bullet, sword or disease.

On this day, to us soldiers, there comes a rush of memories which carry us back to the day of all days in a soldier's life, the day of our enlistment. They who endured hardship and dauntlessly met the fiery storm, poured out their blood and lay with white faces upturned to God, they knew what our country means, and as they repose in their graves they tell us that no country can live without law, liberty, and true manhood, and because they saw in the flag the soul of the great Republic, with strong hands and chivalric daring they planted themselves by the stars and stripes and now sleep till the morning of the resurrection.

WOODBURY, CONN. AMMI HULL, *Adjutant.*

MAY 30, 1884.—So long as beautiful flowers grow on our hillsides, so long may our prayers and sympathies go with those who fell in defense of our country.

Cemented by the blood of a million freeman, the government of this nation has been growing stronger from day to day.

We have but one thing to fear to-day and that is prosperity.

WOODBURY, CONN. JAMES HUNTINGTON.

MAY 30, 1870.—

When, years ago, hot tears we shed,
When soldiers fell like rain;
When old and young for country bled,
On hillside, vale or plain;
Our hearts ached for each dying groan,
Our eyes o'erflowed with woe,
Shall we forget their parting moan?
Their country answers—No!

When shot and shell with dread onslaught,
Among our noblest fell,
And to a sobbing country taught
Her children loved her well;
Our hearts ached for each parting pain,
Our eyes o'er-flowed with woe,
Shall such brave blood be shed in vain?
Their comrades answer—No!

The father left his happy home,
And sons went forth to death;
Then lovers from their fair did roam,
And nations held their breath.
For them no praise too high or rare,
That left their all to go,
Shall memory her tribute spare?
The country answers—No!

The brave, the loved, who gave their own
To guard the country's life,
And without murmur, sigh or moan,
Marched to the deadly strife;
Left us to keep their memory green,
Their noble deeds to show,
Shall we neglect the duty now?
We answer firmly—No!

Each year will we, with glad accord,
Combine in garlands fair,
Of all that nature can afford,
A floral tribute rare;
On every grave known or "unknown,"
Which o'er our soldiers press,
Shall not sweet blossoms now be strewn?
Their weeping friends sigh—Yes.

—*Hymn for Decoration Day.*

WOODBURY, CONN. EMILY GOODRICH SMITH.

JUNE.

JUNE 8, 1898.—Every age has had its heroes—men who have stood pre-eminent among their fellows; who have surpassed their associates in some particular line of activity. Their deeds were considered the most noble, the most exalted, the most glorious which it was possible for man to perform.

Homer's hero was tall, powerful, of gigantic stature; when he walked, the arrows in his quiver resounded. He knew not cowardice, but stalked forth to slay his mighty antagonist as fearlessly as a cat to kill a mouse. He might also be a powerful speaker, able to control his comrades and make them valiant in battle. These were qualities that he must possess, but he might yield to the basest passions and appetites and still be considered a hero. At his death he would go to the realms of the blest and become a god or demigod. Even the gods might indulge in all sorts of vice and deceit. Such were the ideals which the Greeks then held concerning the heroic and the god-like, and such continued to be their ideals for hundreds of years.

The Romans held in highest esteem those who could command large armies, subdue hostile tribes, bring them into subjection and make laws for their government. These were the typical qualities of the hero, century after century.

At about the time of the Crusades, the Age of Chivalry commenced. The hero, or knight as he was called, was expected to vindicate justice, to avenge wrong, and to defend the weak, the unprotected, and the oppressed. Valor was the highest virtue, and cowardice the lowest vice. Their ideals were undoubtedly noble, but their lives and efforts were too often ignoble.

Mr. Freeman, in his Norman Conquest, says that the good knight performed endless fantastic courtesies towards men, and especially towards women of a certain rank, but all below that rank might be

treated with any degree of scorn and cruelty; that one or two arbitrarily selected virtues were practiced in such an exaggerated degree that thy became vices, that the false code of honor supplanted "the laws of the commonwealth, the law of God, and the eternal principles of right," that in its military aspect chivalry encouraged war for its own sake, regardless of its cause, and that it neglected the "homely duties of an honest man and a good citizen."

At the time of the Renaissance, chivalry as an institution gradually disappeared, but the popular conception of the qualities required to constitute a true hero continued.

Carlyle thought a hero to be a leader of some great and good reform. He worshipped the leader, but ignored those who supported him and rendered the final result possible.

To-day every man and woman may be a hero. Do you say: "Impossible?" The thought of impossibility most probably grows out of your military conception of the heroic. You fear that you cannot be a Dewey and sink a Spanish fleet. But why do we honor Dewey? Why is he a hero? Is it because he destroyed property and human life? By all means, No. It is because he did his duty according to his ability, when he had opportunity. It is because he helped to remove the heel of the tyrant from the neck of the oppressed, because he helped to illumine regions of darkness and superstition by breaking down the barriers that were withstanding the light of civilization. Deeds of war, in themselves, are not heroic—they are appalling. They seem justifiable only when their end and aim is noble—tending to relieve suffering, to make the world better, and hasten the millenium of peace and love. Napoleon conquered powerful armies, gained control of vast territories, but he had no noble end in view. He fought only to exalt himself, and so it is that all thoughtful people agree with Mr. Cruikshank that the most fitting monument for him would be a vast pyramid of human skulls with Napoleon himself standing at the apex. Our conception of heroism is expressed by the poet who sang of "The Flag of the Heroes:"

> "For every star, ten thousand men
> Have died that it might shine again;
> For every stripe of white and red,

Ten thousand heroes' hearts have bled;
The land they gave their lives to save,
Now mourns united o'er their grave.

"Not ours to die as these have done.
Yet ours to win as these have won
The ceaseless victory that sheds
Memorial glory round their heads,
And carry on their brave endeavor
To make their country great forever."

The heroes of this age, that is, those whom we now consider its true heroes, are those who have withstood great opposition and persecution in order to help on some noble reform.

William Lloyd Garrison, the great Abolitionist, was once dragged by a mob, through the mud of Boston. Thirty years later they erected a monument to his memory. John Brown was hung as a criminal—to-day he is honored as a hero.

Christ himself was mocked, ridiculed, jeered at, stoned, and put to a most ignominious death. Yet to-day he is the world's greatest hero, the model and pattern for all who wish to be truly heroic. Not forbearance of wrong, but sympathy with suffering and need gave him his glory.

So then, although we may meet with opposition, although our talents may be few, although the deeds we accomplish may be small, nevertheless, if we toil faithfully on, helping the weak, lifting the fallen, encouraging the disheartened, relieving the oppressed, striving to make the world better by our having lived, gladly doing the humble duties of every day life, then indeed, the Judge of all the earth will consider us truly heroic.—*Commencement Oration C. C. Institute, Hackettstown, New Jersey.*

Woodbury, Conn. Frederick Averill Whittlesey.

[Frederick Averill Whitlesey was licensed to preach as a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Woodbury Quarterly Conference of the New Haven District of the New York East Annual Conference at Woodbury, Conn., December 22, 1896.]

JUNE 10, 1879.—In June, 1879, I made a journey of more than three hundred miles on horse-back and alone, through a howling wilderness as large as the whole State of Connecticut. Only three years before, the Sioux Indians had slain the gallant General Custer and his whole army. That was the price which the United States had to pay for taking possession of this territory. In the Centennial year of the American Independence, gold had been discovered in the sand which was washed by the mountain torrents from those everlasting hills—hills covered with immense forests of evergreen, which appeared, indeed, a very desert—the great American desert of my boyhood. The weary traveller across the vast prairies of the upper Missouri Valley, the land of the Dakotas (called by the French, Sioux), when the Buffalo grass ripened in the July suns and bleached by the Fall rains and Wintry blizzards, sees far off on the western horizon, darkened by the immense distance at which they were visible, the Black Hills. This cluster of hills, higher than the White Mountains of New England, but hills in comparison with the backbone of the Continent which rises several hundred miles to the westward, with still other praries intervening. These hills appeared black, hence the name which was given to Lawrence, Pennington and Custer counties—now by division and Statehood allotted to South Dakota. To the west, at that time, was the territory of Wyoming; to the northwest was the territory of Montana. One can, in a day's ride, pass over the line from the City of Deadwood into North Dakota and Montana, turning southward into Wyoming be back in South Dakota the next day.

At the time of which I write, the nearest railroad was three hundred and fifty miles away. At one time the nearest minister was at that distance from me. Thirty thousand people were scattered through this immense territory, three-quarters of whom were men. Little villages of log huts were scattered at long intervals through the hills. They were called camps, for, if digging gold did not pay or more remunerative prospects appeared elsewhere, the whole population would break camp, abandon their cabins and build again on a new site.

In 1876 a Methodist minister named Smith preached in the streets of Deadwood and surrounding camps. One Sunday, in passing from

one appointment to another, he was shot by an Indian lying in ambush, within a mile of Deadwood stream, which gave its name to the Camp which became the metropolis of the Hills.

The little church to which I ministered was built of rough boards nailed upright on the frame, with outside battens; no paint outside or plaster within. In size it was 20x35 feet on the ground, and this was the only building set apart for worship in that country. The wild deer came to the hill tops and peered with wondering eyes at the busy scenes in the valley below. The mountain lion, as large as and much resembling the female African lion—often measuring nine feet from its nose to the end of its tail—abounded. The black and grizzly bear were plenty. The great gray wolf was not yet taught to fear the habitation of man; the Coyote, about the size of a Spitz dog, was a great chicken thief. I have seen both of these animals stealing away from cabins as I have ridden by.

With the fate of my predecessor in mind, and surrounded by such companions, I went out into the wilderness in search of the lost sheep of the House of Israel. No regard was paid to Sunday then, unless it was to make it a day for purchasing the week's provisions. No arrangements were made for supplying pulpits on that vacation, for there were no pulpits to be supplied. The usual programme was when night overtook me to seek first a place to sleep, and then a building large enough to hold the people of the village, and afterward to go to the saloons and gambling houses and give notice that in such a place, at early candle-light I would hold a service. Without exception all business would be closed and the men would come together and preserve order themselves. Only once did I have any disturbance, and that by a drunken man, who remarked kindly upon all that I said. He was quietly taken out and the service continued without interruption.

I must pass over a series of accidents, such as being held up by highwaymen, being myself taken for a horse thief, my horse falling off a precipice twenty-five feet high, and the same day falling through a rotten bridge, and will relate only one incident of my return trip. I had spent Sunday in Rapid City, a camp on Rapid Creek which has, indeed, become a city with a college of mines and churches and

happy families. Many of them had already arrived and there we had already a church and Sunday school organized. The missionary's name was Whitfield, and the doctor's name was Whitfield, though they were not related. The doctor desired to visit the city of Deadwood on business and proposed if I would wait until Wednesday to ride home with me. The distance by the stage route was about fifty miles. This road skirted the hills to the eastward for forty miles and then turned westward for ten miles to the metropolis. When the day arrived he said he had a patient whom he desired to visit, about ten miles to the westward of Rapid, and from there we would take the old and abandoned stage road which had been used in 1876. At four o'clock on that beautiful June morning we started on our sixty miles horse-back ride. We breakfasted with the family the doctor had called to see, and by eight o'clock we were on our way to the north and for twelve hours we were not to see a human being. Occasionally we passed abandoned shacks, perhaps erected by the Stage Company for stations where horses were exchanged and meals provided for the passengers. Not a bird sang in all that wilderness. Occasionally we saw a robin who flew screaming in terror from us. Sometimes the far-off cry of the mountain lion, almost human in its wail, would come to our ear. A frightened doe with her fawn would hurry away or stand with wondering eyes until we came too near and then bound away into the forest. We saw natural meadows where the blue grass and wild rye, or wild oats, would reach at times to our knees as we sat on our ponies. But no cultivated fields, none of the scenes of domestic life and comfort which would gladden the eye of the traveller in the East. Sometimes we skirted a mountain base; again we rode through open fields or rich pasture lands. The elevation was such that frost was certain every month of the Summer. Notwithstanding these facts recent maps show a railroad as built along the very route we travelled that day, more than a score of years ago, and villages are thickly sprinkled along that road. Mines, not only of gold, but of tin, of mica, of copper, of coal abound. Mills for working up the vast forests into lumber for the farmers on the plains of Dakota; sand-stone and granite for foundation stones for the empire yet to be; gypsum for

the wheat fields of the world; all these more certain of profit than gold have been pre-empted by the enterprising spirit of American push and energy.

About five P. M. both horses and riders beginning to feel the stress of hard riding, we found the old road bending sharply to the east, while our general direction had been due north all day. I knew a narrow trail led up out of the Deadwood canyon too steep for wagons, but used by foot and horse-back travellers. This gulch was in places one thousand feet deep from the tops of the mountains which encircled it. I could plainly see this trail or path from our parsonage. I had never explored it, but had been told it was a short cut to the old road. The doctor, upon my information, decided to try to find this short cut. We soon found what promised to be the opening which we desired to take and started in. At first the path seemed to be a wagon track or a wood road, but without any warning the double track became single and I told the doctor it might end in a squirrel track, and when the squirrel climbed a tree, where would we be? He said: "We can see a plain path before us, and as we are more than five miles from the old road, we cannot go back and reach Deadwood before dark," so we pushed on in silence. The way led along a grass-grown ridge, with small pines skirting the sides of what is called a "hog's back," when suddenly we came to the end of the hill, which terminated in a steep descent, and this terminal was covered by what appeared to be an impassable barrier of fallen trees uprooted by some mighty tornado. The wind whistling about the hills had laid the trees in every conceivable direction and crossing each other at all angles.

We dismounted and held a council of war. It seemed impossible to go forward; to go backward seemed equally impracticable, and we anxiously scanned the horizon for smoke or some sign of human habitation. At last I caught sight of a cabin across the valley, a mile or more away, which I recognized as a miner's cabin which I had seen before, situated about three miles above Deadwood. In the meantime the doctor had used his eyes and he said he could see signs of a clearing at the foot of the hill on which we stood, and if he was right there was a good road near it and he was going to find

it, and following the word by action he started into the wind-fall. Seeking a place large enough for a horse to land on the other side, he led him over one tree around another and under a third, and so for two mortal hours, in and out, up and down, we led our horses through the maize, until just as darkness settled down upon the earth we did find a wood road. A half mile farther we entered the main road between Deadwood and Whitewood only a couple of miles from home. Then that beast of mine, knowing his master's crib and the way to it showed no signs of weariness, but with ears erect was off in the darkness at a speed which would have done credit to a thoroughbred racer, and I had to hold him back to accommodate the doctor's nag, who did not know his ground and lacked the enthusiasm to recuperate his failing strength.

The doctor was equally used up, for he had opened an old wound received in the Civil War, and later he had to submit to a long illness and a painful operation, part of his foot being amputated. I felt no ill effect from my journey, and I had found mines of spiritual possibilities more precious than gold, out of which grew ten churches of our Order, and I visited these fields again and again. But I rode in a wagon and did not follow the old trails of Indian scouts into all sorts of ambush after this adventure.

HARTFORD, CONN. REV. EUGENE ATWOOD.

JUNE 12, 1880.—The first use of water power in Scratchville was in the manufacture of nails by Peck and Bacon of the kind called brads. The heads were formed by hand and the work was done in the shop of the late Isaac Sherman. This was carried on until it ceased to be profitable and given up with a loss. The next was Curtis & Orton in the manufacture of German silver spoons. The corner store was carried on in connection with the factory, and the profits of a country store added to the gains. Many were exchanged for silver by the peddlers, and the innocents abroad will remember the name to-day with blessings on the head of the traveling merchant who exchanged the spoons, giving them pure German silver for the heirlooms in their possession. George Sherman had control of this property and carried on the business of a cabinet

maker. Handy at any thing, his own lawyer, a good debater on any subject, he possessed all the Sherman vim with other of the good qualities.

He was an original genius, yet his inventions that paid were few, and the traps he set were often sprung by others. The Shermans will long be remembered for their strength of character from the early days until the last of the name has passed away. After this came the manufacture of shears by John Abernethy, and after his decease, by his son Willard. This company made money for a long while, and had the reputation of honorable business men, kind to their employees, and just in their dealings with all men. After profits ceased they sold out to E. & T. Dews, general jobbers in wagons and repairers of machinery. T. Dews moved to Watertown, and Edwin carried on the business alone prosperously. Edwin Dews's father, George, moved in machinery for spinning yarn and making cassimere. Mr. Dews had an excellent reputation as an honest man and his goods were at the head of the class. Mr. Mason fitted up a room in the same building for finer articles in the cutlery line and pertecting a machine for etching on steel and glass. Mr. Dews sold the property to Frank R. Ford and went West. The factory has had many changes and tenants. It is one of the best water power for light work, its source of supply being East Meadow Brook and the Nonnewang River. The springs are never dry, holding out long after the main streams fail to furnish power to the wheels along their banks.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

W. A. Strong.

June 13, 1900.—

Guide thou my mind in wisdom's path,
Extend thy goodness far and wide,
Open the portals knowledge hath,
Reveal their love, be that my pride.
Give me those books where mind hath wrought,
Exalted eloquence that soars,
Poured by the magic spell of thought
Sound as the logic she adores,
Holds converse with the lightning's swing,
E'er counts the starry realm of heaven;
Robed with immortal power to fling
More light on earth there yet is given,
And freedom's song the world shall sing,
Nor stop till all shall be forgiven.

New York City. George P. Sherman.

THE MITCHELL SCHOOL.

JUNE 18, 1898.—To-day the town of Woodbury received a generous gift, which by reason of its lasting benefits, may well cause the giver and the day to be held in perpetual remembrance. A special town meeting had been notified and warned to consider the

purchase of a location which had been selected by the Town School Committee for a "Graded School and School of Higher Grade," in accordance with a previous vote of the town; also the appropriation of funds sufficient to construct a suitable school building. The various parts of the town were well represented by the voters present, and among them were many women who partcipated in the business of the afternoon.

W. J. Clark was appointed moderator, and A. W. Mitchell, town clerk, read the call for the meeting. The report of the Town School Committee regarding the site chosen, was given by E. S. Boyd. Then a vote was offered by Judge Huntington, that the town establish the location thus selected and the selectmen purchase the building lot for the school designated. Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff spoke in favor of the vote; also announced that Charles C. Mitchell desired to offer an amendment. A gift of five thousand dollars was then offered to the town by Charles C. Mitchell for the purchase of a site and building for the free education of the boys and girls of Woodbury. Joyous applause, words of appreciation and a vote of thanks were given the donor.

The vote upon the purposes of the meeting was passed by more than two-thirds majority. A Building Committee was appointed, consisting of the following persons: Horace D. Curtis, Charles C. Mitchell, Edward S. Boyd and Asahel W. Mitchell.

The selected building lot, purchased from Dea. James H. Linsley, is situated westerly from his cabinet shop on a level tract of land which commands an extended view of this beautiful valley and the distant hills of the surrounding towns. A valuable addition to this building lot was received through the presentation of a large section of land given by Mr. John Martin of Woodbury, the whole specified tract of land constituting one of the best public school grounds in the State of Connecticut. On November 24, 1898, the "Laying of the Corner Stone" of this school building, to be known as "The C. C. and J. W. Mitchell Memorial Free School," took place with appropriate ceremonies directly after the Thanksgiving services of the day. For this occasion a box to be hermetically sealed, was prepared, containing a Bible, and National, State and

Town records of public and local interest. In the contents, all the various social, business and literary organizations of Woodbury were represented, an "Order of Exercises of the Day" was included; also a specimen of the wood to be used in the construction of the building. The box was sealed in the presence of the company assembled on the school grounds and then deposited in the receptacle and the corner stone, with the figures 1898 carved upon it, was placed in position. The exercises were continued at the Town Hall, Hon. H. D. Curtis presiding. The prayer of Dedication was by Rev. J. A. Freeman. The hymn "America" was sung, and addresses were given by Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff of the North Church, Rev. L. Robert Shellield of the Episcopal Church, Rev William Weeks, principal of School of Higher Grade, Rev. J. A. Freeman of the First Church, F. F. Hitchcock, M. F. Skelly and E. S. Boyd. The doxology, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," was sung by the audience, and the exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff. During the following year a commodious building was constructed of the colonial style of architecture, handsomely finished in natural wood, well lighted and ventilated. It contains four large school rooms, a recitation and kindergarten room, with halls and convenient cloak rooms. The new school building is fitted with modern school furniture, steam heating apparatus, electric bells and a supply of public water. On September 11, 1899, a school, numbering two hundred pupils, assembled in this convenient and attractive school building with grateful appreciation of this gift from Mr. Charles C. Mitchell to the school children of Woodbury.

A system of public instruction was inaugurated, which included all departments, beginning with the Kindergarten and finishing with the Classical, Latin Scientific, English Scientific, Academic and Commercial courses of the High School. A competent corps of instructors were appointed.

Edwin H. Johnson, Superintendent and Principal of High School; Miss Julia E. Peck, High School Assistant; Miss Harriet B. Munro, Grammar Department; Miss Susan L. Morris, Intermediate Department; Miss Cora B. Galpin, Primary Department;

Miss Ida B. Norton, Kindergarten and Primary Department. The following year Miss S. Augusta Salmon was appointed teacher of Drawing.

The whole number of schools in the town were placed under the same management and course of instruction, the indications being that the Woodbury High School will soon take equal rank with the best in the State.

The Town School Committee, who had charge of the schools of Woodbury during this period in their history, were as follows: Edward S. Boyd, Mrs. N. M. Strong, W. J. Clark, Hon. James Huntington, M. F. Skelly and Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff.

WOODBURY, CONN. JULIA MINOR STRONG.

JUNE 20, 1901.—It becomes the duty as well as privilege of the "Reporter" to chronicle brief particulars of the first graduation exercises held in Woodbury, since the establishment of this paper in 1877. The graduating exercises of the Woodbury High School and Woodbury Grammar School, classes of 1901, were held in the North Congregational Church, Friday, June 14, at 7:30 P. M. The day had been very sultry and a shower at 6:30 settled the dust, and cooling the atmosphere, added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The pupils assembled at the Woodbury Central School at 7 o'clock in order that they might march to the church. At the residence of Charles C. Mitchell, the donor of the public school, they sang "America." Mr. Mitchell, although in feeble health, came upon the piazza and bowed in acknowledgement of their tribute of gratitude and esteem. On arriving at the church they marched up the aisle to the accompaniment of a song by the choir. Rev. L. R. Sheffield read a selection from the Scripture, and Rev. J. H. Lockwood offered prayer. This was followed by the anthem by the choir, "O God, Our Help."

The program included recitations by Mary Maude Terrill, Janie Marilla Drakeley, Frank Alexander Ross, Nina May Heinze, Eva Jeanette Allen, Martha Eliza Tuttle, Fannie Hickox Isham, Johneta Elizabeth Curtis, Arthur Bruce Burton, Lois Chloe Warner and Willis Anthony Strong; vocal solos by Nellie Suckley and Katherine

Freeman; reading by George Benjamin Curtis; compositions by Nellie Suckley and Louise French Curtis; violin solo by Caroline Strong; an oration by the first graduate of the High School, Albert Averill Dowd, which was remarkably well rendered, and a most admirable presentation of the subject, "The Hawaiian Islands."

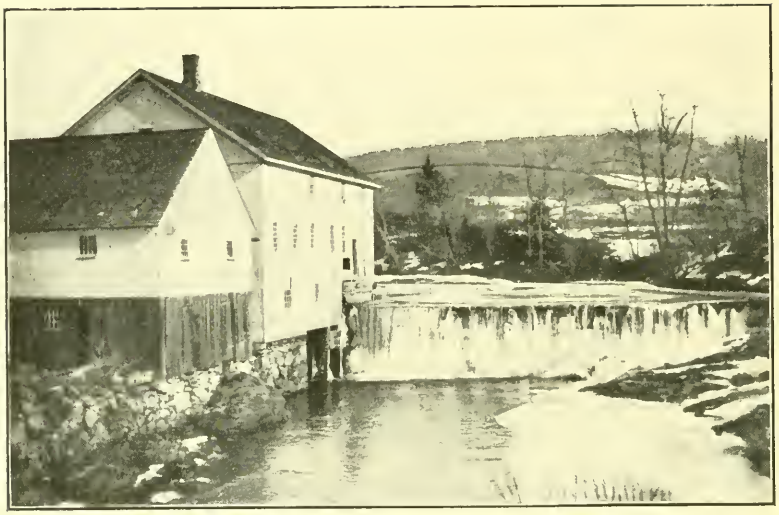
Edwin Howard Johnson, Principal of the High School, gave an address to the second Graduating Class of the Woodbury Grammar School, presenting with diplomas the following garduates: Eva Jeanette Allen, Arthur Bruce Burton, Johneta Elizabeth Curtis, George Benjamin Curtis, Louise French Curtis, Janie Marilla Drakeley, Nina May Heinze, Fannie Hickox Isham, Frank Alexander Ross, Willis Anthony Strong, Nellie Suckley, Mary Maude Terrill, Martha Eliza Tuttle, Lois Chloe Warner.

Principal Johnson then followed with an address, in which he outlined the progress of the schools during the past two years in which he has served as Principal of the High School and Superintendent of Schools of the town. He stated that Albert Averill Dowd was qualified to enter Brown University.

Following this was a song, "Auld Lang Syne," by Mary Carr, Annie Galpin, Frank A. Ross and Frank W. Strong.

Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff delivered an address to the graduates and pupils on the "Value of a Worthy Purpose." His remarks were well chosen and adapted to the occasion. He tried to impress the pupils with the importance of having a purpose in life, a high ideal, a determination to mount up, if possible, to the upper rung of the ladder, for there is always room at the top. One could not listen to his earnest words without realizing something of the grandeur of a noble life, and no doubt many pupils were stimulated to greater efforts in the future.

The decoration on the platform in the school colors of Royal Blue and class color, White, was harmonious and remarkably well arranged, in fact just what one would expect from so skillful an artist as H. C. Smith has often proved himself to be. Above the decoration was suspended the large portrait of our honored townsman, Mr. Charles C. Mitchell, whose munificent gift made possible the school from which came forth the material for an occasion of this kind.—*Woodbury Reporter.*



THE MILLS OF MINORTOWN.

JUNE 23, 1901.—Minortown is a busy and thriving hamlet situated two and a half miles northeast of Woodbury. The name originated from the Minor family, as every house had inmates and owners by that name. Samuel Minor, Sr., was a great land owner, having in his possession hundreds of acres in the valley of the Nonnewaug River, which runs through this place, on which has been a mill site for more than a century, Adam Minor erecting the first mill. Then changing hands, the buildings being rebuilt and repaired till now they are known as Goodsell's Mills. Dea. Truman Minor was an upright and God fearing man. The memory of his gifted prayers and talks in religious gatherings will never be forgotten by the listener. Deacon Nathaniel Minor and wife were life-long residents here, and they were most exemplary people, following the teachings of the Books of Books, living beautiful Christian lives.

Charles J. Minor, another landmark, a man of sterling worth and upright character. These three men were uppermost in my thoughts. There are others, men and women, long since gathered to their heavenly home.

The Minor name is growing less. The present generation will soon pass on to meet the others that have gone before. Strangers will locate in our pleasant homes, and the charming nooks that have known us will know us no more.

"When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band;
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?"

MINORTOWN, CONN. MARGARET S. MINOR.

JUNE 24, 1900.—Historical Nonnewaug is deserving a short notice from one investigating the principal features of interest in Woodbury. The name is derived from an Indian tribe inhabiting the northern part of the town a few centuries ago. The place is one of wild and picturesque beauty, the winding river, the roaring waterfall and the unmarked grave of the chieftian, each bearing the name Nonnewaug. These self same Falls have been visited by many a tourist in recent years and pronounced as charming a view as can be found in any of our New England States. As one stands at the higher Fall the thought comes of the sad tragedy enacted here, characteristic of the Indian disposition. Nonnewaug, seeing the approach of civilization, the white men appropriating his lands as their own jumped over the Falls, thus ending his life. Many mementoes have been found from time to time of this past race.

The brook gurgles and splashes on, singing to the spirit of the Red Men as its rythm was their associate in life seeming, to say as in the words of the poet, "For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

MINORTOWN, CONN. EDITH J. MINOR.

JUNE 25, 1900.—In the year of 1861 J. and N. B. Burton purchased the old mill, then standing in Minortown, of Mrs. Willis Downs. Some needed repairs were made and business was started about April 1st of that year. In five years business had boomed to such an extent that new and more commodious buildings through-

out were erected to take the place of the ones standing for a century. It took nearly a year's time and much hard labor to complete these structures. "Burton's Mills" became a household word, and a thriving center of business, not only for Woodbury, but surrounding towns. The railroad to Watertown being completed thus making a near connection with the outside world, grain from the West was shipped to Watertown and Andrew Hard's large and sleek two-horse and four-horse teams transported the grain to Burton's Mills, making two trips a day, where it was ground to feed, etc.; also a large stock of flour was purchased in the Fall of the year for retail and wholesale trade. The custom work was large and many farmers with oxen brought immense loads of corn to mill. Sawing was a thriving industry, and when one brother was busy with one branch of work the other was attending to some other. William Burton, a son of J. B. Burton of the firm, was connected with them as assistant for about ten years, and his manly and upright character won him many friends. J. B. Burton commenced making trips West buying and selling lumber, and a lumber yard, the first in town, was added to the mills, whereas people previously when needing anything in that line must go to Waterbury or some more distant place. The post office in 1870 was another gain to this thriving place, and in connection a store, in which was kept all kinds of groceries, was added. The business interests brought social advantages. Rainy days and long Winter evenings the masculine portion of the place would gather at the mill to discuss national and local subjects of the day. When the railroad was built to Southbury a lumber and feed store was started in Woodbury center, thus taking away a portion of the trade in Minortown. Burton Bros. sold out their interest in 1881 to Bronson Atwood, the former moving to the center of the town, where they now reside. In the years 1860 to 1863 six brides entered the place to reside, Mrs. Albert Atwood, Nathan Burton, installing his bride in his recently purchased home of Mrs. Willis Downs, Nathaniel Strong, Roderick Atwood, Charles W. and T. S. Minor all locating in the vicinity. In later years Mrs. Chauncey Atwood came, and in no house in our town was such a munificent and entertaining hostess as she. Time makes many changes. Death

has claimed some, others have moved away making new homes. Changes must come and we, each and all, must be willing to receive them.—*Social and Business Industries of Minortown.*

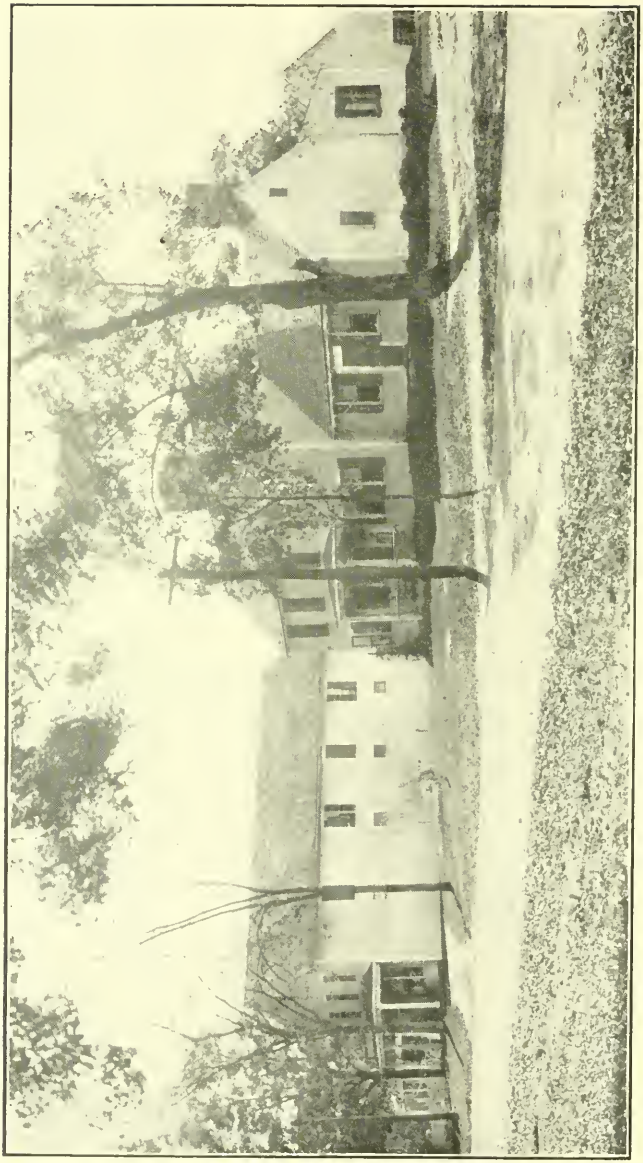
WOODBURY, CONN. JEANNETT S. BURTON.

JUNE 26, 1880.—How strange to the looker on! The 'Ville sprung from a single venture, Pomperaug from a mill, the grinding power of which was brought from old Stratford on the back of a horse. Will not the end reward the looker on and show that children have not disgraced their sires, either in character or works judged by the light of to-day. The first mill in the Ancient History was not located in Pomperaug, but near the residence of Dea. Eli Summers on the banks of the little brook running near. The gearing was placed under an open shed and with stones the size of a common grindstone for the people in 1674. This mill was set in motion by those who went to grind their grain, and would grind a bushel a day, thus the toll was saved for their families. This was a great improvement on the stone mortar of the natives, but could not long satisfy the increasing number of people. A larger one was planned and built in 1681, nearly west of where Hon. Nathaniel Smith resided. The town in assembly resolved that a larger mill was necessary to supply the wants of a growing population, and gave John Hurd land and other privileges if he would construct a mill which would grind the grain in proper manner. The land given and grants enabled the grantee to build a mill of palatial dimensions for those early days. The location selected was not a good one. The dam across the Pomperaug could not be maintained without needless expense on account of spring freshets, which called for all the labor the town could give, and even the sacred mill which stood next to the minister in their affections. Trouble came so thick and fast Hurd was about to give up in despair. In three years the freshets had ruined the dam, filled up the ditch, and the labor of the entire town could not maintain a mill with profit on the site first selected. The town voted to make repairs, but with true Yankee thrift demanded an equivalent for labor furnished in product of the mill. For the purpose of giving him courage to bear his onerous

burden the town granted him ten acres of land south of his premises on condition "that he grind corn for the town for seven years and take no more toll than the law allows." No person was to be called to labor more than three days in one year on the dam or for the support of the other works connected. A saw mill was located near, which helped greatly to support the expenses of the corn mill. This contract with Hurd continued in force until 1691, when, on the death of the grantee, the town was again obliged to take measures for keeping the mill in motion. A town meeting was called for the purpose and a committee with full powers appointed to make a contract with some competent and orderly person to erect a mill near the location of the old one which could well and seasonably grind the corn of the town. The committee found their men in John Mitchell and Samuel Stiles, with whom they made the following contract: Contract—"That the sd John Mitchell and Samuel Stiles shall, and may, at their own proper charge and cost, policy and continuance, build, set up, and continue from this date forever a good sufficient corn mill at or within four rods distance from the place where the present corn mill stands, together with sufficient dam whereby they may be capacitated well and seasonably to grind from time to time and at all times successively all such corn as all, each and every of the inhabitants of Woodbury shall bring to sd mill to be ground, and which they do hereby covenant, promise and engage faithfully to perform well and seasonably upon the condition herein expressed from the date hereof forever." In consideration the committee promised and engaged a "ten acre accommodation" as nigh as convenient to sd mill; also 30 pounds were to be paid to the mutual satisfaction of the town and grantees, the town also agreeing to have all its grinding done at the mill so as it was done to the satisfaction of its patrons. As the location of the mill was not considered a good one, provision was made by grantees to establish the mill in another place on an accommodation of twenty-eight acres laid to Ensign Samuel Stiles in 1679 as Town Miller. Under this agreement a new mill was built on the site of the present mill owned by Daniel Curtiss' Sons at Pomperaug. It is considered by many that the present water privilege would revert to the town if a grist mill was not kept

up for the accommodation of the public. In 1693 John Mitchell sold all his rights in the corn mill to his partner, Samuel Stiles, together with his claim of right of land and right to call on citizens for labor in making repairs in case of need. Stiles retained the property until 1807 when he deeded it to Joseph Allys, "late of Hatfield, now of Woodbury," for a consideration for sixty pounds in current money. The sale included all land connected with the mill. One hundred and twenty-two pounds conveyed all buildings and lands connected with the mills and the dwelling house near the site occupied by Hon. N. B. Smith. The mill must have been removed to where it now stands about 1703. Mr. Allys repented of his bargain in a short time and "sold out his rights in the new world to Adino Strong of the town of Darby on the Narrows," the bill bearing the date of September 30, 1708. A ten acre accommodation was granted Adino Strong in December 23, 1748, the performing according to ye town in sd case, made transferable April 10, 1753. This act of the town makes all future transfers carry the rights granted by the town, and if no future act gives the grantees release from their bond handed down from 1691, it must be that the people can still demand the right to have their corn ground at the mill so carefully watched and guarded by the first settlers in their public acts. Tradition hands down from father to son the unwritten history of events and often the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants takes the place of written law.

WOODBURY, CONN. W. A. STRONG.



THE STORE AND RESIDENCE OF CHARLES M. HARVEY.

JUNE 28, 1900.—North from the Episcopal Church stands an extensive building recently constructed and especially designed for the mercantile business. Charles M. Harvey, the owner and proprietor, is a prosperous merchant of twenty-two years experience. The firm of Seeley, Lemmon and Harvey commenced business in the store formerly occupied by Grandison Beardsley and Son. On the retirement of Powell G. Seeley the business was conducted by Lemmon and Harvey. Charles Lemmon removed to the South and Dr. M. S. Page became interested. During five years Page and Harvey were associated in the business of dry goods and general merchandise. Dr. Page resuming dentistry, Charles M. Harvey built the store and removed his interests in the business to his present location where he has been established eleven years. In this store of general merchandise ample space is afforded the different departments which are as well stocked and adapted to the needs of modern times as in many stores in our smaller cities. Remus Harvey has been associated in this business for a number of years, and is the proprietor of a well patronized express route to Waterbury.

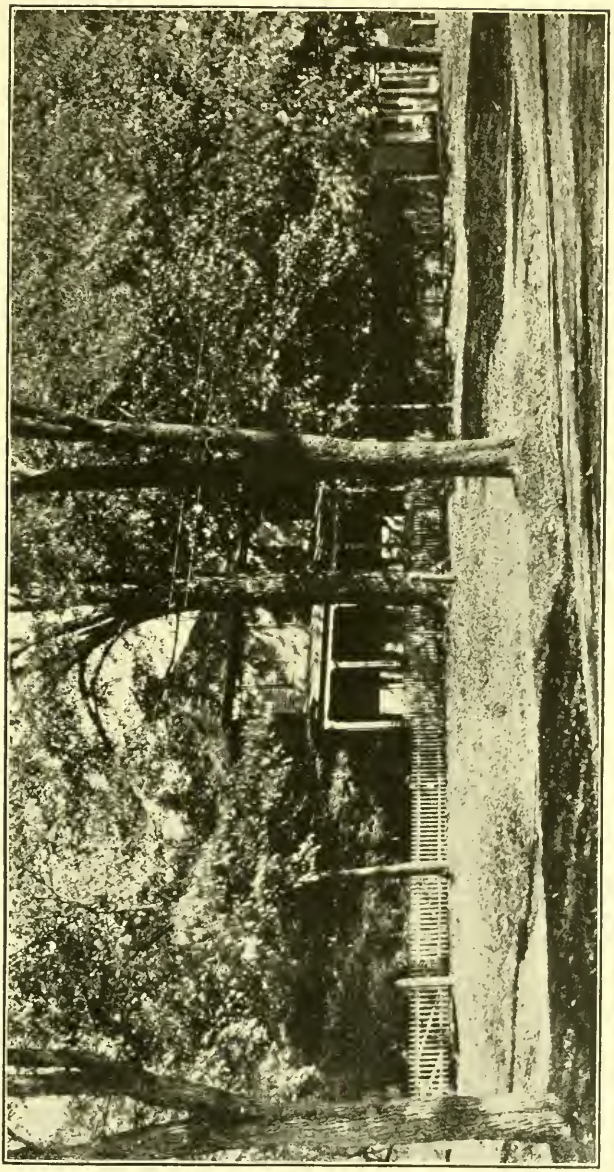
The central office of the Woodbury Telephone system was located in this building in charge of the proprietors from the time that it was established until the recent removal to the residence of Remus Harvey.

JUNE 30, 1899.—The town of Woodbury being one of the oldest in the State has, of course, from the time of its settlement fostered the idea of the education of its children. Among others, the history of the higher grade private school houses is an interesting one.

The oldest one so far as can be ascertained is the one conducted in 1820-30 by the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, an Episcopal rector, in a house, the location of which is in the lot on which now stands the house of Charles Smith. Another, taught in 1835 by Henry B. Sherman, was located in what is now W. B. Stiles's store. It was not until about 1844, however, that the private school system was started permanently. At that time William Cothren and afterwards L. D. Sprague taught a school in the basement of what is now Atwood's Hotel. This school expanded in 1851 into the South Academic Association, and a building now called Parker Academy was erected on the premises of the house that is now the residence of Mrs. Grandi-

son Beardsley near the Town Hall. In 1849, however, there was a school taught by P. T. Babbitt in Jason Parker's store, now occupied by George Proctor. In 1848 there was a school organized in North Woodbury similar to Parker Academy. The first noted teacher of both of these schools was T. M. Thompson, a Yale graduate, and a fine instructor, especially proficient in the languages. The teachers of the North Academy were Cyrus L. Hall, Mrs. Amelia Roberts Sanford, Frances Cogswell, Hortensia Burton, who also taught in Hotchkissville, and lately Miss Wheeler and Rev. J. C. Wyckoff. The building is now used as the chapel of the North Church. The principals of Parker Academy, so far as can be ascertained, were as follows: Samuel Spooner, P. B. Hulse, Mr. Phinney, Rev. A. N. Lewis, Aritus G. Loomis, James Patterson, Louise Noyes, Wilbur V. Rood, Edwin Tuttle, H. C. Talmage, O. C. B. Nason, Edgar H. Grout, Edward S. Boyd, H. B. Moore and Rev. Wm. Weeks. While Mr. Hulse was instructor in Parker Academy Mr. Thompson taught a select school in his residence situated on the adjoining premises. Some times there would be seventy-five scholars in each of the two schools, and it was not uncommon for six or more students to enter Yale or other colleges each year from these schools. Parker Academy was moved to its present location near the post office when Rev. A. N. Lewis was principal, and he conducted a boarding school for pupils in connection with the Parker House, then owned by Frederick S. Parker. Hundreds have gone out from these schools, but as no records are available it is difficult to find out who were the pupils. There were, however, the following: Rev. Eugene Atwood of Hartford, Daniel King of Chicago, Dr. Edward Louis of Brooklyn, Dr. Solomon C. Minor of New York, Mr. Castle, who settled in the Sandwich Islands, and has been one of the commissioners on education, and Henry Canfield of South Britain. Of those who live in town many of the leading were H. D. Curtis, N. M. Strong, Homer Tomlinson, G. F. Morris, G. F. Crane, A. D. Warner and L. P. Eastman. Some of the later ones are State Senator A. W. Mitchell, L. E. Dawson, George and Stephen Crane, George Stone and George Ford, also of Woodbury; Coroner Higgins of Winsted, Lawyer Bernard Higgins of Torrington, C. A. Curtis, H. S. Hitchcock and S. C. Tomlinson of Woodbury.—*Published in Hartford Courant.*

WOODBURY, CONN. GEORGE H. FREEMAN.



THE T. M. THOMPSON RESIDENCE.

JULY.

July 4, 1859.—There is a set of men whose memory and moral worth should be embalmed in the heart and practiced in the life of each member of the old honored Pioneer church. Men that entered into covenant with God and one another and took their lives in their hands "left Egypt" and came up into this once wide howling wilderness to plant a church. Here, in this pleasant valley and mountain fastness they commended themselves and their cause to God; they came here under the guide and direction of the Divine hand in possession of the promise, "Lo I am with you always even unto the end." A little one has under the blessing of God almost become a nation. These ecclesiastical societies, these orthodox churches and the fruits which the old Pioneer has borne, the second Congregational Church in this town, are but the other half of ourselves. The Episcopal Church here is one of our junior brethren; the Methodist Church is one of our younger sisters; the Church in Southbury is Reuben the eldest; the Church in Bethlehem, a son of the royal family; the Church of Washington and South Farms are of kindred blood; the Churches of Watertown, Middlebury, Roxbury, and South Britain and part of Oxford are spiritual children. It is time for the church to assert her right to her sons. Her worldly competitors should not pluck the laurels from her brow and bear them away in triumph. Had I the strength and power I would raise my voice to thunder tones and proclaim these men and their deeds immortal. We stand here to-day the representatives of a church and a race of men of whom the world was not worthy. On the banks of the river of life, these men made fast to the rush of ages by the everlasting couplings of a Heaven imparted faith, secured thereto by the Omnipotent strength of a God sustaining covenant.

Those families as they came up from Stratford brought up the ark, the tabernacle and testimony. It was of Divine direction that

some order be preserved in the moving, taking up and setting down of the tabernacle. To effect this it was necessary to make a selection from these families and the name of the Minors was taken. Some name must be chosen by lot and the name of John was taken. Of a truth we can say of this man he was faithful in all his house and to the trusts committed to his charge; he was a man of faith and prayer, who trusted in the covenant mercy of a covenant-keeping God. The promise is "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." That promise had not yet failed. God has not left him without a man of his own name and blood for one hundred and ninety years to serve at the table and tabernacle of his and their convenant Lord. I might speak of the succession of officers in this church bearing the names of Minor, Samuel, Jehu, Jonah, Clement, Josiah, Mathew, Seth, Solomon and Nathaniel. These men were renowned for their piety, some of them peculiarly so for their heavenly mindedness, their self denial, their watchfulness and prayerfulness, their strictness in conversation on the Sabbath, their entire reservedness in word and action on that holy day, their punctuality in the house of God, and their attendance on all means of grace, their reading and familiarity with the Scriptures, their strict honesty between man and man, their law-abiding reverence of those set in authority over them, the utter impossibility of bribing them to do evil, their absolute hatred of all that was wrong, their readiness to give and receive of the things that were good, their tenderness and teachableness; in a word for all that makes up the Christian character in fallen man. Although some of the men have fallen, the weapons of their warfare have not perished; they are still mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Shall the mantle of such men fall to the ground? Shall the glory depart? We are the covenant children and the promises are ours, that were made to our fathers and their children. We acknowledge God as the author of our adoption, we avouch the Lord Jehovah to be our God as he has been God of our fathers.

WOODBURY, CONN. DEA. TRUMAN MINOR.

JULY 4, 1865.—I know that historical writers are wont to attribute less to Him than to the patriotism, the unselfishness, the patient, per-

sistent courage of our own ancestors, the adoption of that Declaration, its maintenance by arms and the subsequent embodiment of its principles in our laws. It is true our ancestors were patriotic, but what made them so? These traits of character are due to potent causes. What made them unselfish, patriotic, patient, persistent, courageous? The time is coming, has come, when something more definite than mere vague ascriptions of such characteristics will be required of writers who would escape the charge of Atheism or incompetency. The truth is, throughout the land, there were multitudes who by that living individual faith which with Luther became a common, instead of an isolated thing, were made recipients of heavenly influence, and through them, God touched the springs of public action. The Declaration of Independence was God's work through our fathers as his instruments. This they recognized, and this we must recognize if we would interpret rightly subsequent events.

There was a day when white winged spirits of peace with solemn faces spread reluctant wings, recalled by the voice that bade messengers of woe proclaim to our land the *Dies Irae*, the day of wrath. The clouds so long rising threateningly, their vast summits blazing in the upper skies, their gloomy bases sweeping along the hills, suddenly covered the whole heavens with a pall of night. Then with cannon crash, hiss of shell and roar of shot, the cloud was rent revealing in, the lurid glare of conflagration, the stern figure Treason, gigantic and appalling, full armed, the red gauntlet of battle at his feet.

Undaunted, the nation met the challenge, snatched with fiery haste from her historic arsenal, her spear of might and hurled it with angry, deadly force—then paused—checked, not by fear, but by astonishment, to see the flashing weapon, rebounding from his adamantine shield, fall harmless at her feet. Gathering superior energy from repulse, and rising with calm, collected might to a conflict whose vastness had stirred the solemn lips of prophecy three thousand years ago, she sent forth her splendid legions, deliberately, skillfully, to give the death stroke to her enemy—then saw their baffled remnants shattered with shot and shell, wasted with pestilence, and weary unto death march bleeding back. Unyielding

still, for being of heroic blood and nurture, she could not bend her neck to sue, but sobbing, for in all her lurid borders there was a sound of lamentation, mothers mourning for their children and refusing to be comforted because they were not, again she paused. In that time of agony, those whose observations were not superficial, could discern the fires of prayers, multiplying on public and household altars, until the darkness as if Death's Angel's wing at length sparkled with them, all over the land, thicker than skies with stars. The humbled nation, willing to retrace its steps, sought the guidance of its Ancient Deliverer.

Recall, O glad Americans, how, immediately, from the roaring turbulence the confusing whirling of the tide, there issued steady streams of strength, the roll of advancing drums, and trumpets pealing victory! Louder grew, and more harmonious, the swelling peans, broader and smoother the flowing river, till the last obstruction passed, its waters are at rest. And from the events of the past four years, terrible beyond precedent, no less than from the mingled promise and warning of the preceeding age, we derive the conviction, that by Divine purpose, in this land there shall be liberty for all, and with liberty, prosperity and peace, unlimited, perpetual.—*From an Oration Delivered on Independence Day.*

WOODBURY, CONN. NATHANIEL SMITH.

JULY 4, 1894.—Our thoughts often return in pleasant recollections to the celebration of Independence Day held in Woodbury on July 4, 1894.

The plan was brought to the attention of the people by our enterprising local paper, the "Reporter." A meeting was held at the office of Hons. James Huntington and A. D. Warner, a general gathering in the Town Hall, and the final arrangements were completed in Strong's Hall. With a patriotic enterprise that has always been a characteristic of the town of Woodbury, and the co-operation and support of all the leading citizens, preparations were completed for a brilliant celebration. The following committees were appointed: Executive committee, Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff, Dr. D. R. Rodger, G. P. Crane, George Terrill and M. F. Skelly; parade

committee, E .W. Pond, chairman, H. C. Smith, Frank Hitchcock; reception committee, A. E. Knox, E. W. Pond; music committee, N. M. Strong, J. H. Linsley, Alex. Gordon and D. B. Burton. At sunrise a salute of guns was given from Orenaug Rocks, followed by a merry chime of bells from all the church towers. All residences and public buildings were tastefully decorated in flags and national colors, and soon the sections of the parade began moving toward the place of assembling near the residence of J. H. Linsley.

At an early hour, hundreds of people had arrived to witness or participate in the celebration, and all available place and every intersecting road was occupied along the line of the proposed route. All was in readiness at 10 A. M., under the skillful management of Marshal E. W. Pond and his efficient aides: First division, A. W. Mitchell, Frank W. Hitchcock; second division, J. E. Roberts and George Terrill; third division, Gideon Allen and Howard Minor; fourth division, Stephen Crane and F. R. Ford. Following the aides was the Hartford Drum Corps, carriages containing the president of the day, Hon. William Cothren, Prof. John K. Bucklyn of Mystic, orator, with other distinguished guests, and carriage containing the oldest native residents, Mr. Horace Manville, a centenarian, and George Nelson Judson, ninety-one years of age.

A series of floats were then seen approaching bright with waving colors, starry flags fluttering in the cool breeze of the morning, and tall standards bearing the national colors, each one being of especial beauty in design and decoration. The national floats represented the United States Government and Freedom protected by the Army and Navy, the Thirteen Original States, and America. Then followed a series of fine representation of the different business interests of the town.

L. E. Dawson, Dry Goods, Clothing and Groceries; C. E. Winton, Lumber, Coal, Flour and Feed; F. R. Smith, Blacksmith; N. M. Strong, Drugs and Hardware; W. J. and W. E. Wells, Boots and Shoes; W. H. Colepaugh, Tonsorial Artist; S. F. Hitchcock, Plumber and Hardware; C. M. Harvey, Dry Goods, Clothing and Groceries; Remus Harvey, Woodbury and Waterbury Stage; James Boyce, U. S. Mail; Elliot Hinman, Forestry; G. N. Proc-

tor, Dry Goods and Groceries; L. Y. Ketcham, M. D., Drug Store; A .C. Peck, Dentist; W. G. Smith, Sewing Machines; G. F. Morris, Dry Goods and Groceries; G. S. Allen, Florist; Erwin Dawson, Boots and Shoes; Joseph Hall, Blacksmith; Dawson and Dakin, Carriages.

The second division included ancient vehicles, the fine equipages and costumes of one hundred years ago. Among those who participated were Roderick Atwood, John H. Minor, George Cowles and Howard Cartwright. With these were Trotting Horses, Comic Figures, M. F. Skelly's float from the Klondike, and a large representation from Hotchkissville. A delegation from Watertown of Knights of Pythias, led by the Watertown Band, was succeeded by others from the adjoining towns. The parade reassembled at the speaker's stand for the exercises of the day announced by Hon. William Cothren. A fine selection was given by the band, followed by a trained choir of forty voices, led by N. M. Strong, H. W. Beecher presiding at the organ. Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff offered prayer, Dr. D. R. Rodger read the Declaration of Independence, Prof. J. K. Bucklyn gave the oration, closing with an original poem. D. H. Judd also contributed a fine poem for the occasion.

A fine display of fireworks in the evening was enjoyed by a large gathering, and closed the celebration.

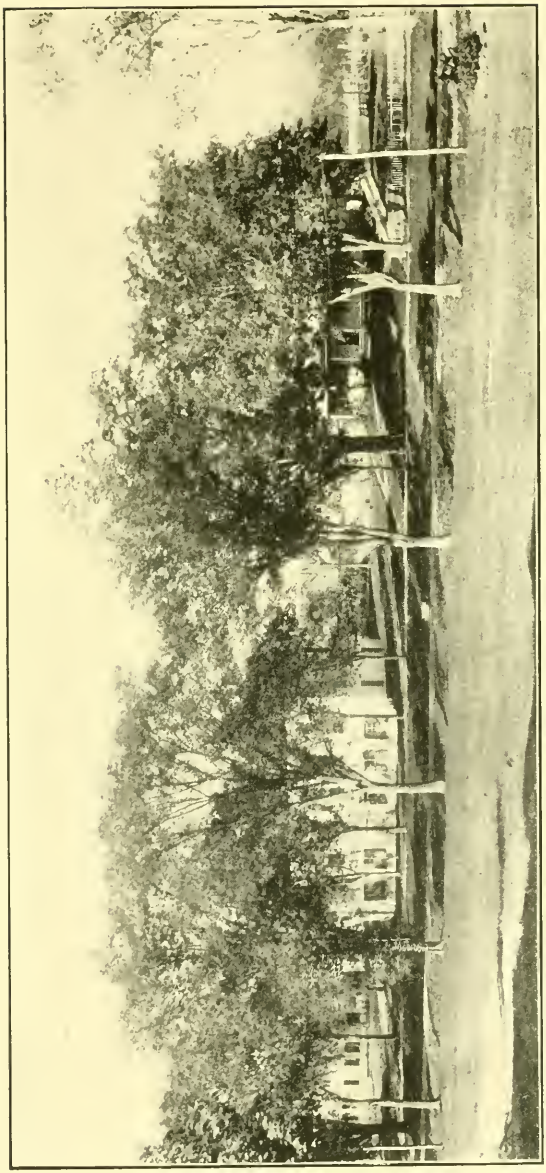
WOODBURY, CONN. JULIA MINOR STRONG.

JULY 5, 1859.—Three or four days ago there appeared upon this ground a tent and arrangements for public speaking. At about this time a programme was put into my hands in which I found to my dismay that I was put down for a speech. I know this tent: it is the Yale College tent. Its associations seemed to seal my mouth and impose on me silence. I have for years been a regular pilgrim to the shadows of this tent as a devout worshipper at the shrine of my Alma Mater. Under it I have been accustomed to listen to words of wisdom as dispensed by wiser, better and older men, in whose presence I knew only to be silent. I seem to see the venerable and venerated form of President Day, and as if to keep up the illusion I see before me on the stage Professors Knight and Dut-

ton. Under these circumstances, sir, I came up here this afternoon feeling hopelessly bankrupt for a speech. I am not a native of Woodbury; I feel as if I were a trespasser, yet I heartily thank the committee for assigning me a part here. I am ingrafted stock, but I have taken some root, and once before, I believe, I took occasion to say on this very ground I had made a mark that nothing but an earthquake can efface. I remember the first Woodbury man I ever saw. You will not wonder why I chose Woodbury as a place of settlement when I tell you I took him for a sample of the people. He is the man who honors and adorns our noble festival, our glorious centennial, as its presiding officer, Hon. N. B. Smith. May I be permitted to say if I have put forth any diligence that entitles me to stand here to-day in the presence of princes, yea of kings, and more than kings, I owe it to words of encouragement graciously spoken by him long years ago.

Mr. President, it is to me the central point of interest in the whole occasion to meet you here. I am filled with emotion. The date of the time I allude to scares me. My memory is tenacious of dates and I will give it. It was in the fall of 1828. Oh! the record of thirty years is on me and on you. It has carried me along from the boy of scarce ten Summers to the meridian of life. It has carried you along from the dark hair and bloom of youth to the twilight grey of life's evening. God grant that this evening may be as long, as calm, as happy as your life has been exemplary, beautiful and useful. But, sir, it was assigned as my part to respond to "The Early Schools of Ancient Woodbury." To speak of the schools of Ancient Woodbury is to speak of the Puritan schools, a subject, I take, it needs no illustrating from me. The Puritan schools have long since gained the acknowledgment of being the main human agency in the immense moral force exhibited by New England throughout her whole past history. Their influence has gone forth like streams in the desert to make glad and bless humanity.

Woodbury, Conn. Thomas Merritt Thompson, A. M.



THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

JULY 8, 1901.—Two words constantly associate themselves in my mind with the name of this town; it is always to me, ancient and beautiful Woodbury. Whether one ascends the Observatory in Orenaug Park or climbs our Pisgah, Good Hill, and "views the landscape o'er," he is entranced by the rich and varied panorama which Nature spreads with lavish hand before his glad eyes. Little wonder is it that the original Pilgrim settlers spied out the goodly valley of the Pomperaug as a likely place for themselves and their numerous and worthy progeny.

In a region so beautiful can there be anything unlovely? While Nature through her myriad voices is telling us gently yet persistently to be good, to be true, and to make our lives beautiful, is it possible that anyone will prefer to be vile and hateful?

Had we eyes to see we could read other books than those on the Library's shelves. The babbling brooks that go on forever, "while men may come and men may go," contain books more thrilling and fascinating than the widely advertised works of fiction. The moral they teach is that we should be pure like their own crystaline waters, and, leaving the dross and waste of life in the sedge along the banks, press on to the sea,

> "To him, who in the love of Nature
> Holds communion with her visible forms."

the trees have tongues, as another poet tells us, and they whisper many a charming tale in the ears of him who hath ears to hear. Yes, and there are sermons in the stones, so silent and so steadfast.

My word to the people of Woodbury is, appreciate and enjoy this preliminary Paradise, being ever watchful that no serpent blight and blast the Lord's Garden. Join the chorus of the "feathered minstrels that sing among the branches" in a ceaseless Te Deum of gratitude for the gift of life, and *life in such a place;* and afterwards, may you join the Choir Invisible in the "better country."

WOODBURY, CONN. JAMES H. LOCKWOOD,
Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.

JULY 13, 1900.—On July 13, 1900, an Audubon Society was organized in Woodbury, auxiliary to the State Society, and consisting of twelve members. The object of this society is the protection of birds and to gain information in regard to them. The officers are a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer; also two Directors, one of which is the local Secretary of the State Society. Meetings have been held each month in the year. At these meetings, in which the officers preside, selections about the birds were read and other appropriate topics were considered. The society increased in membership and the meetings were very interesting.

WOODBURY, CONN. FRANK W. STRONG,
Secretary.

JULY 13, 1885.—Suffice to say that at the age of more than three score years and ten, some of my most vivid and pleasant recollections are associated with the days and scenes of my childhood and youth. My father, Petit Galpin, was the miller at Weekeepeemee for a number of years, and sold the mill to Nathan Pierce in 1834. It was afterwards owned by Calvin Downes. In the year 1830 my father built a small house near the mill in Weekeepeemee, and from his well known views on the temperance question, I remember hearing the lovers of rum say that the frame could not be raised, without he furnished the liquor for it. Bear in mind that cider was not interdicted in the pledge at that time. However, the day came and the invitations were given with some trepidation to "come to the raising." Refreshments were furnished in abundance, and cider too, and the frame went up, the men going home sober. By many it was considered a great event, as it was such an innovation on a long established custom. Well, it did establish a new order of things; the leaven began to work and temperance discussion and effort went on.

LEMAN W. GALPIN, M. D.

MILAN, OHIO, LATER EATON RAPIDS, MICH.

JULY 16, 1898.—I have now been camped here with my nephew and a young man from San Francisco for the past three weeks, our tent on the beach about fifty feet from water at high tide. This

is a beautiful little bay, letting in from Lynn Canal, and is much sheltered, especially from the southeast, and small boats often run in here to avoid the strong blow from that direction. The scenery is quite grand. In all directions are steep mountains running up from two to five thousand feet high and some of them capped with snow. The Haines Mission consists of forty buildings, including one merchandise store, one building bearing the name, Hotel Haines in large letters, the Mission School House, which is quite a nice large building, and the home of the missionary. The balance are Indian houses built pretty close to the water. Many of them are neatly painted and I should judge pretty well occupied.

A few days ago it looked very much as if they would be homeless, as a fire that had been smouldering in the timber back of the village was rekindled by a strong west wind and swept on and almost smothered them in heat and smoke. The Indians proved to be very poor fighters of fire, but turned their attention picking up everything they had and getting it into their canoes. The Jew merchant also was badly frightened, as he said he had no insurance, and got nearly all of his stuff out. The balance of us fought the fire as best we could, water not being very handy, and when within about a hundred yards of the line of buildings, some partially cleared off ground, no brush and quite a growth of green vegetation enabled us to get the flames under control with loss of but one house.

Within a distance of probably not more than ten miles each way from here, there are no less than four rivers running into this waterway. They are the Chilkat, Khatschin, Dehsanka and the Chilkoot. These rivers, as all Alaska rivers are said to be, are very rapid. Gold in limited quantities has been found on some of them, but on account of the swift water they are hard to prospect, as a boat cannot be moved up them for but little distance, and when you come to pulling a boat up with a rope and having to cross and recross, as you are shut off by perpendicular mountains, it becomes difficult and dangerous work, and it is equally so in coming down. While you can come very quickly, you have to get in the boat, guide it the best you can and let her go. A party of seven men who are now camped here by me, government engineers, who were about twelve

miles up the Khatschin on the Canadian boundary line survey, started down in their two boats. One, containing four men was smashed into kindling wood and the men narrowly escaped drowning. And this, too, was quite a loss to Uncle Sam, as the boat cost him one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and coming just now when he needs his money to buy ammunition to smash Spanish boats with. There have been some very good prospects found up this stream a little way. Two partners started, one of them wanted to return; they did so, separated and one went home to Seattle; the other thought he could not go it alone, so we bought his boat. He (the Dutchman) said his partner had "cool feets." We made a little trip up the Dehsanka. In going up we got into a little inland bay, perhaps a couple of miles long and one wide, the mountains running up on either side three or four thousand feet. As you approach the river it narrows down, so at low tide the river spreads over a sandy bar about a half a mile wide and running in several small channels, and a little farther up it narrows into one solid channel. You can only row a boat up as far as the tide affects the streams, and right from here is one of the prettiest views you can possibly imagine. Looking up this great canyon, at the head of it, is seen an immense glacier starting at a high pointed mountain perfectly white with snow. As it leads down into the canyon glistening as the sun shines on it, the glacier seems to be in monstrous waves or a series of Niagara Falls one below the other, and the mirage in this little inland sea is something grand. The water was as smooth as glass the morning we were there and the mirage was as perfect as that at the famed Mirror Lake of Yosemite (and I have seen that lots of times) and much more extensive. There were a few seals in this water. We pulled our boat up a short distance, tied it up and started on foot, thinking perhaps we might get to this glacier, but after tramping through a pretty tough thicket for four hours, with mosquitoes a hundred to the square inch, and it looked about as far away as when we left our boat, we concluded to return. We saw some very large bear tracks and where they had laid in the thicket. Have since learned that this is a favorite hunting ground for the Indians. We have also been up the Chilkoot River to the

Indian Village of Chilkoot. This is a great salmon fishing ground, and nearly all the Indians from here go up there to catch and dry their Winter food. We caught plenty of the finest speckled trout I ever had an experience with—fine big fellows they are. Halibut and flounders are to be caught in the bay.

Our papers come far between and are rather old when we get them here from below, but we read them all the same. We have lots of daylight to read by in this country. One can read every hour in the twenty-four here now. Don't you know if it wasn't for the long dark nights they have in the Winter I should be inclined to believe the good Lord is a little suspicious of the people in this country by keeping so much daylight on them. How would the ranchers of San Joaquin Valley like these kind of days to run their harvesters. Nearly every day we see a steamer passing up and down. There is a little steamer running between Juneau and Skaguay. She stops here every day for mail and passengers.—*Published in Modesto, (Cal.) Herald.*

HAINES MISSION, ALASKA. STEPHEN H. CRANE.

JULY 17, 1900.—Having been away from Woodbury for more than eighteen years there are many pleasant recollections; also descriptions of Oklahoma, the "Land of the fair God," that would be interesting were I able to write them. "Oklahoma the much-talked-of and written-about country, was opened for settlement on April 22, 1889. Up to that time the occasional traveller saw only Indians, herds of cattle and miles of prairie grass. To-day the scene has changed; commodious houses, well filled granaries and barns, and well bred stock has taken the place of the long horn and the bucking bronco.

Logan County is located in the central part of Oklohama and has long been looked upon by the home seeker as the ideal location. Thousands have taken the opportunity of locating where all kinds of agricultural products can be raised. Corn, cotton and wheat grow side by side, while castor beans, kaffir corn, oats and rye come in for a full share of recognition. Thousands of acres are set to well budded peach trees, the fruit of which goes into market in Chicago,

St. Louis and Denver alongside of the California peach. Pears, plums, cherries and apricots do well here, while blackberries, raspberries and strawberries are sources of great revenue.

Guthrie, the capital and county seat of Logan County, has had a wonderful growth, springing into existence as if by magic, and to-day is proud of thirteen thousand enterprising, wide awake inhabitants. The city has sixty-two miles of graded streets, residences and business blocks. On the south of the city is a pleasant park known for its inviting coolness and pleasant evening entertainments. The city is lighted with an electric plant, and with its own water works system and splendid fire department is safe from any serious losses by fire. Secret societies are well represented. The Masons are now building a twenty thousand dollar temple. Early in the history of Guthrie religious denominations built good substantial church edifices until there are now nineteen church edifices with a large membership to each denomination. School facilities are good, with four large modern school buildings. A cotton seed oil mill is one of the largest enterprises of the kind. The products of this institution go to feed many thousands of cattle that are shipped here for fattening. It is a sight worth seeing.

A first-class ice factory furnishes ice to the city as well as several surrounding towns. We have elevators, flour mills, three cotton gins, laundries, National and Territorial banks, opera house, stock yards and wagon factories, and there still exist many chances for investors and manufacturers."

E. J. Blackman,
Notary Public.

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

July 18, 1900.—In reply I will send a brief account of the city of our adoption.

Los Angeles is the metropolis of South California. Its fame is world-wide on account of its natural advantages and unsurpassed climate. The city is surrounded by cultivated farms and beautiful suburban homes. It is well paved, well lighted and has a complete sewer system, fine street railways, over two hundred churches, all denominations are represented, first-class hotel accommodations,

and parks of great beauty. There are fifty-three modern school buildings which are the city's pride. The public library is one of the most complete and efficient in the United States.

The Winter season is heralded by a beautiful green on the hillside. After the first rain, the morning and evenings are cooler, but flowers are not injured and the delicate hot house rose bushes of the East, burdened with blossoms are seldom touched by frost. The heat of Summer is never oppressive—a delightful breeze from the ocean tempers the heat. Much more could be said in description of this lovely climate.

Los Angeles, Cal. C. R. Leavenworth.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

July 19, 1900.—There are a few facts and dates with regard to the establishment of a congregation and the building of a house of worship by the Episcopalians in Woodbury that might well be recorded in tangible form.

In 1732 the Rev. Samuel Johnson, D. D., of Stratford, held services occasionally in the south part of Woodbury which has since become Southbury. He engaged in a lengthy discussion with the Rev. Mr. Graham, pastor of the Congregational Society of that town. This discussion was the means of bringing several influential families into the Episcopal Church, and it was the Rev. John Beach of Newtown who organized them into a society in 1740. A church was built in what is now the town of Roxbury and was long known as the "old Episcopal Church in Roxbury." But services were also held in the Town House in Woodbury.

In 1771 the Rev. John Rutgers Marshall was settled in Woodbury, where he resided continuously until the time of his death, 1789. Roxbury and Woodbury were his special care, but from time to time other places were dependent upon his ministrations.

For more than 14 years Mr. Marshall held services in the old Town House in Woodbury, when it was decided to build a church. Mr. Marshall moved his family to his own house and the old Glebe was disposed of, the proceeds being appropriated toward the erection of a church. A committee was appointed at a parish meeting held January 10, 1785, to augment the fund already on hand. February 23 they reported to the society that they had secured sufficient money. It was then decided to proceed to the building of a house of worship in accordance with the action taken at the January meeting, when it was voted "that the place whereon the house shall be erected shall be in the cross highway near Sherwood's shop and as nigh the burying ground as may be with convenience."

It was necessary to obtain the consent of the First Society before the work could be begun. This was given on the 9th day of May, 1785, when it was voted at a legal meeting "that the Episcopal Society in this town have the liberty to build a church in the northeast corner of the burying yard."

All things were now ready and in a short time the frame of the church was up, but it was a number of years before the interior was finished. It is a matter of interest that Mr. Marshall donated the nails and window glass. The church was completely finished inside

and out in 1814, and stood free from debt when it was dedicated in 1822 by the Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, D. D. LL. D., Bishop of Connecticut.

WOODBURY, CONN. L. R. SHEFFIELD,
Rector St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

THE GLEBE HOUSE.

JULY 20, 1900.—In that part of the town known as the "Hollow" is situated the historic "Glebe House." This house was built in colonial days, being occupied during the Revolutionary War by the Rev. John Rutgers Marshall, a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and first rector of St. Paul's Church.

On March 25, 1783, ten of the fourteen Episcopal clergymen of Connecticut met in the northeast room of this house and elected the Rev. Samuel Seabury bishop of Connecticut. He was consecrated in Aberdeen, Scotland, November 13, 1784, and was the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in America.

The old Glebe House has lately been repaired and made a pleasant and comfortable residence. It is now the property of the "Society for Aged and Infirm Clergy Fund" of the diocese of Connecticut.

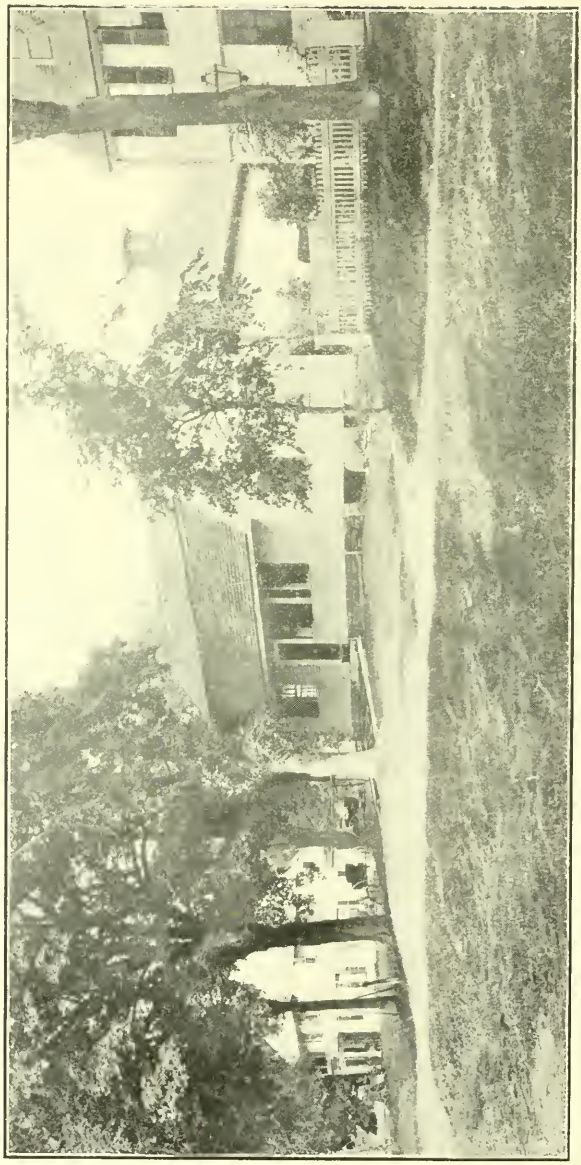
WOODBURY, CONN. EMMA ANDREWS SHEA.

JULY 22, 1900.—After crossing the Pomperaug and ascending the hill from the "West Side," a beautiful view of a shaded street and verdant green of lawn and meadow with neatly kept ancient houses of "The Hollow" meet the eye.

Gazing on this quiet nook it would require a vivid imagination to picture it as the center of Woodbury's former activities. But such was the case, as in most New England villages. Here was the boarding and select school. From 1809 to 1827 the house now occupied by Mr. Charles K. Smith was the rectory for St. Paul's church. For seven years the Rev. Mr. Welton kept a boarding school for boys and a day school for the townspeople. A red building in the southeast corner of the yard was the academy. Everything was taught there from the dead languages and the cathecism, to sewing, manners and morals. Rev. Mr. Gilbert was Mr. Welton's successor until 1827, when the school was moved to the Hollow store.

On the south side of the road stands the historic "Glebe House" for a long time occupied by Mr. Gideon Botsford. He was a gold and silver smith. His shop stood a few rods east of his house, a long low building. Its front was one large window of many small panes of glass. Here all the time pieces of a large district about were repaired, and many of the older inhabitants of this vicinity show with pride the heavy silver spoons which he fashioned out of the silver coin they brought to him and bear his name as maker. Across the street where Mr. Shea now lives was the ancient tavern, but later it was used as a tin shop. Sanford and Dayton sent out twenty or more carts with every article of tin and wooden ware then in use. They went as far west as Buffalo, north to the Canadian line, south to Philadelphia and east to Providence.

The next building east was the "Hollow Store," owned by Jabez Bacon who lived in the house next to it. The story of Mr. Bacon



THE HOLLOW STONE.

buying up the salt pork market of the country is too well known to repeat. He kept everything from rum and molasses to the inevitable calico and black silk. He also sent out Yankee notion peddlers all over the country. One of these peddlers drove into a tavern yard over "to York State" and was jokingly asked if he had any wooden nutmegs for sale. He said he was sorry but was just out of them, but would supply them on his next trip. He had some turned out and they were so natural that they could not be distinguished from the real. And Connecticut has the game as well as the name of selling wooden nutmegs. Mr. Daniel Curtiss succeeded Mr. Bacon and at the same time carried on a large business in German-silver. This was pronounced better than silver because it was stronger. The shop was a long building opposite the store. Thimbles and spoons were made there, and it is said the first cutlery in the United States was made there by a Frenchman by the name of Peltreau. He understood the art of tempering steel and made knives by hand. Next "The Village Smithy stands," and for more than a century,

> "Week in, week out, from morn till night,
> You can hear his bellows blow:
> You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
> With measured beat and slow."

This, the last surviving industry of this once thriving and hustling corner of Woodbury, the hipped and strapping roofs and dormer windows, paneled walls and vast fire places still stand attractive in their great age to tell the story of more than a century. But richer far the story of some who commenced life or a business career here, one of whom, had the honor to represent his government in more than one foreign court in Europe.

Another laid down his young life in a distant land where he labored for a few brief years as a missionary of the cross. Still another became a great railroad king and multi-millionaire, and many more from here have done life's work nobly and well.

WOODBURY, CONN. MRS. CHARLES K. SMITH.

JULY 23, 1900.—About ninety years ago a little girl called upon Mrs. Bacon and asked for a situation. Mrs. B. looked at her in sur-

prise and said: "I have all the help I need at present, but what could such a little girl do. How old are you?" "I am thirteen and I can do a great deal," was the reply. "Have you no home, or are you so poor as to seek work at your age? Your dress and general appearanace does not indicate poverty." "It is not that. I have a comfortable home, but am anxious to fit myself for a teacher, but my father thinks that district schools afford ample learning for women and refuses to pay my expenses at the Academy. I want to attend Mr. Gilbert's school a year and must find some way to pay my expenses.". Mrs. Bacon replied: "Well, such energy and ambition should be rewarded. I will make a place for you. My husband is away from home much of the time and you shall stay here. I shall be glad of your company, and assistance in the care of this little child."

The little girl remained there a year attending school and assisting Mrs. Bacon. At the age of fourteen she commenced as a successful school teacher. Through the aid of influential friends she was enabled to go to Poughkeepsie where she continued an honored instructor for many years—*Reminiscence of Mrs. Jabez Bacon.*

Woodbury, Conn. Mrs. Aurelia Lambert.

It may not be generally known that the late C. P. Huntington, who died leaving an estate of seventy millions, once lived in the Daniel Curtis place in the Hollow, and had charge of a "tin cart," in the sales from which he laid the foundation of his great fortune.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

July 24, 1900.—In looking over my papers I find the inclosed Hymn. It was read at the Dedication of our Chapel in Madison on Thursday evening of July 24, 1884. This Chapel was a pet project of my husband. He raised the money for it, engaged the architect, supervising it constantly during its erection, making needed changes and had the satisfaction of seeing it completed as he wished and adapted to the people's needs. It has an audience room capable of seating several hundred people, double parlors with folding doors for sewing society and social gatherings, a kitchen and pantry. It

stands in its completeness as his Memorial, after a ministry of twenty-eight years among them.

We bring to-day, an offering Lord!
This temple fair to see—
Child of our faith and love and prayer,
We leave it, Lord, with Thee!

Come Thou and dwell within its walls,
Divine, Almighty Friend!
Grant here some foretaste of that love
Which Time nor Death shall end.

Speak to Thy people here and now,
As once to him of old—
"I will abide within thy house."
O word of grace untold!

And when returns this sacred hour
With prayer and song we meet;
Refresh us with thy presence, Lord!
Communion pure and sweet.

Take all our hearts into Thine own
And mold us to Thy will;
To every doubting struggling soul
Here speak the "Peace, be still!"

Here may the wanderer find his Lord
And feel his sins forgiven,
And learn the sweetness of that name
Which makes the joy of Heaven.

And children throng in joyous bands
Their trusting hearts to bring,
While infant voices swell the song
"Hosanna to our King!"

The social hour, the kindly gift,
Which willing hands bestow,—
If touched by Thee grow pure and sweet,
And mirror Heaven below.

So warm our hearts to others needs,
And grant us here to prove
Our kinship to the Master's heart
By golden deeds of love,

Till all the place shall be a home
Of love, and joy, and peace;
Where strife and discord cannot come,
Nor ministries can cease.

Where year by year one purpose grows
In manhood, age and youth;
Our words, our thoughts, our lives to bind
"To Friendship, Love and Truth."

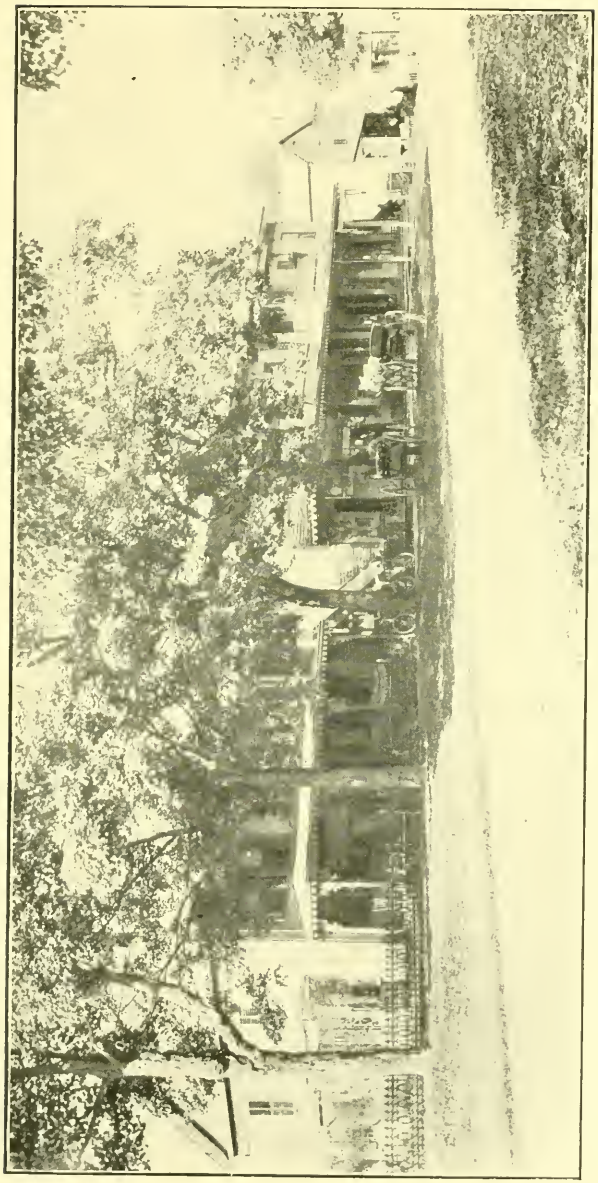
MADISON, CONN. CHARLOTTE ANDREW GALLUP.

JULY 26, 1900.—From the days of the Revolutionary War, when Hitchcock's block was a depot of supplies from this valley to the American Army, to the enterprising modern Woodbury of to-day this location has been, and is, one of the centers of business activity.

F. F. Hitchcock, the owner of the block, is the proprietor of this large hardware and plumbing establishment, and a merchant of thirty years experience. He is a representative of the town in the present Legislature.

Commencing as a merchant in the Hollow, in the year 1870, on becoming the purchaser of this location, the business was transferred to Main Street in July, 1876. During the past thirty-five years the building has received several extensive additions until it now occupies a large front on Main Street and includes sections to the north and west. This store carries a large stock of goods, and the patrons include the citizens of the various towns about this valley. Henry Hitchcock, his son, has been identified with the business for several years.

The meat market, of which T. L. Shea is proprietor, and the Woodbury bakery are situated in this building. The "Woodbury Reporter" and Printery, A. E. Knox, editor and publisher, is located in this block. Woodbury is most fortunate in having a bright, interesting weekly paper that is always ready to aid in advancing the



THE RESIDENCE AND BLOCK OF E. E. HITCHCOCK AND STORE OF W. M. STILES.

interests of the town and people, and is in keeping with the progress of the times. To prove its value we have only to contrast our steady advancement during the past twenty-five years with those towns who have not such benefits.

Situated north from Hitchcock's block is the building occupied by W. M. Stiles, one of our leading merchants. After having successfully conducted business in Danbury for a numbers of years, he removed to Woodbury, and is a most valued citizen, continuing a thriving business as a merchant dealing in fruits, groceries and general merchandise.

July 30, 1900.—The Woodbury Water Company was incorporated at the January session of the General Assembly, A. D., 1893. Incorporators: Walter S. Curtiss, Horace D. Curtiss, Julius H. Cowles, Asahel W. Mitchell, Floyd F. Hitchcock, Charles W. Harvery, Arthur D. Warner.

First meeting of the stockholders of the Woodbury Water Company was held at the office of Huntington and Warner February 15, 1894. The temporary officers were Walter S. Curtiss, chairman; Asahel W. Mitchell, clerk. It was voted to accept the charter. The following directors were chosen: O. R. Fyler, A. W. Mitchell, J. L. R. Wyckoff, N. M. Strong, A. D. Warner, H. D. Curtiss, W. S. Curtiss. Organized by charter with $10,000 capital stock. Increased at this meeting to $15,000 capital stock.

At the first directors' meeting held after the above stockholders' meeting the following officers were elected: Horace D. Curtiss, President; Asahel W. Mitchell, Secretary and Treasurer.

At a directors' meeting held March 3, 1894, A. D. Warner and H. D. Curtiss were authorized to render contracts for building dam and laying pipe and to employ a hydraulic engineer.

By-laws adopted June 14, 1894. Rules and regulations adopted June 14, 1894. Fifteen hydrants were set and rented to the Orenaug fire district May 1, 1896. These have been increased to 19. A dividend of 2 per cent. February 15, 1896. The capital stock was increased to $17,000 February 22, 1897. August 1, 1897, the semi-annual dividend was increased to 2½ per cent.

The directors of the company have in the state of construction a storage reservoir about three-quarters of a mile above the present distributing one, which will be completed in the spring of 1901. The capacity of the present reservoir is about 900,000 gallons. The new one is to be many times larger.

There has been no change of directors from the beginning or of officers.

The water is certified to be pure and healthy by the State Chemist.

WOODBURY, CONN. ASAHEL W. MITCHELL,
Secretary.

JULY 31, 1901.—It has been my privilege to work for the Master on the Mission Field in India for more than nine years. One cannot but feel the loneliness of the situation, and was it not for the fact that the Master had sent forth, and that in spite of circumstances He was guiding and restraining, one would give up in discouragement. Since leaving the field on furlough, it has come so often to my mind how much I owe to Christian parents, and to a Christian home where from my earliest recollections I listened to the daily reading of God's word, and saw its precepts practised. The contrast of my home life and that of the Hindu child seems strongly marked, and one cannot but question why was this my privilege and not theirs, and why did our Anglo-Saxon race have this knowledge of the true God and these the descendants of the same Aryan stock remain in ignorance of it?

It has been an encouragement amid all the dark pictures to see the bright ones of those who have come out of darkness into His light, and to see Christian homes among them, where just as in my own, the true God is honored and His word the guide. These, our brothers and sisters, have a darker skin than our own, and our languages are different, yet when once the light has entered the heart, we all seem one in Christ and workers in a common cause.

The harvest is great and the laborers few. God grant that among the young people of Woodbury there may be those who will go forth to labor with Him in the dark portions of the earth.

NORTH WOODBURY, CONN. EMILY T. MINOR.

AUGUST.

August 1, 1900.—Woodbury! There is music in the sound. "Beautiful for situation," with salubrious climate, unrivalled scenery, romantic legends and a noble history; it is a town of which any one may feel proud to be or to have been a citizen. Its name revives pleasant memories of boyhood days, when for eight years I climbed its hills, roamed through its valleys, fished in its streams and toiled and sweat in Summer on the farm of good Deacon Nathaniel Minor, and in Winter attended school in the little Minortown school house on the bank above the river, beside which, on the plain below the school house, with other boys I played ball and did many things besides study. I remember the Saturday night prayer meetings which were held at private houses and well attended and very interesting. Twice during those years there was a religious revival; one during the last year of the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Brownwell, and one soon after his successor, Rev. Mr. Churchill, became pastor. Woodbury people in those days made a business of going to church, and on Sabbath days large congregations gathered in the North Church, many coming several miles, bringing their lunch and staying to the afternoon service. After Sunday School, which was largely attended, the groups gathered about the sheds and inside the church, discussed the news of the day and various matters terrestrial and celestial, and after the closing benediction, lines of carriages and farm wagons might be seen wending their way in every direction, conveying the worshippers to their homes where they partook of a good "Sunday dinner," discussed the sermon, did the "chores" and rested content with the happy consciousness of a "Sabbath well spent.." The Rev. Mr. Brownell, whom I remember well, was dismissed and the Rev. Mr. Churchill called and settled in his place. I remember the installation, which was a great occasion. The large choir, drilled and led by Frederick Walker, made the church ring

with their hymns and anthems, and the members, especially the females, dressed in their best, presented a fine appearance. Mr. Churchill was a young man and soon married, and I had the honor of taking to New Haven the deacon's horse which the minister drove to Woodbury when he brought his bride. How the church was crowded the next Sabbath to see him lead her in. After an absence of twenty-seven years I returned to Woodbury as pastor of the Methodist Church in eighteen hundred and seventy-one. The Rev. Mr. Wyckoff was settled as pastor of the North Church the same year, and Rev. Mr. Noyes was pastor of the South. I found them both genial neighbors and faithful co-workers.

In the Spring of seventy-three on my return from Conference, I found that I had been elected without my knowledge or consent as representative to the General Assembly of Connecticut, an honor for which I suppose I was indebted chiefly to the fact, that just then there was much division of opinion as to who should be chosen to represent North Woodbury, and the matter was compromised by uniting on the Methodist Minister. Perhaps they could not have done better. In eighteen seventy-four I closed a pleasant pastorate of three years and have seldom visited Woodbury since, but I cherish pleasant memories of its rocks and hills, its fine broad streets, its noble trees, some of the noblest of which were overturned by a cyclone during my pastorate, and of its kind, thrifty, worthy citizens.

Oh! Woodbury to thee,
Place where I loved to be,
I greeting send:
Prosperity be thine,
And never know decline,
Heaven's sunlight on thee shine,
World without end.

West Haven, Conn. Rev. A. V. R. Abbott.

August 2, 1900.—Having been re-elected superintendent of the Hotchkissville Sunday School for the coming year, I feel it my duty to give the public and friends of the school a history of the past four years.

The school was organized four years ago this month with 13 members; to-day it numbers 180 with an average attendance of 90.

After a while we built a new library, and George Deming of New Haven and A. N. Woolson of Watertown sent us old books to fill it. We bought about $10 worth of small books for the little ones. Then we went to work to get money for a new library, having concerts, lectures, socials, etc., which, with some cash contributions, have amounted to about $127.00. We have just got in running order a library of 500 books, costing the school over $100 for new books. Several books were donated by friends.

Our hall cost us $26 per year. Our lesson helps $25 per year. We have raised money to paint the hall. Raised money for 65 chairs which friends donated, besides purchasing several other things for the hall.

We have given for benevolent purposes the past year, $3.00 for the Sunday School Association, $3.00 for the Idaho school, $5.00 for the Mt. Carmel Children's Home and $50 for the India Famine Sufferers. Also paid $5.40 for repairing library, and $5.00 for catalogues. Our collections have been good and we have at the present time $40 in the savings bank to fall back upon in time of need, and $12.71 in the treasury, with bills all paid up to the present time.

We have had the best speakers that could be obtained at different times to talk to the school, preachers, evangelists, lecturers and other officers. The preachers of our own town, the laymen, the singers, the musicians, and many others outside of the school have been exceedingly kind and ready at all times to respond when an opportunity was offered them to assist us in any way. We thank everybody in town, and out of town, who have shown their interest in the school in any way.

We will need your prayers and sympathy and an occasional visit from you in the future as well as the past.

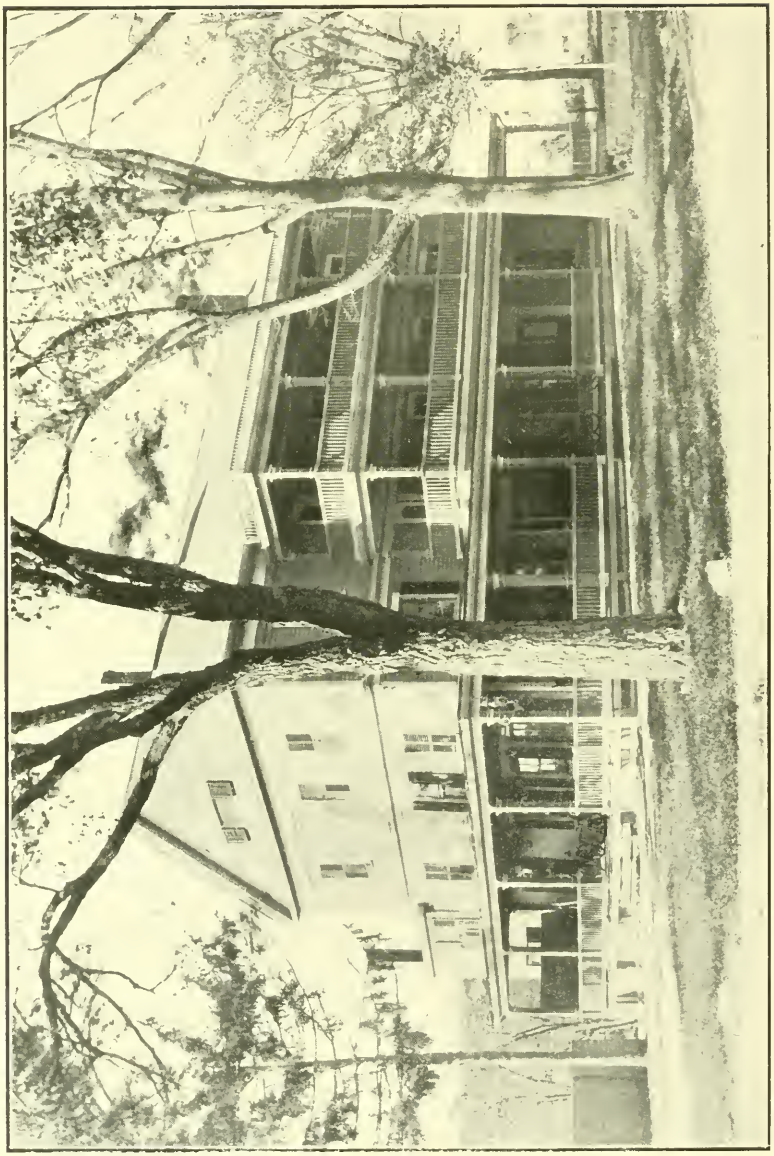
Woodbury, Conn. F. R. Ford.

August 3, 1885.—Gamaliel—God a rewarder. A Jewish Rabbi, born early in the first century, son of Rabbi Simeon, grandson of

Hillel, one of the compilers of the Talmud, who was an uncle of Nicodemus, a Pharisee, he lived and taught in Jerusalem, where Saul of Tarsus was for some time his pupil. He was a member of the Sanhedrin thirty-two years (possibly president) which body he successfully counseled to moderation in the treatment of the followers of Jesus. He modified the law in respect to divorces and the marriage portion of widows. For the benefit of sufferers he caused the stringent law of the limited Sabbath day's journey to be relaxed. Gentiles or Jews without distinction could glean in the harvest fields and poor had the same care; his sick tended, his dead buried, and his mourners comforted exactly as if they belonged to the Jewish community. A practical carrying out of Hillel's motto, the words of Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He was always tolerant and peaceful, he exhorted to long suffering and good will on all sides, said by some authorities to have made changes in the arrangement of the calendar. The regal house of Hillel was celebrated for its enlightened liberality and all embracing humanity as opposed to the austere school of Shamai. Owing to the exalted position of his family even the otherwise strictly prohibited study of Greek, science and philosophy had been allowed him. He is supposed to have died about seventeen years before the destruction of the temple, when the glory of the law is said to have departed. His memory has always been held in the highest honor. His conversion to Christianity and baptism by Peter and John, as well as the story of his bones being transferred to Pisa, are devoid of historical foundation. His name on the list of saints and his day celebrated the 3rd of August, 1885.

PALESTINE CLUB, WOODBURY, CONN. JULIA E. BULL.

AUGUST 4, 1900.—Nearly on the crest of one of the various ranges of hills that give the beauty of mountain scenery to the towns of Litchfield County stands a railway station from which entrance may be gained to a lovely valley. The prospect from this point arrests the attention and ever wins admiration. Long ranges of hills that are bold and precipitous or broken into a series of undulating rolls of land, winding rivers that fall in cascades and joyous rivulets that go hurrying down the hillside as if carrying a glad message to the



THE CURTIS HOUSE.

river below. Amid these are farm houses, orchards, fields of grain, the yellow rye and the half ripened oats, with a broad valley extending from the north to the south, the valley of the Pomperaug. The surrounding trees in their abundance permit only a glimpse of the historic towns of Southbury and Woodbury situated in the center of this valley with their broad parklike streets that branch into picturesque roads winding through forests and along the edges of sparkling streams. Here dwell the people who unite the educational and social refinement of the cities, with the advantages of health giving surroundings, rich historical associations and the enjoyment of constantly recurring scenes of beauty. A place of all most desirable for a residence. A delightful drive from the depot leads quickly to the town of Woodbury where the returning resident finds his home and the traveller a most acceptable and satisfactory abiding place among the excellent hotels and boarding places with which the town is well supplied.

The Curtis House, one of the leading hotels of Litchfield County, was built in 1754 by Anthony Stoddard. Adjoining was the residence of his father, Rev. Anthony Stoddard, who was a noted lawyer, physician and minister of the town during a period of sixty years.

Among the names of the early proprietors of the Curtis House are those belonging to families honored for their ability, devotion and patriotism during the Revolutionary War. The efficient management of this hotel for the past eighteen years has been by the present proprietor, L. E. Curtis. No expense or effort has been spared to make this hotel among the best in this part of the State. Extensive additions have been built, spacious piazzas constructed and hot and cold water introduced. The attendants are alert and efficient and the cuisine has a widely established reputation for its unsurpassed qualities.

Mrs. L. E. Curtis, whose receipes are frequently requested, contributes an old time cake receipe written by Mrs. S. R. Andrew in 1810 and known as "Commencement Cake." "Six pounds of flour, 5 pounds of sugar, 3 pounds of butter, 3 pounds of fruit, 6 eggs, 1 quart of milk. Leave half the butter and sugar until the cake is light. One-half pint yeast. Always made in New Haven for Commencement."

WOODBURY, CONN. JULIA MINOR STRONG.

August 5, 1900.—These stories were told me by my great-aunt, Mrs. H. J. Benedict, when she lived at the parsonage.

When Parson Stoddard preached in the church which stood where the Soldiers' Monument now stands, the old parsonage was surrounded by palisades to keep off the Indians. Sometimes on Sunday morning, Mrs. Stoddard used to ask her husband if he would take the baby a little while. He said "Yes," and she, having donned her cloak and bonnet, went to church, leaving him at home with the baby. When it was time for the service to begin and the Parson did not come, one of the Deacons would go to find out what was the matter and relieving him of his task, carefully mind the baby till Mrs. Stoddard's return.

In those days the pulpit was reached by two flights of steps. Parson Stoddard had a large Newfoundland dog which used to come to church and seat himself at the head of the first flight, facing the congregation. This vexed the Parson and he told his sons that they must keep the dog at home. This the boys promised to do, but as soon as their father had left the house they proceeded to dress the dog in the Parson's second best coat and wig, putting the animal's fore-legs through the coat sleeves and buttoning it about his body. Then they put the Parson's spectacles on his nose, opened the door, and told him to go. The dog went up the aisle, ascended the steps and took his usual seat. When the Parson returned home, he asked which of the boys had done it. They all denied it until he reached the youngest who said, "Yes, sir." Whereupon he whipped him. Years after the boy told his father that they all took part in it and had put a sheepskin under his shirt so that he did not feel the whipping at all.

During Parson Benedict's pastorate it was the custom for the men of the congregation to keep him supplied with fire-wood. When a load of wood was brought the Parson always asked his parishioner to quench his thirst before he unloaded. One day a man whom his neighbors considered simple brought a single stick of wood on his shoulder. The Parson, with a twinkle in his eye, asked him to have a drink before unloading.

When the Rev. Lyman Beecher was preaching at Litchfield, he

sometimes exchanged pulpits with Parson Benedict. In the noon intermission he would place the ten high-backed mahogany chairs in a row down the parlor and jump over them for exercise.

At the close of the Revolution Parson Benedict bought some of the first raw cotton sold in New York. His wife picked, spun and wove it into a Marseilles quilt which is still in an excellent state of preservaton.

One Sunday at dinner Parson Benedict said to his wife that the next day he would drown their four kittens, and thought nothing of the fact that the mother cat was in the room. That afternoon the cat carried her kittens, one by one, to houses where she knew that they had none and left them there, returning herself. Everyone was so pleased that the Parson's cat had thought of them that they kept the kittens.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. CLARA WOODRUFF SELDEN.

AUGUST 8, 1900.—What can I write that will be of interest to you? I well remember the Judson families in Weekeepeemee. Deacon Benjamin Judson's wife was my Grandfather Minor's sister. She with her daughter, Eunice (Mrs. H. M. Hart), moved to Cornwall and died there at the age of ninety-six. The Asa Judson family were familiar to me when in Woodbury, but I have been away from there sixty-seven years. I do not know but two persons living on Main Street when I left there in 1833, Deacon J. H. Linsley and Mrs. Emily Benham. I came to Bridgeport in 1850 and have seen the place grow from 7,000 to 72,000, and our Park Congregational Church organized in 1860 with 39 members, grow to more than 600, and another church formed of more than 100 members, and now I am the oldest person in the church.

I wish you might see the pleasant family that have the care of me and how much reason I have for thankfulness every day of my life.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. CHARLES M. MINOR.

With the above writing is inclosed a reminiscence of over fifty years ago, given by Mr. Minor in 1803, that furnishes an interesting account of the last slave ship which entered Long Island Sound for

Connecticut, with the circumstances of which he was personally familiar and which in brief is as follows:

On August 26, 1839, Lieutenant Gedney, U. S. A., in command of coast survey, boarded a mysterious schooner called the Amistad near the shore of Long Island at Culloden Point. He found a large number of Africans and two Spaniards who claimed protection. The schooner was taken into the port of New London and after an examination by the United States District Court the Africans were committed for murder on high seas and were placed in New Haven jail. It was ascertained that they were from Africa and were illegally bought at Havana, had risen upon their enslavers and recovered their liberty. Friends of freedom became interested and Messrs. Simeon Jocelyn, Lewis Tappan and others appointed a committee to receive funds and employ counsel. Messrs. Leonard Bacon, Amos Townsend, Jr., and H. G. Ludlow secured instruction for these benighted heathen.

At the Circuit Court of Hartford, September 18, 1839, Judge Thompson stated that the killing of the captain of the Amistad was not a crime against the law of nations, connected as it was with the slave trade. The Africans were taken to New Haven to decide if they were entitled to their liberty. The Hon. John Quincy Adams acted as senior counsel. The cause was argued by him before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington in February and March of 1841, and the following letter addressed by him to the committee:

"Washington, March 9, 1841.

"To Lewis Tapan, Esq., New York:

"The captives are free. They are to be discharged from the custody of the marshal, free. Not unto us, not unto us, etc. But thanks, thanks in the name of humanity and of justice, to you.

"J. Q. Adams."

The Africans were removed to Farmington, Conn., to the residence of Austin F. Williams, where they remained under the instruction of Prof. George E. Day until they left this country. A farewell meeting was held for them at Broadway Tabernacle Lord's Day evening, November 27, 1841, when parting instructions were given

them and the missionaries who accompanied the freed Africans on their return to their native land.

This was the beginning of the work of the Mendi Mission in South Africa. In closing, Mr. Minor says: "I visited the Amistad captives at New Haven jail and also at Farmington, and was personally familiar with the facts in this sketch."

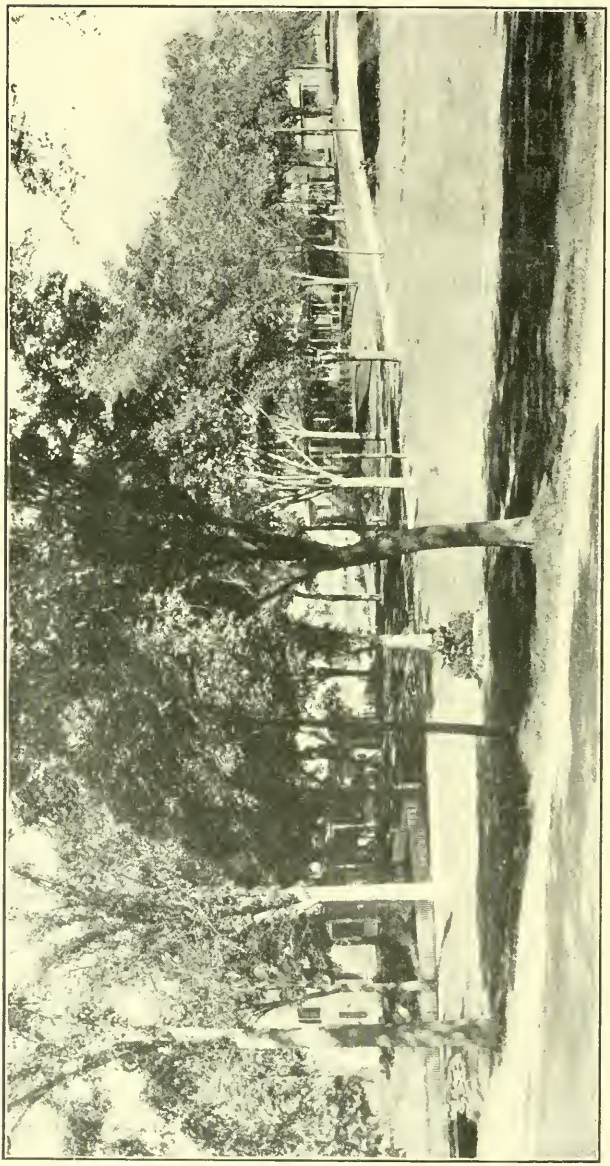
AUGUST 9, 1900.—Having spent my boyhood days in Woodbury, of course I shall always be interested in the people and the town. I have yet to see a street that is more beautiful than Woodbury. Nature certainly has done its share for the town; now it remains for the people to improve and make it more attractive.

WATERBURY, CONN. EDWIN S. GORDON.

AUGUST 10, 1881.—We are glad to note the evidences of your success in the enlarged form and improved appearance of the "Reporter." Your perseverance under many difficulties in endeavoring to furnish the people of Woodbury with a good home paper, and give it their hearty support both in the way of subscriptions and in contribution of news items and articles that would interest the readers. Each week's issue finds a welcome in our house and we only wish it might contain a great deal more concerning Woodbury affairs. We wish you continued prosperity and trust you will meet with all the success your efforts merit.—*Letter to A. E. Knox.*

AKRON, OHIO. WILBUR V. ROOD.

AUGUST 12, 1900.—It seems a very little thing to ask a Souvenir of dear old Woodbury. Where to commence and to leave off is quite another question. Why, one's pen might fly for hours, could it keep pace with our thoughts. The sentiments expressed might not be those most desired by the reader. My early home was in the vicinity of the North Church, and were it not for the constantly occurring changes that are taking place, might still be in that neighborhood. Among those homes there is scarcely one remaining unaltered, all having new owners with modern ideas. Oh! the Fourth of July of my childhood with all that made the day glorious. Our Woodbury



VIEW LOOKING EAST FROM STRONG'S BLOCK.

Fair far superior to the noted Danbury Fair as seen through my childhood's fancy.

The celebration of Mother Teeple's one hundredth birthday and later Father Manville's, two centenarians, speak well for the health giving air of Woodbury. My father, Nathan Terrill, rounded his seventy-five years in this town and there has never been a more loyal citizen. The dedication of the Soldiers' Monument recalls the unspeakable sorrow and sadness connected with the Civil War. May our people never be called to another such gathering.

Now we have our Woman's Club, the Magazine Club, and a trolley, and rural delivery almost in sight. What the twentieth century may do for this good old town I will not try to predict.

WOODBURY CONN. MARTHA F. TERRILL.

AUGUST 13, 1805.—The camp meeting at Plainville last week was the largest as well as one of the most enthusiastic and successful ever held on the grounds.

The grounds are being improved each year. During the past year Woodbury, South Park Church of Hartford, Grace Church of New Haven, Middletown, Forestville and Higganum Churches have built society houses, and the Woodbury house is considered one of the prettiest on the grounds. Many cottages have been built. The Woodbury house was dedicated on Thursday afternoon before an audience of two thousand people, Presiding Elder Crandell J. North having charge of the services in the absence of the pastor. Many Woodbury people were present. The Presiding Elder made the address and a most admirable one it was. He spoke of Woodbury as being one of the most delightful towns in all New England; of its beautiful scenery, its most excellent water, the prospect of an electric railroad, and advised any who could, to go over there and then settle there.

WOODBURY, CONN. MRS. ALMON GALPIN.

"PETER PARLEY PLACE."

"Pomperaug" was an Indian's name.
When the white man first through the great woods came,
And when in the passing of years he died,
They dug him a grave by the river's side,
And decreed that the brook and the valley fair
Should be called for the chieftain buried there.

King George gave a park to the ancient town
Where the turnpike comes from Litchfield down,—
Three hundred trees like sentinels stand
To guard the gift of his royal hand,—
While just across, on the slope of the hill,
Stood a grand old house—and is standing still.

It was built of bricks from across the sea,
As staunch and strong as a house could be,
To outlast the lives of a dozen of men,
And 'twas firm as ever the morning when
Its builder's stay having reached an end.
Peter Parley came next, the children's friend.

He loved his home and was wont to say
That through two world's he had found his way,
Yet never had seen so sweet a spot
As the valley round his dear home-lot,
The hunting ground of the Indian race,
And he called the house "Peter Parley Place."

They'll show you a stone by the old side door,
Where he'd sit of a morning, an hour or more,
With a dozen children at his knee.
But which were happier, they or he?
That none can say, for they loved him well,
And cried when he went to town to dwell.

And when one night he "fell on sleep"
The children remembered their tryst to keep.
Again in front of the old house door
Peter Parley's form was seen once more.
The children had come to keep their tryst,
But the genial voice and smile were missed.

The churches were closed for miles around,
No Sabbath bells gave cheery sound,
For the people were thronged in the old town park,
And on every face was sorrow's mark,
As they watched the home on the mountain-side
Of the man they had loved and the man who had died.

After a word and a tender prayer
From the aged pastor, with snow white hair,
The neighbors stooped, in New England way,
To bear to its rest the well-loved clay,
When quickly the children took their stand
By twos and twos, on either hand,

And "Walk between," a low voice said,
While flowers fell soft on the children's dead,
From the house to the road, up the road to the grave,
Still the children waited, their flowers still gave,
While in up-turned faces all might trace
Their hearts the true "Peter Parley Place."

Two graves lie now on the side of the hill,
The valley is "Pomperaug Valley" still,
The river is known by its Indian name
And the old house stands by the park the same,
But though owners may change as the years go past
"Peter Parley Place" it shall be to the last.

—*Published in the Waterbury American.*

Boston, Mass. Ellen Way Allen.

August 16, 1900.—In a little sequestered valley of Western Connecticut lies the village of Woodbury. Settled by sturdy men it has been the birth-place and home of many of the noblest of the land. Quick to respond to the country's call in every time of need it has sent forth the best and truest of its manhood to the help of the imperiled nation. In peace its sons have been prominent in government positions of trust and honor. Many are the men eminent in national affairs who are proud of the fact that they can trace their lineage back to Old Woodbury. To-day the young man standing at the point where the responsibilities of life are soon to be taken up, is inspired as he thinks of the record made by those who

have gone forth from the home of his childhood to fill positions of trust and honor in the service of their country and his. In the words of another he cries:

"My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above."

CHESHIRE ACADEMY. DWIGHT W. GRAHAME.

AUGUST 17, 1900.—At the close of three-quarters of a century after the founding of the church in Woodbury and in the fortieth year of the ministry of Rev. Anthony Stoddard on April 24, 1744, the Historian of Woodbury tells us that the First Society decided to build a new church. Through years of peace and prosperity and after having founded four churches, from the original membership, with unity and a progressive development they continued to make their main thought, the establishing of the public worship of God according to Scriptural ideas, and the transmitting of the same to their posterity.

Desiring the advice and decision of the General Assembly they requested them to send a committee, "wise and faithful" the record says, to decide upon the situation of the church building. The committee visited Woodbury and reported to the Assembly that the situation was: "On Broad street, 40 rods north of the old house on the hill at the head of a road running westward."

The Assesmbly having accepted the report the materials were obtained and the edifice was completed in October, 1747, and the following statement recorded by the Society's clerk, Col. Joseph Minor:

"*To the Honorable Assembly at New Haven, October, 1747:*

"These may inform your honors that the Prime Society in Woodbury have set up a Meeting House in the place where the Court's Committee set the stake, have covered and inclosed it, and for bigness, strength and architecture it does appear transcendentally magnificent."

At that time the head of each house was required to furnish accommodations in the church for the attendance of his family at divine worship on the Sabbath. William Strong has in his possession the ancient settee that stood in this meeting house and was owned and occupied by Lieutenant John Strong, of Revolutionary fame, and his household.

At a time when the Revolutionary Army was fording a deep and swiftly moving river, the honor of carrying Lafayette in safety across was given to Lieutenant Strong. Many stories are told around the fireside of his ability as a leader, his commanding stature and superior athletic qualities.

Woodbury, Conn. Mrs. William Strong.

August 18, 1900.—Mr. Merlin Upson, for many years a citizen of Woodbury, and at the present time the oldest person in the town, resided in his early life in that part of Waterbury known as Town Plot.

He well remembers when the city had but two churches, the First Congregational Church, standing there upon the "green," and St. John's Episcopal Church. The only warmth in the churches was by means of the foot stoves.

Mr. Upson recalls being a member of the first Sunday School held in the city about the year 1819 in the First Church, whose services he attended. The school met only in the summer and numbered about the same as one of our Sunday Schools in Woodbury at the present time.

In the class of which he was a member were Henry Field, Julius Field, Charles Clark, John Downs and Eli Clark. Among the instructors were Horace Hotchkiss and Abner Upson, his brother. The school studied from the Catechism and the Bible.

August 20, 1900.—There have been many changes in Woodbury since I was a boy. In those days people did their own carding, spinning, weaving, knitting and candle making in their own homes, and nearly all of our hardware was made by our village blacksmith. Long hours were made by laboring men, always working from day-

THE ORTON TAVERN.

light until dark. Wages were low, men seldom getting more than seventy-five cents a day. Nearly all our heavy work was done with oxen. If any one wished to move a building, word would be sent among the farmers, who would be on hand at the required time, with more oxen than could be used to advantage to haul the building to the required place. There was usually a little compensation expected, which was generally cake and cider.

Among other things that might seem strange to-day were the large droves of cattle that were driven through town for Hartford and New Haven markets. Washington and Bethlehem drew all their merchandise through Woodbury at that time.

Dan Dalaby's leather spring stage coach driven from Litchfield to New Haven carried our mail.

The sign of "The Orton Tavern" hung from a limb of one of the large elms in front of the Orton place.

Horses, cattle, sheep and swine ran at large on our highways. I also remember old Deacon Sherman, who was deacon of the North

Church. Every child that chanced to pass his door knew him better as Grandfather Sherman. It seemed as if all the children of the town knew and respected this good old man, who always appeared cheerful and happy, but I have been told there never lived in Woodbury a more persecuted man than Deacon Sherman. He was a strong advocate for temperance, which resulted in making enemies, who burned his wagon and sheared his horse's mane and tail, and afterwards tarred and feathered the poor beast. His shade trees were destroyed, being blown to pieces with powder.

But the shade trees in front of the Julius Cowles's place still stand. They were planted by the late Daniel Martin, who placed them there to prevent the building of a new sidewalk. At that time there was no sidewalk; the people walked on the edge of the road.

There never lived in Woodbury a more eccentric man than Daniel Martin. He was a bachelor, and the reason he gave for not getting married was he had never had time to look up a wife. He did not believe in new theories, such as the world revolving. He said that if it did his saw mill, his cart and everything would be bottom side up in the morning. The next morning he found his cart upside down. When asked if he now believed it, he said: "I am thoroughly convinced." At another time he was annoyed by his workmen telling him how to do a certain piece of work. He addressed them by saying: "Gentlemen," after gaining their atention he informed them: "If I had always had you to contrive for me I should be just such a poor devil as you." His mode of living was the plainest, but I never knew him to wear any clothes but a tailor made suit of blue broadcloth trimmed with brass buttons and a white shirt, white cravat and a silk hat. His grounds were the best kept of any in town, although lawn mowers and mowing machines were then unknown.

The first invention in horse rakes were those with wooden teeth. The one using it, walked and lifted up the rake, each time it was full of hay.

I remember well the mistake made by a citizen of Woodbury that nearly cost his life. In driving out of Waterbury he mistook the railroad track for the road to Watertown. A train came along killing his horse and reducing his wagon to kindling wood. The

driver escaped uninjured, but he believed that he was entitled to damages as he had given them more than half of the road. Owing to the hazy condition of the weather it was decided no one was to blame.

One of our oldest citizens tells of the wild state of things in Woodbury when she was a girl. She speaks of the Chimney Sweep who went through our street crying "Sweep, Oh Sweep," and of the huckleberry bushes which grew beside the main street, and how her cousin, Sally Judson, was severely punished for desecrating the Sabbath by picking and eating a few berries on her way to church; also of a man by the name of Woods, better known as Daddy Woods, who bought eggs and carried them with his old horse to "New York City Market."

She gives the names of the down town girls who borrowed a turkey from a neighbor's barn yard one night, carried it to an old house just north of where N. M. Strong lives to-day where they killed and cooked it and enjoyed a midnight meal.

She tells of the mammoth stuffed whale which was exhibited in a tent near the "Orton Tavern."

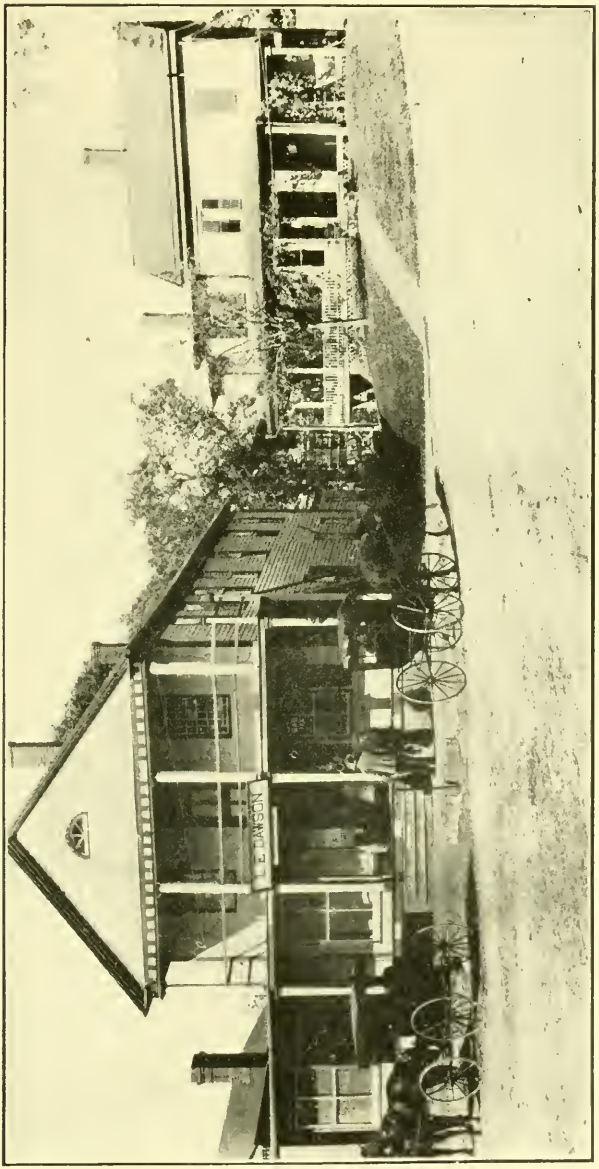
She well remembers the first Irishman who came to town and how the people locked the doors and windows as he passed through the street.

It is impossible to tell of all the changes that have taken place in Woodbury, as a respected citizen found out years ago when he wrote to a relative in the far west. He concluded by saying: "I can stand in my door and hear a half dozen pianos, but I see but one acre of rye."

Woodbury, Conn. John O. Martin.

August 26, 1900.—On the west side of Main Street, centrally situated between the North and Methodist Churches, is the business location known as the "Corner Store," now the mercantile establishment of Louis E. Dawson.

In August, 1884, G. F. Morris and Louis E. Dawson were associated in the dry goods, clothing and grocery business. The senior member of the firm retired in 1893 and is now engaged in business in the Hotchkissville store of General Merchandise.



THE CORNER STORE.

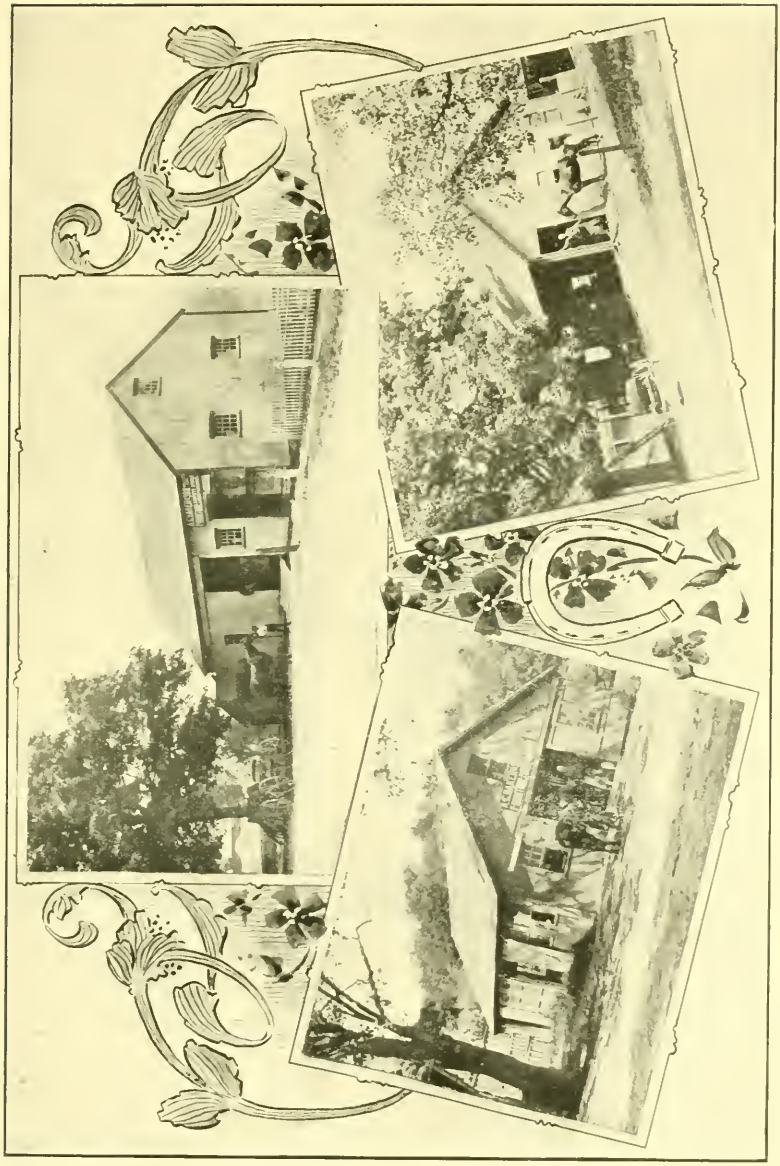
Louis E. Dawson, who has been identified with this place of business for seventeen years, and during the past eight years has been owner and proprietor, is one of the enterprising and prosperous merchants of Woodbury. The building has received several additions and the business now comprises different departments, including a large millinery establishment.

The North Woodbury post office was established in October, 1889, and located in this building, G. F. Morris and afterward L. E. Dawson being the appointed postmasters. Erwin Dawson is the owner and proprietor of a large boot and shoe business conducted in the new store recently added to the south side of the main building.

On Main Street, south from the store of L. E. Dawson, stands a substantial brick building, rendered fire proof, which contains the town records of Woodbury and office of the town clerk. From the "Proprietor's Book" begin in 1672, "which contains an account of all the proprietor's meetings in said Woodbury with several resolves respecting lands, etc.," also the "Fundamental Articles agreed upon in order to the settlement of Pomperaug," to those of the modern town of the twentieth century, the records comprise many volumes of great value, and deep interest to those who find pleasure in historical research.

Hon. Asahel W. Mitchell has most acceptably filled the office of town clerk for a number of years.

August 28, 1836.—Intoxicating liquor of any kind is not necessary for a beverage. This I infer from the fact that the strongest man that ever lived in this world never drank any, and when reduced to the greatest extremity by thirst after slaying one thousand Philistines, he received complete relief from the use of water only which was furnished him by a miracle in answer to his prayer for relief. Now I claim that He who made the human frame and put in motion all its wondrous parts must have known just what his servants needed, and that He possessed power and benevolence enough to give him what he needed I trust no one will deny. But I will not weary your patience with the practice of ancient nations—I will



THE BLACKSMITH SHOPS IN WOODBURY. M. F. SKELLY, J. B. HALL, AND F. R. SMITH.

come down to our country. I suppose it will be wholly unnecessary to make any effort to prove to this audience that the first settlers of New England did not use intoxicating liquor as a beverage, although they must have needed it. I mean if it be necessary, they must have needed it far more than the present generation can, for be it remembered that our forefathers had toil and hardship to undergo of which we know but little, and to form a correct idea of which is impossible without witnessing it, or something like it. It is an impeachment of the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator to suppose that intoxicating liquor is necessary as a beverage unless it can be proved, which has never yet been proved, that intoxicating liquor was provided by the Creator at the creation for the daily use of man. Now if intoxicating liquor was not provided at the creation and is still necessary for the support of man, then surely the creation must have been imperfect, which an inspired writer has assured us was not the fact, and again, if intoxicating liquor was not provided and yet is necessary for the support of nature, then plainly the Creator must have lacked either wisdom to know or goodness to bestow all that nature, which himself had made, required. And again I ask, can there be found among all the varied tribes of living creatures, one for which the Creator did not provide food and drink exactly fitted to their different natures and will He take less care for man. The Saviour himself has answered this question; I need not.

Youth's Temperance Society, Judah Baldwin.
Woodbury, Conn.

August 30, 1900.—Perhaps earth holds no place more sacred in retrospect to the writer than the old homestead of Abner and Susan Allen in Weekeepeemee, where my childhood days were passed. A just description of it as it occurs to me would be far beyond my power of production. No woods were ever so full of beauty, or streams ever dearer than the rills within their mountain farm. No sunshine ever brighter than shone upon their broad acres, no skies quite as blue as those that we looked upon from our play ground and rambles, and no hills better adapted to coasting. That it was a spacious and hospitable roof is faint praise to give to a house where

all were welcome. Eight well furnished sleeping apartments accommodated guests and I never remember a person who called at the door that was permitted to pass on without sharing with them at their bountiful table. The weary tramp, if unsuitable for the house, was well fed and lodged in the barn. The old house, built of the best building material, has made a brave effort to remain, defying wind and rain for a number of years. Its painted walls are still standing, wonderfully intact from blemish after all these years of time's defacement, those walls that have often re-echoed to the sounds of our merriment. Of our grandmother there is no cause to speak, for to those unacquainted and not likewise endowed there would be no understanding, and to all within the pale of this memory there will be no need to speak further. I once asked a clergyman of her acquaintance if I was correct in believing her to be a superior woman, or if it was owing to my regard for her, a love shared with others of the family. His reply was: "One so truly great and unpretentious with all, is not often met in a life time." To mention all of her good deeds, wise sayings and untold benefactions would be to write a book. Do not think that this praise is written in any hope of reflected honor, for everybody knows that wealth and worth seldom make the stride of three generations. Susan Allen was a cousin of Minot Mitchell of White Plains, New York, who was grandfather of Hon. Chauncey Depew.

I well remember a visit paid by Mr. and Mrs. Minot Mitchell. My introduction to them was somewhat self-imposed. It was during a praise service on Sunday morning that two distinguished looking people entered the church. When the congregation arose and turning about, all faced the choir during the singing according to the custom, these strangers eagerly scanned the faces of the audience as if in search of some friend. Standing very near, I took the opportunity, a childish freak, to make a wry face to see how the lady would accept it, and was disappointed not to receive a frown in return, and doubtless all memory of it would have passed but for a later circumstance. On Monday morning those distinguished looking people drove into my grandfather's domain and remained to dine. I was rendered quite uncomfortable by the recognition

while being presented as one of the cousin's children. "Yes, that is the little girl I saw in church," said Mrs. Mitchell, a finely turned reproof and all that was needed. Their meeting with my grandfather's people seemed a most happy one. I well remember their mirth and good cheer. If Chauncey Depew is as bright, witty and jovial as I, a mere child, remember Minot Mitchell to have been on that occasion, it is no wonder that he ranks as one of the five first orators of the nation. I will close with a few words from a recent address given by Chauncey Depew on "Patriotism and Education."

"The student of to-day as he studies the great issues of the past and the stirring story of conflicts in Congress and in the field, is apt to believe that the opportunities for patriotic work no longer exist. The student must remember that we do not live for the past but for the present and future; that every period has its problems to be solved, its dangers to be met and its opportunities. Anarchy, socialism, taxation, currency and the relations of labor and capital are questions as difficult, requiring as much judicious and patriotic consideration and demanding as much of the time and attention of the college and the college man, as any which have agitated the nation since the formation of its government. It is not for us all to be legislators, or governors, or cabinet ministers, or presidents, but it is for all of us in the sphere in which we move, to take that interest in public affairs which voices the opinions that guides legislature, congress and presidents. Thus the highways and byways of the town are fraught with incidents of public interest."

Woodbury, Conn. Emily Ursula Allen.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.—I find that it is just forty years this summer since I supplied the pulpit of the old First Church of Woodbury during my vacation, and which resulted in my call to the church the spring following, in 1861.

At that time there was in the congregation a venerable "Father of Israel," who in speaking in the social prayer meetings, and always with profit, often recalled "the light of other days," with the expression which had grown quite familiar to the younger members of the church. "Forty years ago when I was a lad." And here I am standing in his place in point of time! I should not like to-day, to feel as old as I thought then, in my young ministry, he must be who could recall "forty years," for I am still in the active ministry, with all the multiplied organization for church work which call for careful supervision. How distinctly I recall the faces of that congregation to which I first ministered! There was Dea. Minor, with his native eloquence, at times remarkable; and Dea. Somers with his gentle face and lovely spirit; and Dea. Linsley, then in the prime of his vigorous personality, and all the other co-workers among the men and women who formed the body of that historic church. I am delighted to learn that Dea. Linsley still abides. He has been a welcome visitor a number of times in our various parishes since we left Woodbury, and it would be pleasant to see his face again, which was always turned towards his young pastor with a kind smile.

If there were time, and it might not be invidious to mention the names of some of the rank and file of the membership, I could give a long list of names most kindly cherished in our memory. A short time before I went there the church building had been thoroughly repaired and I have always thought the audience room very attractive as I have recalled it from time to time.

The Sunday evening prayer meetings in the church room in the Town Hall were largely attended and full of life and spirit. It is difficult to realize, that those young people with their bright faces, inspiring to the young pastor by the interest and sympathy so plainly expressed, must be now between fifty and sixty years old.

We were the first occupants of the parsonage, which had just then come into the possession of the church, through the will of Mr. Benedict, on the death of his widow. There I had the happiness of bringing my bride, who through all these years has been my faithful, beloved and most helpful wife.

The parsonage was an interesting old house. Its "Old Colonial" interior with its Franklin stoves and their stately brass andirons, its panelled wood work, and its decoration on the parlor walls dating from the early part of the century, from the time when the Hon. Mr. Benedict prepared the house for the coming of his bride, made the place very fascinating to us, who had already entered into the renascence of "old colonial" features.

It was our first home; it was the birth-place of our first born son, Edward, who lived to make us glad for thirty-five years, and whose death has changed the world, and brought Heaven nearer. So that the parsonage of the old First Church of Woodbury is enshrined in our memory.

The fine old garden which Mrs. Benedict had always kept up in the state style of seventy-five years ago, with its rows of holly-hocks, and straight beds of lovely old fashioned flowers, and its fruitful beds of succulent vegetables, was the despair of the young minister, who knew better how to dig up Greek roots than to plant potatoes. I remember the intense amusement of my wife, when I proudly showed her my first garden, over the size of the summer savory bed. I had enough to stuff all the Thanksgiving turkeys in the county. My ministry began with the "War for the Union." We were all on fire with enthusiasm. Many fine young men enlisted from our town, and we constantly remembered them in our prayers. What visits we paid the regiment encamped on Litchfield hill. The Woodbury pastor remembers preaching to "The Boys" there, in the camp, on "Say ye not a Confederacy to this people that say a con-

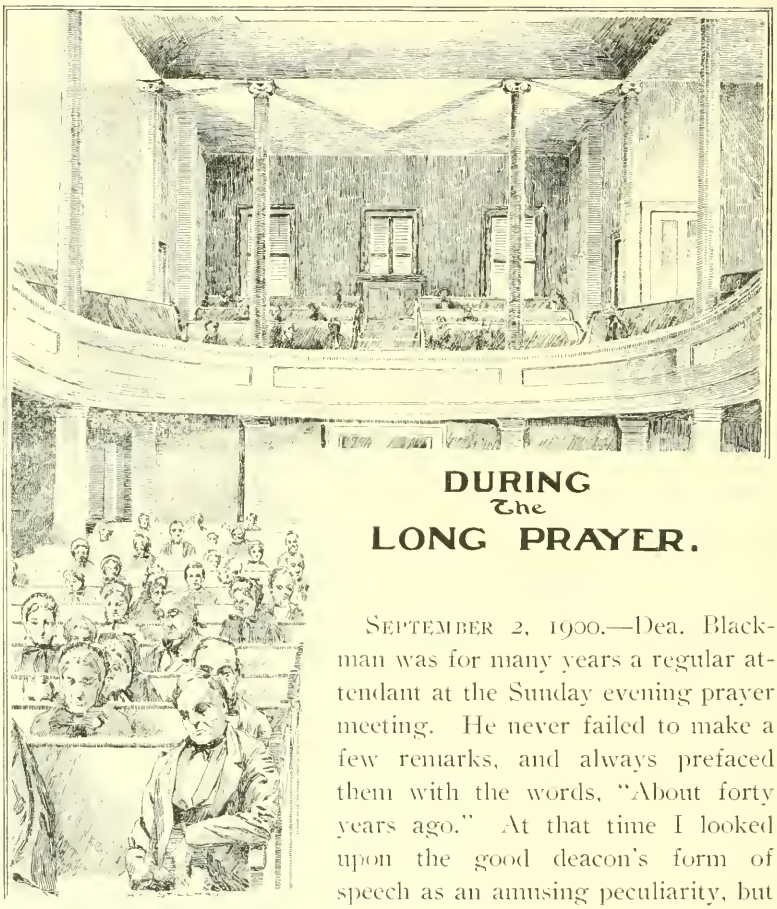
federacy," etc. The amusing incident may still be recalled by the old residents, that one of the few "Copperheads" in the town refused to hear me preach, because I prayed for the success of the Republican party. "Why, no," said my loyal friend and church member, "Our pastor never did that." "Yes, he did. I heard him pray that the right might win!" Do you remember the war songs that rang through the country? I hear, as if it were now sounding in my ears, the song splendidly sung, by a returned soldier, one glorious summer night of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

He began down the street, by Mr. Parker's, and marched on with steady tread past the parsonage up the street, on toward the "North Church." It seemed as if the Orenaug Rocks caught the strain and sent it back with special resonance, until the whole valley rang with that wonderful song. One could almost hear the tread of the mighty loyal hosts from east to west, who had answered the call of "Father Abraham." I never knew who sang it, but I shall never forget the thrill of patriotic fervor it gave me.

The great picnic of the summer of 1861 on the extremely picturesque Orenaug rocks may be recalled, when a patriotic address to the residents who should be in that valley one hundred years afterward, 1961, was signed by all present, sealed and placed in the town archives. Does any one know where it is? Let the passing generations keep track of it, and in 1961—Fourth of July—let the Woodburians of that time gather on the same old rocks, and read the message we sent down the century to them.

Whatever will pass away from that beautiful valley, whatever changes may be brought in, may the truth of Christ be more controlling, more potential than ever. He is the Lord of all. To Him be all honor and praise and glory and blessing.

The Manse of the
Second Presbyterian Church,
Scranton, Pa. Charles E. Robinson.



DURING The LONG PRAYER.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1900.—Dea. Blackman was for many years a regular attendant at the Sunday evening prayer meeting. He never failed to make a few remarks, and always prefaced them with the words, "About forty years ago." At that time I looked upon the good deacon's form of speech as an amusing peculiarity, but in recalling the things that are indelibly fixed in my own memory, I find they all occurred "about forty years ago," and strangely enough the impressions are not of childhood's pleasures or of school-days and companions, but of the interior of the old South Church and the members of the congregation.

It was in the early years of the "gingerbread pulpit" when the minister's family occupied the square pew on the north side of the "broad aisle" and Uncle Wait Minor the one directly across. Be-

hind him sat Uncle Stoddard Strong with Hezekiah Booth's family opposite, and so I could name each occupant of every pew even to the back seats, which were usually filled with boys and girls trying to escape from parental oversight.

For some time I sat in a front seat in the choir gallery, not that I was of the slightest assistance to the choir, but because the place offered the best opportunity for a study of the congregation. Indeed, I could see every person in church except those in the two pews in the northeast corner, and by a process of deduction, I satisfied myself as to their identity.

My chance came when the long prayer began. First I counted the number of people in the church—usually about two hundred and seventy-five; it never varied much, unless the day was stormy. I counted the men and women separately, with the women always in the majority; the children came next in order, and after them the babies that had been left at home with an infirm grandmother. I counted those who were "related" to me. It was no difficult problem in mathematics, the process and result were always the same because each was invariably in his or her accustomed seat. One great-uncle, one great-aunt, eight uncles, seven aunts, eighteen first cousins, thirty-nine second cousins, and so on through the third and fourth removes until nearly half the congregation was numbered in the list. Counting by families there were twenty-seven Strongs, twenty-one Minors, nineteen Curtisses, thirteen Smiths, twelve Lamberts, five Benedicts, and a whole seat full of Bacons.

But the long prayer had only begun. My eyes wandered over the house and took note of the general appearance of the people. I counted the men with gray hair—Judge Smith always first on account of both the quality and quantity of his hair; then the bald-headed men with Amasa Curtiss showing the largest uncovered area, though in later days he wore a snuff-colored wig which hid the baldness, but showed a fringe of white hair below it in the neck. He sat in the "old bachelor's" pew and my glance tarried a moment to note whether Uncle Isaac and Guy Webster, the other bachelors of the congregation, were there too. Next came the men with full beards, the list being made up principally from the Strong

family. Just here Deacon Truman Minor in his Sunday boots, than which none ever squeaked louder, tip-toed up the "broad aisle" with his tall family following and took his seat in the third pew from the front on the south side, and George Drakely, the last as usual, slipped quietly into his, the third from the back on the same side. The women dressed in mourning received their share of attention and they brought to mind the absent ones for whom they mourned. In winter I took note of the men who kept on their overcoats and of the women who wore fur tippets and carried foot-stoves—there were two stoves of tin to one of wood. In Summer I counted instead, the linen dusters of the men and the black silk mantillas of the women and in place of foot-stoves, the number of fans, of which often as many as a hundred were in motion at the same time.

Still the long prayer was only half through. Sometimes, for variety, I counted the young ladies who wore shirred silk bonnets; thirteen was the number and in color four were white, three blue, three green, two lemon-colored, and one tan. There were seven little girls in red, blue, white or brown honey-combed satin hoods, trimmed with white swans' down around the face and cape. The

hymn books in the racks attracted my notice, and I knew the number so well that I could tell just how many were lying on the seats.

The long prayer still continued, so my attention turned to the habits and peculiarities of the good people. Five chewed tobacco and kept in their seat in church a small box of ashes, and think of it, only one smoked. I knew just which men would take a nap during the sermon, just how many times each head would oscillate forward and backward or from side to side, just how many audible snores would be allowed before each wife nudged her husband's elbow or trod on his corns. Then I thought of their political preferences; that occupied but a moment, as all in the congregation but two—George De Wolf and Guy Webster—were Republicans.

Now the long prayer was drawing to a close. I looked rather enviously at the three people in the audience who drove in a barouche with two horses—Judge Smith, Barlow Russell and Mrs. Whitlock—and took mental note of the single carriages, lumber wagons, and open buggies in which the larger part of the congregation had driven to church. I wondered which man on that particular Sunday would be able to get out of church soonest after the benediction, bring his horse around to the front steps and load in his "women folks" preparatory to starting for home.

The long prayer was ended, but the Amen had hardly been uttered before the people seized their hymn books and prepared to join in singing "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

MILWAUKEE, WIS. HARRIET STRONG STILLMAN.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1900.—The orderings of Divine Providence at times appear strange and with a peculiar fascination to the close human observer, so that one is constrained to think and say that this earth which we inhabit "is not so very large after all," and at the same time reveals an infinite, loving, wise and over-ruling power, that not only stimulates faith, but also reveals the abounding goodness of the Creator of all things.

Some weeks since a kind request was received that I should contribute something that might be appropriate for these pages. My first thought, among the many demands upon my time, and the

crowd of duties that press upon me, as well as a conscious inability made it seem impossible for me to comply. Further thought suggested to the mind of the writer a fact that occurred a few years since in my own home, that I think deserves mention and a place in this collection of efforts. The fact not only illustrates this thought, but it exposes the good, silent and unobtrusive influences that are constantly working to make illustrious the name of Woodbury town, and invest its people with additional precious memories of the sturdy virtues and solid character that cluster around the generations that have made its history.

Many years ago the writer was fortunate in securing one of the loveliest Woodbury maidens for a life companion. It is hardly necessary to record here that the choice was a happy and blessed one. Although we pitched our tent and established our home about one thousand miles distant from the old Woodbury homestead, the connecting ties and old friendships have continued warm, sacred and delightful. The good wife made many and some very choice friends in her new home. In her selection of admired friends, she had a special leaning toward elderly ladies and seemed charmingly interested in their society and companionship. Upon a certain occasion when one of these elderly ideal friends, living in an adjoining town about fifteen miles distant, had been persuaded to make us a visit, it was thought wise to invite in a dear old lady living in our immediate neighborhood, in order to make it more entertaining and agreeable for our more distant guest. These two elderly ladies averaged more than eighty years of age each, and they were until that time entire strangers to each other. In the interview that followed, a most pleasing and interesting fact was developed and established to the surprise of all. It is as follows:

Both of these old ladies and their hostess first saw life in Woodbury, Conn., and passed their early days in that old classic town. One of them was connected with the Stoddard family, and died about two or three years ago at the venerable age of ninety-seven years. The other one was of a Leavenworth family and deceased a few years earlier than the first mentioned, at the ripe age of eighty-seven years.

A knowledge of the life, upright character, great usefulness and many Christian virtues of these noble women, reflects great lustre and distinguished honor that is a legitimate pride to all who can claim Woodbury for a place of nativity, or that are interested in its history and people.

CHICAGO, ILL.

A handicap tournament was held on the grounds of the Pomperaug Valley Golf Club September 3, 1900, for a cup presented by Mrs. Edward Hinman. This was the second cup competition held on the grounds. Much interest was taken in the tournament, there being twenty-seven entries twenty-two of whom started. The cup was won by Howard Allen with a net score of 91.—*Woodbury Reporter.*

SEPTEMBER 4, 1889.—

But Thou, O Lord, from Thy bright throne on high,
Watching, I wake the while my comrades sleep;
O'er land and sea Thy watch and ward dost keep,
As the long, weary hours roll slowly by.

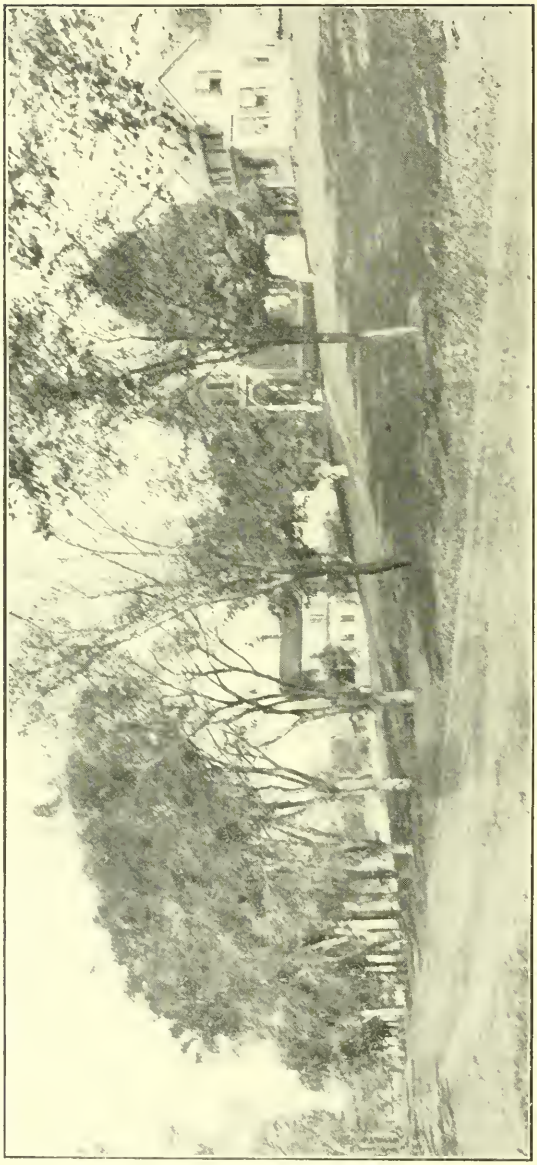
Darkness and clouds begloom the watery plain;
The moon and stars withhold their wonted light;
The winds have ceased their sorrowful refrain,
And silence reigns thro' the dark realms of Night.

But in that brighter world where Thou dost dwell,
Nor Night, nor Darkness is, but Light supreme;
Silence is not; the full-voiced angels swell
Their ceaseless songs, and Jesus is the theme!

Jesus! Thou Light of every weary breast,
Shine in my soul; from darkness set me free;
Guard those who sleep, and give them peaceful rest,
And bless the lonely watcher on the sea.

A. N. LEWIS.

[Written on board the "Kanucee," during a cruise with F. P. Lewis and G. Skiff Ford, while at anchor in Port Chester Harbor, Long Island Sound, September 4th, 1889.]



MAIN STREET LOOKING NORTH.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1900.—Where the waters of the Chesapeake join those of the Atlantic on the Virginia shore, there stands on a sandy dune, a primitive school house, which is used for missionary as well as educational purposes.

The surrounding country is a vast stretch of land and sea. Very few white men's houses are seen, the buildings are mostly cabins occuped by the negroes, many of them having only one room with a ladder reaching to the loft above.

The "Buck Roe" Mission School is not many miles from Hampton Institute, and the teachers from this school have done much toward elevating and christianizing the race. On Sunday the "chariot" comes down with both teachers and students to hold Sunday School service.

Each Wednesday a sewing school is conducted by two of the teachers doing missionary work. There are from ninety to one hundred in the building, and when the bell calls them together the dusky faces are seen on every avenue, lane and by-way, all eager and none willing to lose the day that brings a bright spot into their lives.

The school opens with a recitation in concert of a Psalm, the Creed and the General Thanksgiving or Confession, followed by the Lord's Prayer, the exercises concluding with a hymn, led by the little melodeon in the corner of the room. All these we have taught them orally, as many of them cannot read. Their faces are often sad, but brighten when we speak of freedom. One old slave-woman said about the burning of Richmond: "I knowed fer shuah we wuz free when I smelled the smoke."

The bright-eyed little boys and girls from the Whittier School come in and join us. Although they have been in school from nine in the morning until half-past one, they sit patiently sewing their over-hand seams in the quilts which they know are to be sent to some school in the Black Belt, or to some one less favored than themselves. When the term closes guests come down from the Institute, and buns, crullers and coffee are served while they listen to letters of grateful acknowledgement from the school where their work has been sent. They sing the beloved plantation melodies with swaying bodies, beating feet and an enthusiasm none can know ex-

cepting those who have been in bondage, and now are free. The auction block is a thing of the past, but their little sewing blocks they have put together to add to the happiness of others are stepping stones in their path of progress, giving them a conscious pride, that although so humble, they are of some use to the world. Beside the teaching there are other days when distant cabins are to be visited, that the sick, the destitute and the lonely may be made comfortable. The way often lies "under the gum tree down in the swamp" where the white azalea blooms, or through forests where the yellow jasmine hangs in festoons from the tall trees, filling the air with a delicious fragrance. The tall sea grass waves among the wheels, and the tangled hedgerows, bright with the blossoms of the trumpet vine, are often our only guide. There are pit falls and broken bridges, but our wise "Missionary horse" always takes us safely over. The eager, cheery welcome we receive is from the heart, and the lessons we learned in those old cabins, of faith and patience, are not easily forgotten.

These Mission schools have much that is historic in their location. It was near here that the African slavers, with their pitiful cargo made their first landing. It was under the evergreen oak, near the Whittier School, at the close of the Civil War, that Gen. Butler declared the slaves "contraband of war." The guns at Fortress Monroe are on the right. We look out on the waters where the Cumberland was sunk and where the Merrimac, in iron clad armor, was disabled by the little Monitor's guns. The oystermen and fishermen have much to be thankful for in this lovely climate. They need but little fuel and the waters yield them their food supply.

The scenery is a thing of beauty by night, when the waters are all aglow with phosphorescent light, and the sea by day with its ever changing lights and shadows is a joy forever.

WOODBURY, CONN. HARRIETT E. JUDSON.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1890—Nearly eighty-two years have flown since Augusta Bacon saw the light in the paternal home, where with four brothers she grew up—two young sisters dying in early maidenhood. Her father, Reuben Walker, lived in Cat Swamp neighborhood,

whence she came into the Center to a select school. After her marriage she went to live in the house where she passed her long life, a home with wide halls and generous rooms full of quaint furniture from both sides of the family, and with portraits of great value and ancient date upon the walls, a house which beheld many guests under its hospitable roof and showed universal kindness to all.—*Derby Transcript.*

SEPTEMBER 7, 1844.—And now permit me to address a few words to these true-hearted Whigs on this occasion. I stand here to-day, my friends as the representative of the Whigs of Woodbury, whose untiring efforts in this good cause have won for them a name, which has been judged by the proper tribunal, worthy of being written high up on the pillar of political distinction along side of yours, but which for reasons, existing in their own ideas of the merits of the case, they wish to place a little beneath it. And they have sent me here to-day to place in your hands the insignia of precedence, the award of merit, and most gladly and cheerfully I have come to do their bidding and present you with this beautiful banner as a memento of your success and the glory you have won in the commencement of a campaign whose closing scenes, we trust, judging from the bright visions of enlightened enthusiasm everywhere witnessed around us, will show a regenerated govenment and nation, and usher into the presidential chair one of our country's most worthy sons.

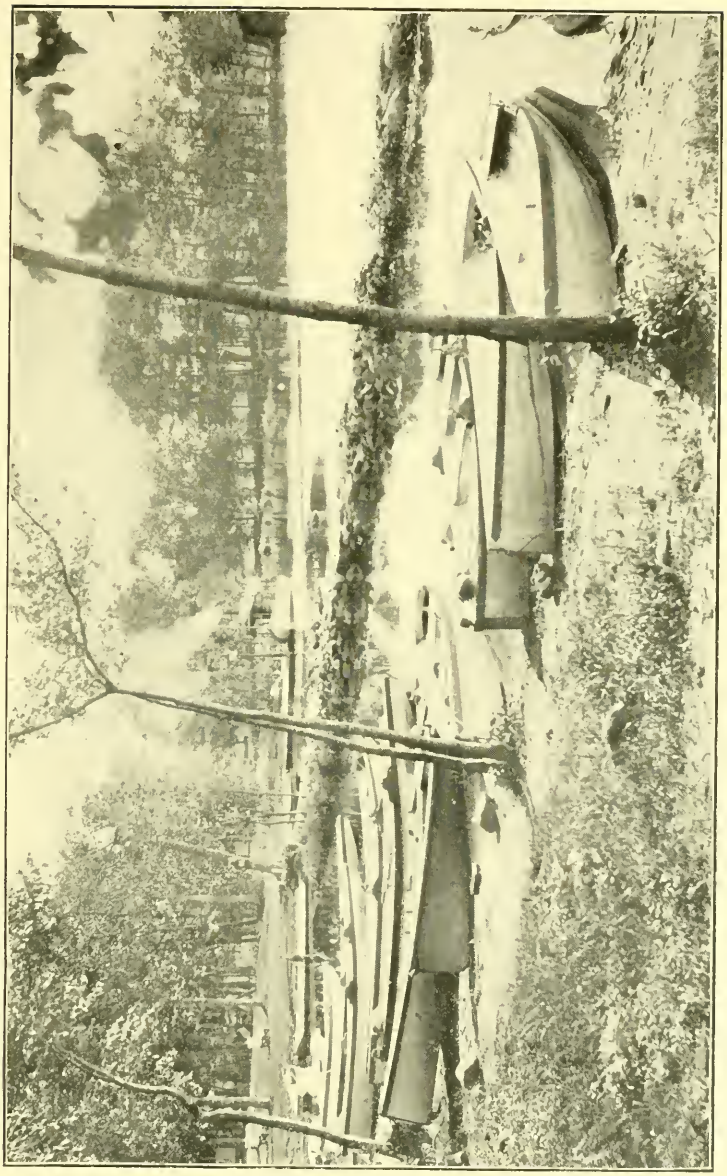
How honorable and praiseworthy it is for men who have the same interest at stake and who are laboring to promote the same cause to strive to excel, each, while doing all he can to promote the great object, will still hope his competitor will do more and will raise a louder shout of praise for him than he would expect in his own case—we may find a parallel away back in the games and races of Ancient Greece. Then the most renowned heroes, legislators and statesmen did not consider it beneath their character or dignity to contend for the prize, they even counted it glorious to share in the toil.

But the instigators of those games had higher objects in view

than the gratification of ambition or vanity. It was their design to prepare the youth for vigorous action, to enure them to fatigue and render them interpid in war. So it was with those true-hearted men who instituted the banner race. Take the banner, then, with the same spirit that it is presented, it is the coronation badge of the banner town; 'tis yours to-day, whose it will be in November remains to be decided. If you keep it, it will require the most untiring efforts. You will understand that Whigs are your competitors, and Connecticut Whigs, too, who profess a spirit that never shrinks at difficulties or trials. One hundred and forty-one towns have entered the list as your competitors, and among them the Whigs of Woodbury. Take this banner, I say, and as you gaze upon it resolve that you will put forth a mightier effort in that cause which will bless the country, the effects of whose success will tell throughout the length and breadth of our glorious republic.—*From Address with Presentation of Banner from Woodbury to North Stonington.*

WOODBURY, CONN. REUBEN H. HOTCHKISS.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1895.—To one familiar with the beauties of the Litchfield Hills, it seems a matter of wonder that they are not better known, and are not more frequented by those who in the Summer exchange city avenues for country lanes. The lover of pure country air could hardly do better than go up among these hills. The beauty of the scenery is all natural, the open country is not "beautified" by landscape gardening. It is simply nature. This part of the country has many interesting Indian traditions and stories of the first settlers. If he only knows where to get hold of them, and they are not hard to find, the visitor can revel in the delightful traditions, and can conjure up pictures of the past whose reality will be increased by the fact that he can visit the scenes and places he hears about. Much of this beauty in this region among the Litchfield Hills is due to the wildness of the country. The country is also rocky, cliffs and large boulders and deep seams of rock are on all sides. Just a few hundred feet back from the main street in Woodbury is a range of cliffs, the Orenaug Range, crowned with woods and with the wall of rock falling in sheer precipice on the



THE SHORE OF QUASSAPAUG LAKE.

village side. Instead of smooth, tame hills, cultivated on the top and on all their rounded sides, such as are seen in Western New York, the Litchfield Hills are rough and ragged and wild looking, with the heavy woods all over and around them. The height of these hills is something which might attract people in search of pure air. At one point near the town of Bethlehem the altitude is said to be the same as that of the Catskills. One can look westward over the top of the hills, and on a clear day can see the Catskills and the Highlands of the Hudson, the old farmers say. To the east the hills about New Haven and Meriden are to be seen, and to the south are the Roxbury Hills and Good Hill, where the first settlers stood and gazed down into the beautiful Pomperaug Valley before them. But although the hills are high, and distant scenery is grand, the village scenery is quiet and restful. The Village Green, the white churches of the typical New England style, the old Cemeteries, and especially the long Main streets, beautifully shaded with maples and lined with rows of frame houses; these make a restful change from city pavements and brownstone fronts. It is reported that "Peter Parley" or Samuel G. Goodrich said that he had traveled the world over, but he considered the drive from Southbury to Woodbury one of the most beautiful in the world. And after his travels he went back to Southbury, built a house, and there spent his declining years. The old Peter Parley house is still standing. The names of the places around preserve the memory of the aborigines who dwelt among them. The Pomperaug River and Nonnewaug Falls are named for two chiefs. Then there are the Orenaug Cliffs, Quassapaug Lake, Lake Waurenaug, and a district called Kissewaug. Woodbury was the first settlement in this immediate region, and the other places sprang up from adventurous settlers from that place. The mound, which marks the grave of the old Chief Pomperaug, is still pointed out on the main street to visitors, and the Main street itself is said to follow the line of the old Indian trail. Woodbury was founded about 1658, and an inquisitive person can decipher dates on many a curious gravestone in the quaint cemetery; the oldest one in town, which lies on the line of the main street.—*Litchfield Correspondence.*

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. ASAHEL W. MITCHELL.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1900.—

Echoes from the valley,
  Echoes from the hill,
My ear is bent to listen,
  And the pulses thrill.

Echoes well awakened,
  An echo as of song,
The sound of many voices,
  Amid a chorus long.

And memory is busy,
  To catch the accents sweet,
That mingle in that chorus
  Of those we once did greet.

My soul is full of echoes,
  Wandering to and fro,
Strangely clear the music
  Of the long ago.

Such echoes are eternal,
  And though the years be long,
We shall find them, mingled
  With the victor's song.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. LORA HOLLISTER.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1898.—Rev. Herbert J. Wyckoff was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry in the North Church, September 15, 1898. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Frank C. Porter, D. D., of Yale Theological Seminary. The ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. J. G. Davenport, D. D., of Waterbury. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff, and the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Sherrod Soule of Naugatuck.

WOODBURY, CONN. J. L. R. WYCKOFF.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1900.—The invitation to contribute to a Souvenir of Woodbury is of the kind no one can decline whose heart is touched by the scenes and associations of his native place. So

fresh are these still in my mind that it seems hardly credible that I left there nearly two scores of years ago—so fastly times flies. Through all the varied experiences peculiar to the college world, the grim realities of the business life, with its special temptation to be content with the purely worldly success it offered, and the years of final preparation for my life's work, have gone the unquestioned and restraining influences, though perhaps not always duly recognized, of the home, the social, and the religious life of Woodbury.

My visits to my home have been comparatively few and brief, but my thoughts have been ever there, as they must always be during my parents' lifetime; while the old home will continue to live in my memory as the most sacred spot on earth, for what spot can be dearer to one, than that which marks th site of his birth. It has passed from our possession, but that portion of my native town must always be dearest to me, as its scenes and associations can never be effaced. When I go back now I feel in a large way among strangers and in some measure in a strange, but it cannot be denied, greatly improved place, and with this feeling comes the significant and suggestive truth, that the old town has almost, if not quite, passed into the hands of another generation.

I cannot conceive of anyone being wholly indifferent to the changes transpiring in the town of his birth. He must note with a peculiar sense of gratifying pride every change that evidences progress, for nothing in this world is at a stand still—we are either going forward or we are going backward.

As I recall more particularly the home scenes and duties of those early years following the romantic period of childhood, how true and realistic seems this bit of graphic description in "Snowbound":

> "Meanwhile we did our nightly chores.—
> Brought in the wood from out of doors,
> Littered the stalls, and from the mows
> Raked down the herd's grass for the cows:
> Heard the horse whinning for his corn:
> And sharply clashing horn on horn,
> Impatient down the stanchion rows
> The cattle shake their walnut bows:
> While peering from his early perch

Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent."

And further contrasting the present with what once was:

"How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Hence forward listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still—
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn,—
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

It is my good fortune, I am pleased to think, to be at present living in a rugged, mountainous country, offering more extensive range of view than can be found perhaps elsewhere in all New England. Our village street skirts the top of an open mountain range 1,550 feet above the sea level.

Sitting on my piazza in the evening one distinctly sees to the east the illuminated tower on the summit of Mt. Tom, some 300 feet lower than the observer (though not apparently so), while directly in front of him gleams the electric lights of Springfield. Blanford is a most delightful spot in Summer and much sought for its pines and salubrious air, and quite as assiduously avoided the remainder of the year. Facing, as I often have, the fierce winds and driving

storms of mid-winter, beating my way through snow drifts higher than a horse's back, reminds me again of Whittier's reminiscences of his childhood (spent as it was in this old Bay State) as narrated in "A Winter Idyl":

"Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made heavy with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothes line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts."

"A solitude made more intense
By dreary voiced elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

"Then toiled again the cavalcade,
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine boughs winter weighed."

BLANFORD, MASS. H. T. PARTREE, M. D.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.—The day on which the Woodbury Agricultural Association held the Twenty-third Annual Fair proved to by one of those delightful ones of the early Fall, having a clear sky with a cool invigorating atmosphere. A gentle breeze softly rustled through the woods and over the hills, now and then a crimson and yellow leaf winnowed its way down through the air; the sound of the squirrel was heard, gathering his store in the still woods, flocks of blue birds warbling alighted on the hedge and swept away in a cloud, while circling swallows foretold the early harvest and the plenteous year. The indications for the day were that careful prepa-

rations and well arranged plans had been perfected for the enjoyment of the yearly festival. A prosperous town, whose agricultural, manufacturing and merchantile interest were fully in keeping with the times, had gathered of the best in their several lines of business, for friendly competition and the satisfaction of well-merited approval. The grounds of the Association at West Side furnished ample space to the exhibitors and for the attending crowds of people. At an early hour long lines of yoked cattle, of fine stock and thorough training, with their sleek shining coats and white horns tossing in the air, guided by competent drivers, were seen approaching from the north, east, south and west. Coming down Main Street from the north was a long line of Devons owned by Chauncey Atwood, Preston Atwood, E. C. Atwood, E. D. Judson and Silas Judson; from the east was another line of Devon stock owned by R. C. Partree, S. and W. J. Clark, S. W. Bacon, A. B. Gibson, George Griswold and Sidney Scovill; from the south were the Durham cattle owned by William Strong and A. B. Stone, included with them are exhibited the Durham grades owned by T .B. Terrill, R. B. Judson, S. H. Peck, Charles Hart and N. W. Terrill, the Alderneys belonging to J. H. Linsley, William Smith and J. T. Ward, with stocks of cattle owned by G. F. Smith, George Terrill, Charles Woodward and Percy Brothers.

The main thoroughfares of the town were filled with fine carriages and horses, carrying families or groups of friends to the Fair grounds. The wide entrance gate admitted the rapidly increasing number of visitors, teams and foot passengers, representing well known and honored residents of Woodbury and the adjoining towns of Bethlehem, Roxbury, Southbury and South Britain. Crossing the driveway to the central field to the large circular tract, reserved for parties who were driving, from here the whole fair was seen in its entirety, resembling a miniature town of sudden gowth. The main tent of the Association, whose flying flags could be seen from many of the avenues of approach to the grounds, covered with a large circumference an extensive portion of the area, and contained many products of the farm, goods from the manufacturer and samples from the merchants' stock. Near this section were the enclosures

for the poultry, dairy exhibits and agricultural implements, somewhat resembling the "greatest show on earth." The side attractions were numberous, with all manner of lightly constructed buildings in abundance.

Having crossed the speedway, where teams are coming and going, the horses could be fastened about the inclosures, if so desired, for all was perfectly secure during a tour of inspection. We passed quickly along the main thoroughfare, with the merry-go-rounds, snake charmers, machinery for testing strength, picture galleries, venders of horse whips, the rivalry of the show men, often becoming intense, and hasten toward the large exhibit, for a brief glance at all that is interesting and valuable in the various departments, noting the superior excellence of each section; cereals, vegetables, fruits and flowers, samples of fine cutlery and woolen manufacturers, sewing machines, musical instruments and domestic manufactures. Wearying of the endless display we turned to the crowds of people, some discussing agricultural implements, others comparing notes in some special line of progressive work, all showing an ability to select the valuable from the worthless and that best suited to the wishes and needs of themselves and those associated with them. The interest of the day was with the cattle, where the best are brought into competition. The working oxen, draft oxen and trained steers gave many evidences of thorough training, strength and skill. Proudly waving their premium tickets, they march homeward in long companies at nightfall, closing the "Cattle Day" at the fair. The attendance on the second day doubled, special attention being given to exhibits that on yesterday received only a hasty glance. The program for the afternoon was the trial of speed of the horses. The grand stand was occupied with interested spectators, and the teams of people looking on, gathered closely about the judges' box. The horses were off, as was thought, but were recalled again and again, until the judges decided the start was correct. Then they swept around the track, circling it once and a second time, the winner, in advance as they passed under the line, received the purse and honors.

According to the decision of the judges, various premiums and honors were bestowed:

The best exhibit of grain was by C. C. Mitchell. Prizes for fine vegetables were given G. P. Crane, J. G. Curtis, William Smith, Frank Peck and A. B. Gibson. Awards for fine fruit to Seth Hollister, G. D. Barnes, J. G. Curtis and Homer Root. Premiums on poultry to N. M. Strong, G. D. Terrill and D. E. Mallet. Premium sheep were owned by C. D. Minor. Horses received awards that were owned by W. D. Mitchell, C. M. Goodsell, M. F. Skelly, J. W. Traver, F. B. Ford, H. H. Morehouse, F. Smith and H. Warner. The finest diploma awarded for agricultural implements was given to Homer Root. In domestic manufactures premiums awarded for carpets, counterpanes and comfortables were given Mrs. Alexander Gordon, Mrs. James B. DeForest, Mrs. A. B. Gibson and Mrs. Betsey Cam. Specimens of fine needlework were by Mrs. Charles Strong, Mrs. F. F. Hitchcock, Mrs. William Strong, Mrs. D. S. Lemmon, Mrs. Truman Judson, Miss Belle Judson, Miss Lottie Hitchcock, Miss Ella Taylor, and in worsted work from Miss Florence Leavenworth and Miss Carrie Mallet. The premium on butter was given to Mrs. John T. Ward, and for best wheat bread to Mrs. George C. Bradley and Mrs. Sarah Smith. Discretionary awards were given to Mrs. William Cothren for paintings, to F. F. Hitchcock for exhibit of stoves, to William J. Wells for boots and shoes, to W. W. Victory for sewing machines, to W. H. Rowell for jewelry, to Barney Murphy for art collection, and W. A. Strong & Co. for fine perfumes.

The return from the Fair was easily accomplished. Each horse had caught an inspiration from the speed shown in the afternoon and endeavored to surpass all others in being the first to reach home.

WOODBURY, CONN. JULIA MINOR STRONG.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1900.—I have always considered Woodbury a town more influential in matters of general interest in the State than any other town of its size in population that I have ever known. It came, I suppose, from the character of its prominent residents. There was always a large number of solid men in the old town. When I left there, now more than forty years ago, I can recall the

names of some men whose opinions were sought quite extensively. Judge Charles Phelps, Nathaniel Smith, Thomas Bull and Daniel Curtis were men of sound judgment, and their influence extended quite beyond the town limits.

When the writer was a lad of some ten or twelve years, a little incident occurred which I well remember. There was then a man living in the town by the name of Uriah Judd. He was compelled, like all other able-bodied men between the age of eighteen and forty-five, to do military duty twice a year, once in the month of May and again in September. He conceived a great disgust for it. He did not find many in sympathy with him until he concocted a scheme to place it in the same light in which he saw it. He gathered together about one hundred and fifty men to join him in carrying out his plans, which were as follows:

They were to have what was called a "general training" day. All were to dress in the most grotesque forms they could contrive. Their guns were to be broomsticks and swords made of wood. Their band music was to be furnished with tin pails for drums and fish horns for musical instruments. They drilled until they could march very gracefully, and their demeanor was highly dignified. They assembled on the vacant plot of ground in North Woodbury called "The Green," and after marching pretty generally through the streets, returned to "The Green" to hear the General's address and then disband. The General, Mr. Uriah Judd, was seated on a donkey with dry codfish tails for epaulets, and his address was delivered in a most solemn and impressive manner. While I cannot give you much of his address, the substance was as follows: "Soldiers of Connecticut, our State is in peril, and it is to your strong arm that we look for defense. There are already greedy eyes continually watching your every move, and waiting only for a favorable opportunity, when efforts seem to slacken on your part, to invade our State. The hordes from Labrador on the North are to join hands with the cannibals of Patagonia on the South, and from those two opposite points are to over-run, destroy and consume us," etc. It had its effect, the ridicule was so pointed that a discussion was started and in a short time the law compelling military muster was repealed, much to the disgust of the small boy and the peanut vender.

Woodbury is also largely represented by her sons throughout the civilized world. Not many years since, I read an account of the death in California of the largest farmer in the world. His name was Mitchell, and I am told he was born in Woodbury. I knew a man by the name of Mitchell who went to California fifty years ago, but he returned, I believe, and I suppose the reason why he didn't become noted, was his love for his native town; he couldn't stay away long enough. I have seen in the "Reporter," not long since, that a man by the name of Mitchell has succeeded, by a large personal contribution and other efforts, in establishing a system of graded schools, and the work has been accomplished. I have often wondered if he belonged to the family that went early, after the discovery of gold, to California. It shows that men of influence still reside in the old town. I saw also in the "Reporter" that a Woodbury boy was in the Klondike regions, you find them everywhere.

The "Reporter" has taken root and branch since the writer left, and next to a returning visit I enjoy its perusal. It is also ably aiding improvements there. I beg to offer a suggestion. Tell North Woodbury people to run a fence around "The Green" and then lay out some gravel walks and plant three or four dozen flowering shrubs and connect the public water, and they will have done enough to increase the value of their property much more than the outlay has been. On South Main Street, lay out a plot of ground twenty or twenty-five feet wide, extending the entire length of the cemetery, with oval ends. Let this plot run through the center of the street, with a roadway on both sides, fence and set a thick hedge inside with flowering shrubs in the enclosure, and walks as convenience requires. This will make a prominent object between residences on the East Side and the cemetery. Later thoughts and better thoughts now locate cemeteries somewhat remote from residential locations..

In closing I wish to send my love to Woodbury, its name whenever spoken in my hearing is sure to have one interested listener.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land," etc.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. D. C. PECK.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1900.—If I were to undertake to contribute anything, and my pen were once well going, how could I ever stop, so much happens to every boy from five to fifteen years of age. Some of it happened to me through the well-developed muscles of the instructor of my early days, N. M. Strong. My only regret, respecting Woodbury, is that I ever sold my home.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK. ARTHUR B. ABERNETHY.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.—The fifteenth annual reunion of the Second Connecticut Volunteer Heavy Artillery and the Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry was held in Woodbury with their associated members. A large representation of the veterans was present, who registered at the Town Hall. President O. R. Fyler called the business meeting at noon, and Rev .J. W. Davies offered prayer. After the annual report and election of officers a committee was appointed to draft resolutions regarding the recent death of the President of the United States, James A. Garfield. The business meeting being concluded, the Curtiss Cornet Band led the way to the Soldiers' Monument, where further exercises under the direction of William Cothren, Chairman of General Exercises. Introductory prayer was offeed by Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff, and an address of welcome was given by George Shelton, of the law firm of Huntington & Shelton. The company then adjourned to the premises of Deputy Sheriff George P. Crane, where a bountiful collation had been prepared by the people of the town, and was served under the tent of the Woodbury Agricultural Association. Letters from absent ones were read, and a poem given by Willam Cothren. Brief speeches were followed by a poem by Charles Rodgers of Woodbury, the exercises closing with several short addresses.

The day was memorable as being the anniversary of the battle of Fisher's Hill, Virginia. They recalled how the Corps advanced upward to the summit of an almost unapproachable height, aiding their comrades to drive the opposing forces from a position of great advantage in which they considered they were secure. In the recollections of the battle of Winchester, a leading general said that the result of the conflict was doubtful until this regiment, uniting

with those of New York and Pennsylvania, bravely retained the position until the enemy were scattered and driven out. Cold Harbor brought to mind the heroism of their comrades, and sad thoughts of the many who fell mortally wounded. They could recall how their regiment was at the head of the march into Petersburg on April 3rd, and later joining General Sherman's army in the march to North Carolina, aided in securing the final surrender of Lee's army.

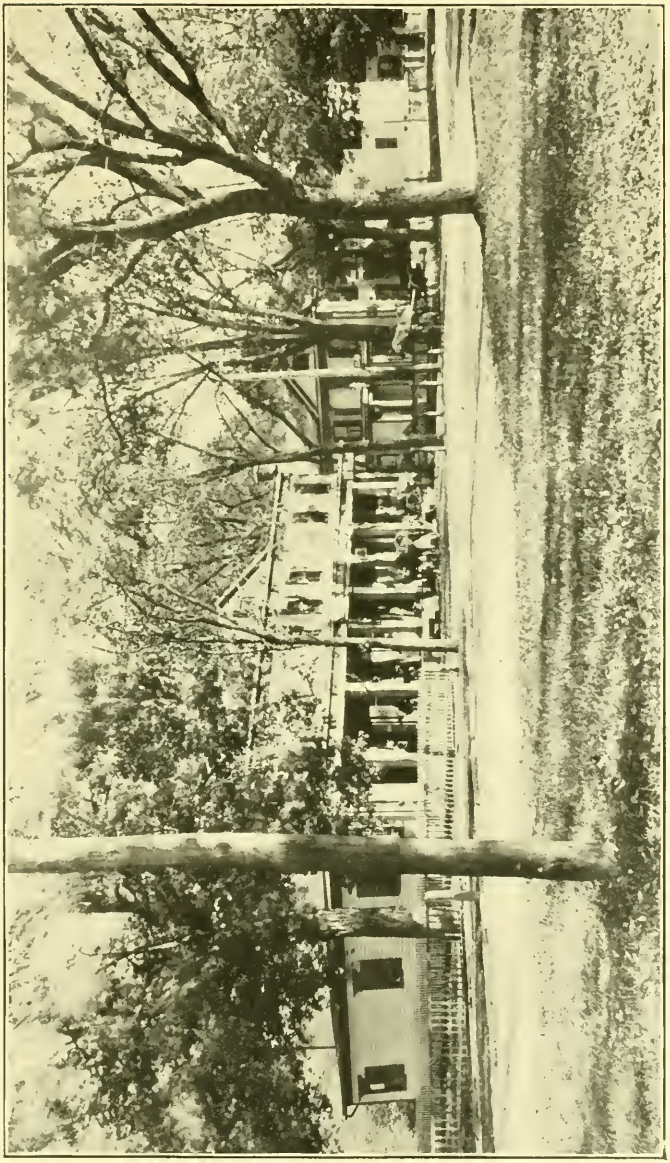
Many individual acts of bravery were mentioned and they remembered the deeds of their comrades with just honor. The day closed with a resolution of thanks to the people of Woodbury.—*Condensed from Woodbury Reporter.*

SEPTEMBER 24, 1900.—The first twenty years of my life were spent in the delightful old town of Woodbury. That they were happy years goes without saying, and I have visited there often enough not to lose my interest in the place. My education began ten days before my second birthday. The reason was not unusual capacity, but as the teacher, Miss Laura Judson, afterward Mrs. Silas Clark, boarded with my mother and wished to make a two days' visit, it was an easy way to dispose of me. I knew the alphabet and remember whispering the letters to her, forgetting myself read some of them aloud, when she requested me read the remainder, in the same voice, I replied: "I should not," stamping my foot very forcibly, although she said I did not look so. One other remembrance of those days was of a small whip that she some times used. Not finding it, two of the girls came to her assistance, but upon learning that she desired to punish Frances and Lydia, they lost their interest. This was a private school and was taught in an old store that stood on Mr. Whitlock's grounds. This store was once kept by Leman Sherman, who lived in North Church parsonage. The counting room was our school room in Winter and the larger room during the Summer. How well I remember the large airy room with north and south windows. The counter still remained in the room and behind this we had quilts and pillows for our afternoon nap. The school was six hours a day and our A B C's did not occupy all of our time.

Our next teacher was Miss Elliot, and I think all who attended her school will bear me out in saying that if we did not make school teaching a task, it was not our fault. One incident will be sufficient. The school was taught in the old Town Hall, where George Saxton now resides. Fred. and Doc., Sam C. and nearly all the girls tied their shoestrings together and walked up the hill. Of course we occupied the whole of the road, but it was finally accomplished with some slight mishaps and much laughter. When the teacher gave the signal to come in, it was a different matter to go up the stairs hampered as we were, and she, not understanding the difficulty, deprived us of our recess.

My next school was in Esquire Minor's law office near the residence of William Cothren. The school was taught by Miss Hotchkiss from Watertown, and what little good there is in me, I owe to her. I could tell of some amusing incidents, but will not weary you. When sixteen years of age I attended school near where Mrs. George Lewis now resides. Miss Thayer was the teacher. Mr. Deviri's drug store was in one side of the building and Mr. Chapin's jewelry store in the other part. On the second floor spectacles were made, and in the basement German silver spoons were manufactured. Miss Thayer desired us to be very careful not to indulge in rudeness, and I think we were obedient in general. On one recess, however, we found Ed. Whitlock's new sleigh and horse in front of the drug store, and although he stood near the window, the temptation was too much for us, and as many as could rode in the inside, the others occupying standing room anywhere possible to find it. The girls were comfortably arranged in the inside of the sleigh. We drove as far as the lower end of the street. Turning around, the horse fell upon his knees, causing some upon the outside to fall off, among these were myself. The party was too merry to hear the call and we had to walk back to the school, carrying the whip which we had with us. I shall never forget the look of horror our teacher gave us as we entered the school room. I remember Rev. Mr. Churchill saying that he never knew of but one place where the girls had such good times as in Woodbury.

Watertown, Conn. Maria A. Corning.



THE GEORGE B. LEWIS BLOCK.

September 25, 1835.—At a meeting of the youth of Woodbury, holden at the Town Room, agreeable to public notice, for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society, Silas Clark was chosen chairman and John McKinney clerk. Voted, that those who shall belong to such Society shall be under the age of thirty. Voted, that a committee of four be appointed to draft a constitution was chosen: Henry B. Sherman, John McKinney, George B. Sherman and Cornelius J. Minor. Voted, to adjourn to October 8 to meet at this place.—*Records of Youth's Temperance Society.*

Woodbury, Conn. W. B. Hotchkiss, *Secretary.*

September 25, 1900.—I can write but little, not being a resident of Woodbury, but of Ancient Woodbury, and not having very good health. But there are plenty of sons and daughters of Woodbury to fill and make interesting such a book as is proposed. I think a Judson was one of the first settlers of Woodbury, and one of the first deacons of the North Church was a Judson, and a succession of Dea. Judsons followed until Dea. Truman Judson resigned, and none of that name took his place. I suppose I am a direct descendant of the first Judson in Woodbury, and have often said that Woodbury is one of the prettiest country villages in New England, and I think it has just commenced to grow in many respects. I have an acquaintance with N. M. Strong and had also with his grandfather, and think it not out of place, to say that they belong to the substantial people of Woodbury.

Pico Heights, Los Angeles, California. F. E. Judson.

September 26, 1900.—If one is tired of the rush and excitement of business in the great city, and wearied by the clang of the trolley, and the shriek of the locomotive, or in the strain of literary work his nerves have become ungovernable, and his brain exhausted, he sighs for some place where he may be free from all these things, and find refreshments for mind and body. Such a place he will find in Woodbury, where nature has provided so much that is beautiful in trees, rocks, hills and dales, and running brooks, a landscape pleasant to the eye and restful to the nerves. Here, too we will find

the people kind and hospitable, exerting themselves to make his stay among them so pleasant, he will soon feel he is among friends rather than strangers. Of all this I am assured, as ten years experience has proved that I know whereof I write.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS., MRS. G. W. NOYES.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1900.—Home—and where a dearer place than Woodbury, not often surpassed in the beauty of its surroundings, the place of pleasant memories and home of most of my life, commencing with school days, precious to me still are the friendships there formed.

There are few without a home or the memory of one, the chord which vibrates quicker than any other in the human heart. A happy place, if day by day we do our best, with never a fretting care, content and joyful in the duties of life.

Home is the soul itself.

The memories of many friends are pleasant, but sad also, for one by one the call of eternity will be for each. The last earthly good-by will echo through the river, angels will open the Heaven gate, friends will come to greet us, and death will be but the unveiling of His beauty in Heaven our Home.

WOODBURY, CONN. E. M. DAWSON.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1900—In 1839, or thereabouts, Willis Judd of Bethel, Conn., an uncle of mine, married Miss Augusta Mallory of Woodbury, Conn. About 1850 they came to reside in Mr. Judd's native village, with them bringing the fruit of their union in the shape of a bright boy of eight or ten years of age. As I was of the same age and naturally sought the company of this new cousin, it happened that I was often in the home of my Uncle Willis, and there I began to hear the praises of old Woodbury from the lips of uncle and aunt. I then began to hear of the wonderful sayings of Parson Noyes and of prominent people in the old South Church, and of Parson Churchill of the North Church. In fact it seemed to my boyish imagination that Woodbury must be peopled with a remarkable race of intellectual giants. My aunt had been a school teacher

and blessed with a good memory, she never forgot or ceased to love the place of her birth.

When I became a man and entered the ministry, one of my longings was for a pastorate in old Woodbury. As the Jew is said to pray with his face toward Jerusalem, so I now confess that for several years I prayed with my face toward Woodbury.

In the Spring of 1885 the Lord heard my prayer, and a committee of the M. E. Church sent me a very cordial invitation to become their pastor that Spring. I accepted their overture and was duly assigned to that Church. The three years succeeding were about as blessed and fruitful as any years of more than thirty that I have enjoyed in my experience as a Christian minister.

Such delightful memories as now crowd upon me would take too much space in your Souvenir if I attempted to recall them all. First of all, the hearty good will and support of my own Church members in all my labors, the welcome and hospitality I received in every home of my people, and the warm and hearty good will of members of sister churches, made me feel very much at home and contributed much to my happiness.

And then no minister ever had truer nobler co-laborers in the work of God than I found in the pastors of the North and South Congregational Churches, Wyckoff at the North, and Powelson and Freeman at the South Church, and that prince of Episcopal Rectors, Rev. Dr. Nelson. Was there ever a more delightful man in any rural community than the blessed and saintly Nelson, whose brotherly spirit went home to Heaven from the Episcopal rectory of Woodbury. He used to come upon Sunday evenings to the Methodist Church and join in our service of song and prayer, and what a joy his presence gave us.

Rev. Mr. Powelson and myself were invited by the vestry of St. Paul's to speak at his funeral, an honor that we accepted very promptly. "He was a good man, and full of Faith and the Holy Ghost."

My memories of the laymen of old Woodbury, many of whom have gone up to the better land, are very precious. Union meetings gave me a chance to know them, and often I learned to love them.

Among those whom I learned to esteem and love were Sherwood Seeley, Father Millard, Father Percy, Henry and William Dawson, Elijah Judson, Deacon Judson of the North Church, and Deacon Linsley of South Church. These, and many more that I might mention, were noble men in their day and generation.

Woodbury is very rich in cherished names and I do not forget that there were many noble women that deserve more than mere mention by a grateful ex-pastor of one of your Churches, but where could I begin or where end, for Woodbury is full of them.

My mind, as I write, is full of pleasant pictures. To give you a sample. A very large gathering of relatives, friends, parishioners, old and new, representing five or six Churches, congratulations, innumerable gifts of gold and silver, china and greenbacks, and a big heap of letters through the mail wishing us much joy.. This occurred August 31, 1887, and celebrated our silver wedding.

Another picture. The pastor was just about to begin prayer meeting one Thursday evening in the Fall of the year when a member of the family came into Church and whispered: "We cannot find Clarke anywhere." The prayer meeting resolved itself into a search party for a lost boy of six years. Every nook and corner was searched in house and yard, barn and sheds, but no boy could be found. Some one suggested to send for hooks and grapple in the deep well. It was done while his papa and mamma looked on with hearts ready to break, if the only son should be found therein. Suddenly a cry is heard from the side of the Church in a deep window way. "Here he is! Here he is!" the voice being that of Editor Wisegarver, who had discovered the boy fast asleep where he had hid in his play. The Editor had an item for the paper, and we had our lost boy safe and sound. The prayer meeting was turned into a praise meeting.

Another picture. The preacher walking his study floor, trying to get thoughts and illustrations for his Sunday morning sermon. He glances out on the street and a coach drawn by a pair of bays comes slowly up the street and three fine-looking men of intellectual appearance gaze long and earnestly at the house in which I dwelt. Who were they? I soon saw that two of them were distinguished guests—Senator John Sherman and his brother, General William

T. Sherman, U. S. A.—and the third, their host, was Esquire William Cothren. They were looking at the home of one of Woodbury's Sherman families, an ancestor of the two visitors, I think. Woodbury was honored that day.

Another picture. A quiet and beautiful Sunday in March, 1888, closed with a very impressive service of song and prayer. When the congregation dispersed it was snowing gently, snow coming out of the west. People said "a snow squall." The next morning the drifts were in some places four and five feet in depth. My coal bin was snowed under, my well was snowed under, my barn was nearly snowed under, and it was noon before I could get there to feed my horse. I nearly perished in the attempt, but succeeded. That day and following night it snowed, it blew, it roared. Does anybody doubt it? Three days and nights we were shut in, a sick wife could not get a doctor. Three homes in Woodbury had dead members that could not be buried and were not for nearly a week. Oh! it was awful, and some people said it was only "an old-fashioned snow storm." "Well," some of us said, "from old-fashioned snow storms, good Lord deliver us."

So before we had another like it, we decided to pack up and go, the "Time limit" not having been removed then. But we went reluctantly from dear old Woodbury.

H. Q. Judd.

September 29, 1900.—I have considered the letter received and hardly think that I can write anything that will be of much interest.

I was under ten years of age when I left Connecticut fifty-seven years ago.

I well remember the rocks, the hills and the rills, and what good times I had with the boys at school, among them were the Walker boys, one by the name of Strong and others. I was too young to remember or take note of remarkable incidents that would interest. My parents moved to Ohio in 1853. My mother died in the year 1876, and my father in 1894. Three sons are living. I am a farmer in Ripley, Huron County, one is a doctor in New Philadelphia and the other a doctor in Cleveland, Ohio.

Greenwich, Ohio. Samuel E. Peck.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1900.—

Any person may search far and wide ere was found,
A more beautiful place than old Woodbury town.

With its many fine trees that line the main street;
Let one look where they will, it will be hard to beat.

From the north to the south of this grand old town,
There are places of interest, which in plenty abound.

There is the Nonnewaug Falls with its Indian name,
And to forget Woodbury falls would be surely a shame.

There are those who have visited the Woodbury falls,
Who will with good reason their visit recall.

Take a walk in the park, which one will with delight,
The new tower of steel will soon come in sight.

If one wants some exercise, and much fun thrown in,
Hie away to the golf links and try a game to win.

In Winter when there is skating, if you are fond of the fun,
On the Pomperaug River just take a long run.

And if you want a celebration when your birthday comes 'round,
And a little joke together just live in Woodbury town.

If one wishes his children a good school to attend,
To the new Mitchell school they have only to send.

There is a church for the Methodist, Congregational, two,
Or, if you are Episcopalian, there's the church to suit you.

Different kinds of business in plenty are found,
Work for old Woodbury, don't go out of town.

Many beautiful sites in the town one will find,
To build a cottage or mansion as one has a mind.

There are houses as old as a century or more;
Even Woodbury itself is two and twelve score.

Much more might be said of this fine old town,
But would take much to long to write it all down.

Yes, we are proud of the town, and hope always to be,
And are waiting in patience Warner's trolley to see.

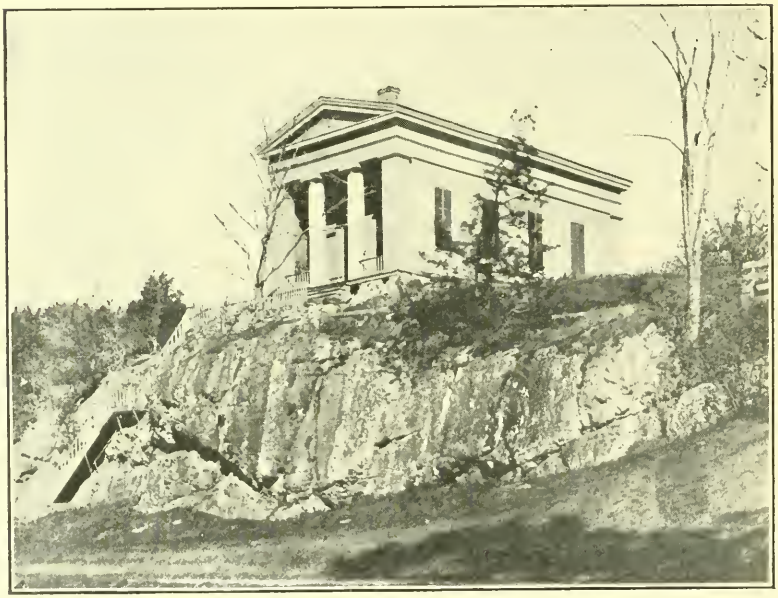
But whether "that's to be" "Or not to be;"
Still there is great hopes, one we shall soon see.

And then, Ah! then, what more does it need,
To make old Woodbury take a big lead.

And any one looking for a fine country home,
If they come to Woodbury, need no further roam.

Yet just as it is, old Woodbury town
Is as pleasant place as is often found.

WOODBURY, CONN. LILLIAN SANFORD ALLEN.



KING SOLOMON'S LODGE.

OCTOBER.

October 2, 1900.—I know it is customary to think that the Golden Age is in the past, but it is not; at least not here in Woodbury. Elsewhere wanderers who come home may find that all things seem smaller and meaner than they were in the boy's eye. But it is the other way when one comes home to Woodbury. The hills are higher every year, the trees nobler, the walks and drives more attractive, the town more beautiful, and the people kinder in their welcome. Delightful as retrospect can be when it finds its way into reverie or dream, all retrospect of life here stands but as a pleasant background for realization. For better than the fulfillment of the wish to find all things "just as they used to be when I was a boy," is the happy discovery that so much is changed, when the transformation is, as it is here, always for the better. And there is something in such a home-coming that makes one wish to be worthier of it, even as he is better and stronger for it.

North Woodbury, Conn. Herbert J. Wyckoff,
Pastor First Congregational Church, Topsfield, Mass.

October 5, 1900.—My earliest recollection of Woodbury is that of being held in my mother's arms at a window to see the "Boys in Blue" coming marching up the street during the Presidential Campaign of 1872. I was badly scared as I associated them in my mind with soldiers who killed people. As I grow older I find it is business men, not little boys, who are most scared at a Presidential Campaign. My next recollection is of running away to school. Soon after that event I was sent to school, and then I ran away from it. Punishment was meted out to me for the latter, but not the former. As a youngster in the 'Ville School I was not punished much, but the memory of one shaking, stays by me still. The teacher was a strict disciplinarian, and for some offence gave me a

shaking up. I had always considered a shaking as easy, and had no dread until I began to fly around the schoolroom, in all directions at the same time. When I had flown to pieces and only my soul remained, he let up. I was alive, but did not tempt fate again. We had another teacher in the 'Ville, who was so considerate of the scholars' feelings that when we reached the hard part of a subject, it was promptly skipped and another subject begun. By this system we would go from Addition to Fractions (never beyond) several times in a term, and thus you see it made a sort of endless chain. My school days at Parker Academy under three principals, were, on the whole, very pleasant. How many of the scholars remember Rob Fenn? As I recollect, he was about 6 feet 4 inches, and weighed about 130 pounds. When he first came to the Academy I was occupying one of the highest seats. Our Principal, Mr. Talmage, called me up to his desk, and after standing me by the side of the giant, asked me, "Don't you think that Robert needs a high seat more than you?" It made me sad, but I was forced to recognize the justice of his case. At another time, after the noon hour, a pail was seen hanging from a hook in the ceiling. Mr. Talmage looked at it and said: "Robert! you may take that pail down, I know you put it up there, for nobody else in school could."

One thing more, not a mere memory, but existing at present, is the natural beauty of Woodbury. It is not composed of rocks and hills thrown together so closely that there is not level ground enough for a baseball field, as is the case in some of the neighboring towns. From Sherman's Hill, especially the valley, surrounded by hills, which form a fitting frame, presents a view as pleasing, if not as extensive, as can be found almost anywhere.

WATERBURY, CONN. FLETCHER W. JUDSON.

OCTOBER 6, 1900.—The Woodbury Savings Bank was incorporated by the General Assembly of 1872.

The Incorporators were: G. P. Allen, R. S. Woodruff, B. S. Russell, G. B. Lewis, H. D. Curtiss, T. C. Bacon, D. S. Bull, Charles Isbell, James G. Curtiss, Edward Cowles, W. A. Gordon, Theodore Judson, E. Roberts, H. C. Baldwin, G. F. Morris, G. D. Capewell,

S. E. Beardsley, J. B. Burton, Nathan Warner, J. H. Leavenworth, M. F. Skelly, O. E. Cartwright, J. W. Judson, W. S. Seeley, Gilbert Allen and Scoville Nettleton.

The first meeting of the Corporators was held June 25, 1872, and the following officers were chosen:

President, George B. Lewis.
Vice-Presidents, Edward Cowles, H. D. Curtiss.
Secretary and Treasurer, D. S. Bull.
Directors, M. F. Skelly, George P. Allen, D. C. Porter, B. S. Russell, Scoville Nettleton and Charles C. Mitchell.
Auditors, Benjamin Fabrique and A. W. Mitchell.

Mr. George B. Lewis was greatly interested in the Savings Bank, so much so, that he built the office which the Bank now occupies in the Lewis Block, and let them have it without rent, and his widow, Mrs. Lewis, has continued to do the same, which has been a great help to the Bank especially when it started.

Mr. David S. Bull, the first Secretary and Treasurer, held that office for sixteen years when he resigned, and H. J. Tomlinson, the present Secretary and Treasurer, was appointed to fill his place.

The deposits of the Bank have increased gradually, as will be seen from the first statement in 1873, when they were $7,625.46 to the present time, when they amount to $200,250.32.

The present officers of the Bank are:

President, Edward Cowles.
Vice-Presidents, H. D. Curtiss, F. F. Hitchcock.
Directors, H. D. Curtiss, Scoville Nettleton, M. F. Skelly, L. J. Allen, Edward Cowles, D. C. Porter, F. F. Hitchcock, C. M. Harvey and H. S. Tomlinson.
Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Tomlinson.
Auditors, W. S. Curtiss and A. W. Mitchell.

WOODBURY, CONN. S. P. TOMLINSON.

OCTOBER 9, 1900.—Eight years ago I sailed for Bermuda, having a rough, but pleasant passage. Three days after, on a Sabbath morning, we entered Grassy Bay, opposite Ireland Island, to wait for the tide to enable us to enter the harbor through the narrowest passage possible for a ship to pass. Many of the passengers took

a tender to go forward to secure room at the hotels, as the tide being too low for the steamer to enter. The morning was magnificent, the sun shining on the green trees and the houses built of white coral glistened like diamonds. As we entered the harbor where nine men-of-war (English) were anchored, the soldiers going through their exercises, made a most beautiful picture. As we approached the landing, the colored men were building an odd bridge of logs by which we could land, and the ladies in their pretty summer dresses and gay parasols were waiting to greet their friends. We drove to our hotel situated on the basin, the piazza overlooking the water where we could sit and watch the boats constantly passing. Before the door, large palmetto trees were growing, under which colored boys with their donkey carts wait for customers. I can assure you it is one of the loveliest places I have ever visited, and has left the most lasting impression.

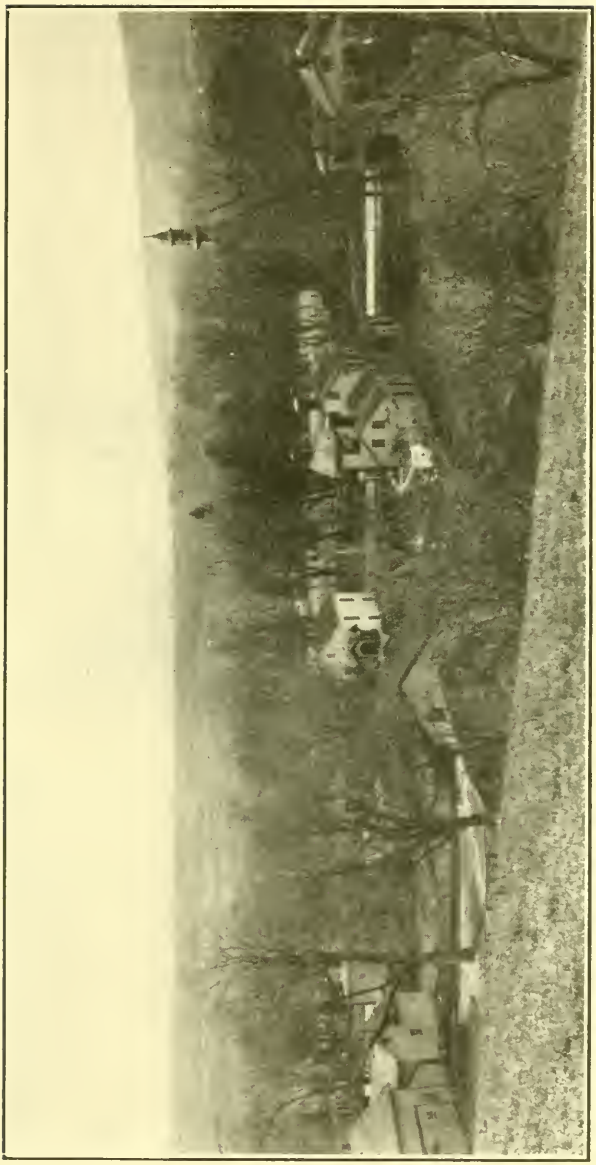
ELIZABETH J. WILKINSON.

OCTOBER 10, 1900.—A venerable resident of Woodbury writes: Woodbury is my native town; my father came early in the last century to Woodbury and married the daughter of Dea. Mathew Minor, and died at the age of forty-two years. I went to live with my grandfather and was under his teaching and good influence eight years. He was one of the best men ever raised in Woodbury. He guided his life by the Bible. After his conversion in early life he never shaved his face or blacked his boots on Sunday, but so arranged things as to prepare for the Sabbath worship and service before sundown on Saturday, when the church bell would ring. Dea. Matthew Minor's influence still lives. He and Mrs. Nathaniel Strong's grandfather, were brothers.

WOODBURY, CONN. CHARLES KIRKLAND.

OCTOBER 15, 1900.—On the east side of Main Street, opposite St. Paul's Episcopal Church, is situated the Lewis block, one of the time-honored business centers of the town.

As Woodbury was one of the first four towns of the State in which the Probate Court was established, the ancient valuable



VIEW FROM THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH. TAKEN FROM THE PARK.

records comprise many interesting volumes. The Probate District of Woodbury, which includes several adjoining towns, holds its sessions in this building.

The law offices of Hon. James Huntington, Judge of Probate, and Hon. A. D. Warner are located in this block.

The Woodbury Savings Bank, a well-established institution occupies commodious rooms in the south part of the main building. On the north side is W. H. Rowell, who is the proprietor of a large store, thoroughly stocked with all goods in the line of jewelry, silverware, bicycles and optical goods.

W. L. Judson is the proprietor of the central store of the main building, conducting an extensive drug business. Physicians' prescriptions are carefully compounded by those qualified and licensed in this department. A new Twentieth Century Soda Fountain dispenses all the desired fruit syrups in their season. The Post Office is also located in this building and W. L. Judson is postmaster. This occupies a separate room in the main building, and is fitted with all convenient arrangements for postal facilities.

Dr. W. G. Reynolds, physician and surgeon, has been located in this block for several years.

A new Probate building of ornamental design and fire proof in construction, has been built during the past year opposite the Lewis block and north of the Episcopal Church.

October 17, 1898.—It was a bitter cold morning that we left Pomperaug Valley, the thermometer registering twenty-two or twenty-three degrees below zero, February 3, 1897, but we suffered no special inconvenience. We were a jolly party and thought of little else just then but to enjoy ourselves and make the most of circumstances. On Saturday, February 5, we boarded the Steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II at the pier in Hoboken; there were five of us, and about a dozen more to wave us good bye. Very soon the wharf disappeared from view, and eagerly we went for our steamer letters and also to write letters to send back by the pilot. We found we could write more letters than is customary, since the pilot stayed with us until Sunday morning, the steamer having run aground on Romer

Shoals in a fog. Nothing especially happened after we were upon the broad Atlantic till the twelfth, when we were aroused at the break of day by the band playing "Yankee Doodle." Land was in sight! We hastened on deck as quickly as possible and gradually the Azores came into view. 'Twas a kind of liliputian scene, the general appearance of the buildings was white, and red dots here and there added variety to the landscape. We noticed a red formation of clay used for making pottery, one of their industries, deep fissures in rocks, an occasional waterfall, goats feeding on the mountain sides, windmills turning, churches, cemeteries, and ploughing with oxen; all these passed before us. The fields looked like lovely green moss, and where the land was being cultivated, like little brown patches. The division fences were broom corn, but they resembled inverted fringes, waving back and forth. The Islands are of volcanic formation. The scene, as we enjoyed it at the time, was like a glimpse of fairy land; the clouds just hanging over the tops of the mountains and the ever-changing lights and shadows added a charm. One mountain peak, nearly eight thousand feet high, showed a snow-capped summit. Midday of February 15 found us anchored in the Straits of Gibraltar. We were all soon ready and crowded closely to the side of the Steamer to get ashore and to watch the natives alongside with fruits and vegetables. We had three countries in sight at one time, Africa, Spain and her Majesty's Dominions. The harbor was alive with various crafts, bands were playing, flags were flying, all tended to welcome us to land, and the great rocks of Gibraltar loomed up in the distance.

After passing through the gates we seemed to encounter people of all nationalities, Moors, Turks and Spaniards, and as many varieties of dress. Gibraltar is a strongly fortified town, and soldiers are met at every turn, some on duty, while the sentry boxes impressed us at the beginning. In the early morning we watched the soldiers drill. The rock is about three miles long and grey in color. At the western end lie the fortifications and the town. The rock is tunneled in a wonderful manner, wide enough for a carriage to drive through, and pierced with port-holes in such a manner that the bay and neutral ground are constantly in sight. In our drives

and walks we noticed the yellow oxalis, sweet alyssum and other flowers growing wild, that we cultivate with care. Early in the morning of February 17 we took a boat for Tangier, reaching there before noon. The city presented a white mass of buildings on the exterior, and was very pleasing. After passing through a form of Custom House we walked on a narrow pier to the city, and such a conglomeration of noises and motly array of inhabitants and costumes; though in most instance 'twas a variety of rags. Then began our experiences in the Moorish quarters of the world. Passing under a white archway, no carriages in waiting or wheels of any kind to be seen, we grasped the wraps and made our way through the narrow streets, over rough cobbles, dodging the donkeys, shaking our heads at the worst looking beggars with the dirtiest of hands, and as if to move one to pity, so many were blind. It seemed hardly possible to step from such streets into a good looking hotel, as we did, and to be treated like good respectable American citizens. It was market day, and we sallied forth to contend again with the wild throng. The fierce aspect of the swarthy looking people, a turban on their heads, loose garments flying, bare feet thrust into sandals, brandishing a stick and belaboring a poor tired looking donkey laden with sticks, water bottles or vegetables, going along at a fierce rate of speed. We passed through a tall archway into the Market place, or "Soko," where six thousand people were assembled. I don't recall any appetizing looking goods or fine wares. We visited the Governor's house and Sultan's palace. He had not been there since 1888, as he owns forty. In the afternoon you would have seen us mounted on little four-footed bundles of bones, taking a trip through a country romantic and picturesque, over roads lined with century plants and prickly pear, through a quaint little village, across a desert of yellow sand to the beach, and home to the hotel. We returned to Cadiz, Spain, visited Seville and where the carnival season was in progress, and its vast cathedral containing many fine pictures by Murillo, and also Cordova, whose chief object of interest is the Mosque, founded in 786 A. D. Here is a tiny chapel with a roof like a shell, formed from a single block of marble, ornamented with the finest mosaics in the world.

February 23 found us in Granada, ready the following morning to visit the Alhambra, the most beautiful building in the world. It is but a few minutes walk through the woods to the entrance, the "Gate of Justice," beneath which, Moorish Kings dispensed judgment. As you pass the doorway you are translated from fact land to fairy land. You never think of the size, the proportions are so perfect. Court succeeds court, hall follows hall, with a bewildering loveliness of sculptures, and though endlessly varied, is perfectly harmonious. A petrified veil of most delicate lace covers the wall, formed partly of flowers and geometrical patterns, but in the main intention of its fret work strictly religious and fitted with sentences from the Koran. Over and over occurs the motto, "There is no conqueror but God." We returned to Gibraltar, stopping at Rouda, and sailed across the Mediterranean to Naples. As we lay in the bay, old Vesuvius seemed close by and showed continual life. We were in Geneva March 7 and from there to San Remo. Our journey took us along the Riveara, beautiful with mountain terraces, olive orchards, vineyards, orange trees and flowers. After a delightful rest we took a trip to Monte Carlo, and on March 11 enjoyed one of the most wonderful drives in the world, over the old Cornish roads, constructed by Napoleon, to Nice. Returning to Genoa we visited palaces, cathedrals, saw fine views, reaching Pisa on the fifteenth. We visited here a wonderful square containing four famous buildings, Leaning Tower, Cathedral, Baptistery and the Campo Santo. These are of marble and rich in collections of carvings, ornamentations and Mosaics. The bronze lamp suspended from the ceiling of the Cathedral gave Galileo the idea of the pendulum. The Tower, fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, contains seven bells. March 17 found us in Rome, where we saw the Palatine and Pincian Hills, Forum and Colosseum, and Cappucain Church. From here our party visited Pompeii and Sorrento, thence to Naples, a city of much interest. The National Museum, containing the finest collection of art in the world, the Aquarium, the Royal Palace and Churches, returning to Rome on April 2. There is much rises in my mind as I try to describe Rome. The vastness and grandeur of St. Peter's, the Vatican, the

most extensive palace of the world, containing the Sistine Chapel, whose ceilings were decorated by Michael Angelo in 1508. We saw innumerable Obelisks, visited many churches and art galleries; also the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. Byron says: "It is worth a journey to Rome to see Guido Reni's masterpiece, the Aurora," a fresco, on the ceiling of the Rospighosi Palace. From here we journeyed to Florence, "the art center of Italy," visited celebrated galleries of art, the Church of San Lorenzo, containing the bronze pulpits of Savanarola, the Baptistery, of whose fine bronze door, Michael Angelo said, "They were fit gates for Paradise," and the homes of Galileo, Dante and Mrs. Browning. On April 16 we left for Venice, enjoying gondola rides, visited the Cathedral of St. Mark's, Campanile and Doges Palace, then went onward to Milan and its Cathedral, with its forest of turrets and pinnacles. On April 25 we had a delightful sail on Lake Como, thence to Lugano and over the St. Gothard railway to Lucerne amid Alpine scenery, and ascended one of the Alps. May 2 we were in Geneva, thence to Paris, where there was much to visit, the Churches, the Palaces and Garden of Louvre, and from there to London with its many objects of interest. We spent a delightful day at Stratford-on-Avon, and a few days later took steamer for home.

Woodbury, Conn. Frances J. Curtiss.

October 18, 1900.—There may be more beautiful places than Woodbury as it appears in the Summer and Autumn time, but I am sure it is not so very easy to find them. In the Summer time when the foliage is green and well washed, it is a delight and a rest to look upon the great trees by the wayside and the green carpet of well-mown grass that makes our village in these days so much more pleasant to look upon and live in, than it was in the former time. The Autumn time, however, is the time of beauty, when the trees and hills show that even in dying, nature loves to be of good cheer. Nowhere else can this be seen more clearly than from Orenaug Park, on a beautiful sunny afternoon when the dress that nature wears, shows in all its brilliant coloring and fine diversity. Stand with me for a little while on Singing Rock. We are far

enough above the scene before us to realize its beautiful shades of coloring, while enough of the work of men's hands is before us, to give human history and effort their place with the wonderful works of God. Away to the south you can see signs of the restless iron horse, but it is only a relief to make your natural picture more restful. Near at hand, you see the very prominent mark of the time when Woodbury was a center of Masonic interest, in the building that we may trust will stand for long years to come. Old historic places, almost take our interest from the beautiful picture that lies before us, in the trees at our feet decked in splendor.

This Autumn, in which time I write, the frosts have waited to see if the sun and wind of Autumn days could do as well in coloring leaves as King Frost himself can do this. I am sure if we are the judges, we will wait long before we utter our word in reference to the great artists and their work. Out beyond are the hills, where the first comers to this valley paused and took counsel of each other, and prayed for the blessing of God on them in their councils and their work. Here, as we look, we see the beautiful side hill that now presents no fears to us but beauty and promise. Between the farther hill and ourselves is the winding river, flashing in the sunlight and making with the sheet of water at our feet, the artist's most desired opportunity to show his delight in the things of God that are for him to picture to others. North of where we stand and extending for a mile and a half, there are the same beautiful marks of nature's handiwork. Churches and dwelling houses and stores, raising their heads above the trees and looking to us as though they would say: Do you know of any other churches or dwelling houses or stores that have such garlands of splendor and beauty as we have? It is all one, the beauty of God's work and man's work, which to have seen is a joy and to remember, a recollection that is one of the things that impress us with the beauty of God—*Woodbury from the Park on an Autumn Day.*

JOSEPH A. FREEMAN,

WOODBURY, CONN. *Pastor First Congregational Church.*

October 19, 1900.—You ask me to write for the Woodbury Souvenir, the request coming as it does from one of my former pupils and family, and incidentally on the anniversary of my seventieth birthday, causes me to seek my rusty pen to reply.

Naturally, coming from the source referred to, it calls to my memory that portion of my life spent in a vocation around which my fondest recollections linger.

In those days it was expected that the teacher would temporarily share the homes of their pupils, or in other words, board around the district. We were thereby, with few exceptions, introduced to the pleasant, hospitable homes of our patrons, which we were loth so soon to leave for uncertainties, but which, in order to keep up the custom of our forefathers, were obliged to do. This method of obtaining one's daily bread, although attended with many inconveniences on the part of those concerned, afforded an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our patrons and forming many ties of friendship which have never been broken. Also it opened up to us a knowledge of the dissimilar family methods of those days in our own quiet town.

Pardon me, if I refer to one which afforded me some inconvenience and much amusement. That was the difference of the hour for the morning meal. At any time from four until nearly nine o'clock it appeared. At one time I was called to the home of one of those rushing business men (many of whom our town could boast), and was awakened at four o'clock by the stentorian voice of the host announcing, "Breakfast is ready." I sprang from by bed, made a hasty toilet, and sped to the dining room to find the family waiting for the teacher. Determined not to be thus disgraced again, I started on the following morning at the first sound of footsteps, and soon repaired to the breakfast room, where I found both husband and wife each busy with a frying pan, the contents of which were speedily transferred to the table, of which the family were ready to partake.

Then the scene was changed, where the husband sought the fields at an early hour, first compelled to take a cold bite from the pantry while the wife still slumbered on. Waiting, and still waiting, I became uneasy for fear the teacher would be tardy. When past

eight o'clock, the hostess appeared, and offering many apologies she asked the question, "Why didn't you call me? Be sure you call me to-morrow morning at six o'clock. The other teacher used to call me." "I can do so if you really wish it." "To be sure I do." Then the fire was kindled, and soon a bit of ham and an egg came to the table on a plate for one, which was quickly swallowed, leaving ten minutes for a half mile walk, which was rapidly accomplished in order to strike the nine o'clock bell. At ten o'clock, the poor abused children of the family came quietly into school, no longer the objects of blame from their teacher, but those of sincere pity that they were the children of one whose habits, and the consequences that follow them, are so well portrayed in Proverbs 24, 30, 34. It is useless to say that the lady's request, though complied with on the following mornings, availed but little.

But I must not prolong the theme, many were the pleasant, well ordered homes to which I was cheerily welcomed and toward which my gratitude still extends. And now dear old Woodbury, home of my childhood, as well as of my maturer years, no better can I express my feelings toward you than by quoting a portion of our favorite national hymn:

> I love thy rocks and rills,
> Thy woods and templed hills.

And now to those remaining of the flock for whom I labored and over whom I watched with almost motherly care and anxiety, I send to you the happiest greetings, and from my Danbury home, I can but implore the choicest of Heaven's blessings to rest upon you, and also upon all of the inhabitants of your good old town and their surroundings.

DANBURY, CONN. HENRIETTA BURTON NICHOLS.

OCTOBER 20, 1900.—As I lived near Central Park when I first came here, I will send you a description of that place of interest.

Central Park is one of the finest in the world. It extends from 59th Street to 110th Street, is two and one-half miles long, one-half mile wide, and covers an area of eight hundred and sixty-two acres.

At the Eighth Avenue entrance is a lofty column surmounted by a statue of Columbus, presented by the Italian residents of the city in 1892. In the southwest part of the Park is the play ground for children, a lawn of sixteen acres.

The Menagerie is in the southeastern part and is clustered around the old arsenal building. Animals of all kinds are to be seen. The Mall is a broad promenade bordered by double rows of elm trees and famous for its collection of statues, prominent among which are Shakespeare by J. Q. A. Ward, erected on the three hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth; Robert Burns, Scott the "Indian Hunter" by Ward, Fitz Green Hallock, and a Beethoven bust.

The Terrace is a pile of richly carved masonry. The Lake is next and the famous Bethesda Fountain, designed by Emma Stebbins and made in Munich. Beyond the Lake is the Ramble of thirty-six acres, while further along is the Belvedere, a tower of stone, from the top of which a fine view of the Park can be seen.

On the left is the American Museum of Natural History. Here are to be seen the quadrupeds of America and the Old World; also a fine collection of birds.

On the east drive is the statue of Alexander Hamilton and the Obelisk, which was presented to the city in 1877 by the Khedive of Egypt. Opposite the Obelisk is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, containing the finest collection of pictures in America.

New York City. Charlotte Minor Wilcus.

October 21, 1900.—Sixty and sixty-five years ago the spinsters in this community were among its most useful citizens. There was "Aunt Avis," who had rooms in the ell of Mr. Anthony Strong's house, now occupied by his son. A few are now living who can remember her tall, angular, somewhat bowed form, her stern resolute features, seemingly never lighted, even by a wintry smile. She always dressed in calico and wore a blue figured shawl. I think she was never seen on the street without a large two-leaved willow basket; it was her trunk when she went on her four weeks' trip. It went with her to the store to take home her small purchases, and when she occasionally desired to spend an evening with a neighbor,

it carried her knitting work. I do not know that she ever asked for it, but I think she expected something would be given her to add to the comfort of her home, and I presume she was rarely disappointed.

She was an adept at making raised cake, which was considered a necessary part of every wedding feast, and although she was particular and exact to the last degree, almost to inspecting the hoops on the flour barrel and the hens that furnished the eggs, yet as her success was assured, these things were condoned.

But her chief forte was the sick room. With the mother and young infant she must have been considered invaluable, for her services were often in demand. There her virtues shone triumphant, gentleness and patience; but when in the family she was too much absorbed in her anxious cares, to bestow upon the other children of the household, the attention and sympathy which they so greatly missed. If there was a young inexperienced girl in the kitchen who needed advice and assistance, and if some information was asked of Aunt Avis, the reply was: "I came here to do nursing not to learn you what you ought to have known before you were half as big as you are now." If the girl was sensitive she had a crying spell, but if spunky, and that was a good trait for her to have, she would go on and do the best she could, and if she failed, took delight in telling the family, not in Aunt Avis's presence, her courage was hardly equal to that, but when she knew she was within hearing distance, that "she asked her advice and she was too busy to tell her." She did not disdain to go into the kitchen and cook her favorite dishes, and many a dish of cookies and toothsome doughnuts she made, took them straightway from the kitchen and pantry into some unfrequented guest chamber, and when they were wanted for the table, with thoughtful economy, heads were carefully counted and not an extra one put on the plate.

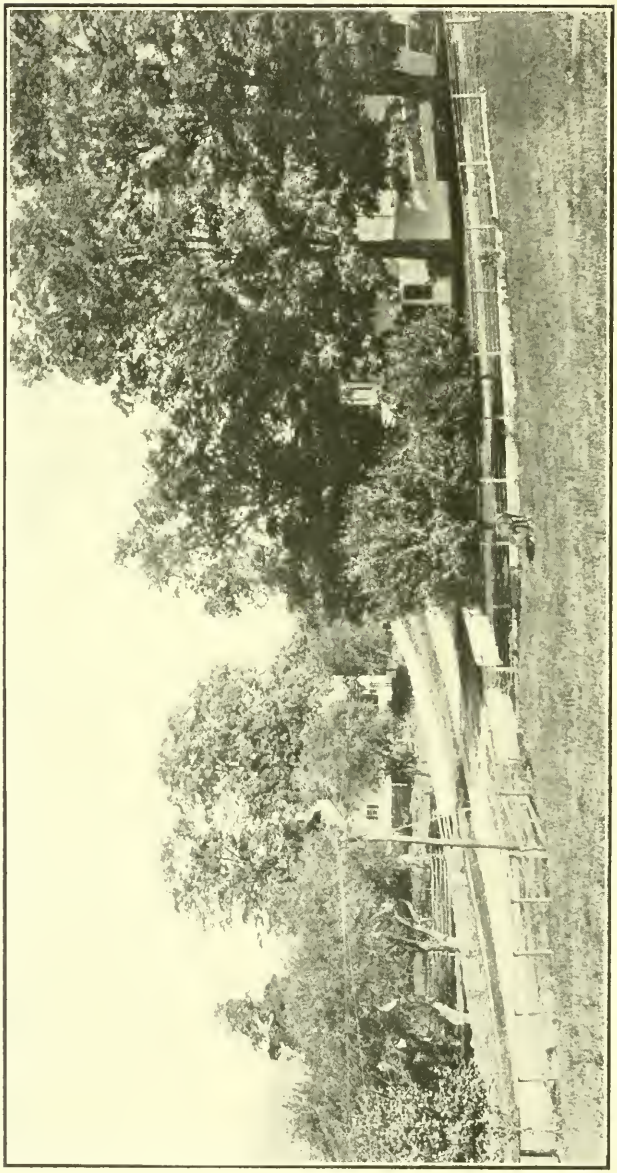
It was no unusual thing after she had left a home, to find on a closet shelf, under a bureau, and in one instance, on the top of a canopy covered bed, remnants of such dishes long after they had lost their pristine freshness. Her wages were never more than a dollar a week, often less than that, but she saved enough to build her a home on Main Street. To add to her small income, she rented the

north part of her house, and it made her a comfortable home during the remainder of her days. Her active life must have served as a tonic, for she lived to a good old age and passed away missed by all.

Then there was "Aunt Renie," the dearest, sweetest, most loveable universal aunt who ever blessed a neighborhood. She lived where John Martin now resides, near the Town Hall. I am not sure, but I think she was a relative of that family. I remember her cushiony figure, her pink cheeks, almost as fresh as a young girl's, and her gray curls, partially covered on State occasions with a lace cap with pink and gray-striped gauze ribbon. I do not remember that she ever assumed the duties of the sick room, but when there was sickness in a family, there she went, assisting in the kitchen, caring for the children, to whom she was a fairy god-mother, or doing the family mending, and many a weary, nervous mother gave a sigh of relief when she knew Aunt Renie had come for the day. The children were never too fractious or noisy to disturb her. She had a bandage for every cut or scratched finger, a kiss for every bump, and her gentle "there, there, I wouldn't," was sufficient to quell every childish squabble. In one such home, surrounded as usual by a bevy of children, Aunt Avis came out from the sick room, there may have been a crying baby, or a feeble mother for whom she was anxious, as she passed through, she said: "I wouldn't make such a fool of myself fussin' over those young 'uns." Not any dared to peep until she was in her own domain with closed door, then one little tot burst out, "Aunt Renie are I young uns?" "No, no, you are a dear little birdie, and I am the mother bird and will feed you," and out from her pocket came a peppermint drop which she placed between her lips and the little one took it from them into her own. From a sanitary point of view, the expediency of this might be questioned, but the object sought was attained, and smiles chased away the tears. We used to visit her in her home. I remember going there one Saturday afternoon with two or three companions. She said she had something to show us and took us into her parlor. I cannot recall the appearance of the room, do not remember a single article in it, but a high bureau on which was piled

a few books, and sitting among them a large handsomely dressed doll. To whom it belonged or how it came there I do not know. We did not touch it, but looked and expressed our admiration. As we turned to go away, she opened one of the books and said: "Now we are going, and you can read a little if you are lonesome." It was so realistic, we questioned after we left the house if that doll could read. She was also our Sunday School teacher, when the sessions were held in the gallery of the Church. She held the youngest child on her lap, the rest of us standing around her. We had no text books and I do not remember as she used a Bible, but taught us from her lips the commandments, or portions of them. "Suffer little children," "Be ye kind to one another," etc. She had never heard of the "Revised Version," perhaps she had a dim foreshadowing of it, for the verse, "We love Him because he first loved us," she rendered "We must love God 'cause He loves us." Dear Aunt Renie! She has been in Heaven many years, and I doubt not the children who loved her here, some of whom preceded her there, whose tiny forms she dressed for their last resting place with many a loving caress and "dear little lamb," were the first to greet her and perhaps felt more at home for her coming. Truly her memory is blessed.

Aunt Rhoda lived where Mr. Frink now does. We knew less of her, for she was a home body. There was a running brook north of her house, beside which grew spearmint and flagroot, the mint she allowed us to gather, but the flagroot was forbidden. Because it was forbidden it was much desired, but we had no means of getting it, so we contented ourselves with breaking the green stalk. One of our companions once had a broken-bladed knife her brother had discarded. With the aid of that and much tugging and pulling, she succeeded in getting a piece about two inches long, which she washed in the brook and generously gave us each a bite. Some one has said "Every pleasure has its sting." That had two. The pungent taste was not agreeable to our childish palate, and lest we should betray ourselves we did not dare go into her home for the usual drink of water, often accompanied with an apple, and sometimes, if not too many of us, a cookie. Behind the house was a luxuriant crop of burdock. We used to gather the burs and make



VIEW FROM PROSPECT STREET.

baskets and various geometrical (?) figures. One miss, a little older and more expert, could make cups and saucers. When I see the children's libraries to-day, their playrooms stocked with toys and games of every description, I wonder what they would think of their grandmother's simple amusements; but they were halcyon days and have left the pleasantest memories.

Aunt Renie Way lived up the street, in a little brown cottage near the sidewalk on the corner of Mrs. Morehouse's lot. Her sphere was also in the home, where she reared an orphan niece and a fatherless nephew. She had a mild, gentle disposition and a softly modulated voice. When she called John, it gave one the impression it was spelled C-h-o-n. She was a worthy woman and highly respected. There were others, for Woodbury has never been without its quota of the sisterhood, and they lived in this neighborhood and were associated with my childish recollections, before I was ten years old. I may have made some mistakes, but I think the delineation of character is true to the life. In these days of trained nurses and expensive domestic service we are better served than our mothers were, but we have lost the kindly neighborliness, which often knit heart to heart with a love and affection that money cannot buy. Yet who of us will say "the former days were better than these."

WOODBURY, CONN. FRANCES A. MINOR.

OCTOBER 22, 1789.—Samuel Huntington, Esquire, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief in and over the State of Connecticut, in America.

To Anthony Strong:

GENT. GREETING:—You, being by the General Assembly of this State accepted to be Captain of the First Company of Militia in the Thirteenth Regiment in this State, reposing special trust and confidence in your fidelity, courage and good conduct, I do, by virtue of the laws of this State me thereunto enabling, appoint and empower you to take the said Company into your care and charge as their Captain, carefully and diligently to discharge that office and trust, exercising your inferior officers and soldiers in the use

of their arms, according to the rules and discipline of war ordained and established by the laws of this State, keeping them in good order and government, and commanding them to obey you as their Captain, and you are to observe all such orders and directions as, from time to time, you shall receive either from me or from your other superior officers, pursuant to the trust reposed in you.

Given under my hand and the public seal of this State, at New Haven, the 22d day of October, A. D. 1789.

SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

By His Excellency's Command.

GEORGE WYLLIS, *Secretary.*

War Department Revolutionary Claim:

I certify that in conformity with the law of the United States of the 18th March, 1818, Anthony Strong of Litchfield County, Connecticut, late private in the Army of the Revolution, is inscribed on the Pension List Roll of the Connecticut agency at the rate of eight dollars per month, to commence on the fifteenth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and nineteen.

Given at the War Office of the United States, 26th day of November, 1819.

C. VANDEVENTER, *Acting Secretary of War.*

[Copied from the original papers.]

"Let it be remembered finally, that it has ever been the boast and pride of America, that the rights for which they contended were the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the author of these rights, on the means exerted for their defense they have prevailed against all opposition, and form the basis of thirteen independent states. No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected to occur hereafter, in which the unadulterated form of Republican government can pretend to so fair an opportunty of justifying themselves by their fruits. In this view, the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. If justice, good faith, honor, gratitude and all other qualities which ennoble the character of a nation be the

fruits of our establishments, the cause of liberty will acquire a dignity and luster which it has never yet enjoyed, and an example will be set, which cannot but have the most favorable influence on the rights of mankind.—*Address to the States from Colonial Papers.*

I trust, therefore, that the citizens of the United States will show to the world, that they have as much wisdom in preserving peace at this interesting juncture, as they have heretofore displayed valor in defending their just rights.—*From Address of George Washington to the Board of Trade in Philadelphia, May 20, 1793.*

This day, May 1, 1797, is published opposite the Market House, The Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Spelling Book, containing a criterion of rightly spelling and pronouncing the English language, interspersed with many easy lessons in reading, entertaining fables and collections of moral sentences, intended for the use of common schools .

March 23, 1797.—The subscriber informs the public respectfully that he has opened an Inoculation at the pleasantly situated hospital in Glastonbury. Gentlemen and ladies who wish to have the small-pox by this safe and easy method, may be boarded and have faithful attendance paid them by their obedient servant.

News from Paris in 44 days, by Belfast, of Bonaparte's victory in Italy.

The Posthumous Works of Rev. Joseph Huntington, on Universal Salvation, to be sold by Nathaniel Patten, who, in order to please his customers, has a subscription open for Eternal Damnation and other books.

Accident—A gentleman and wife were buried under the ruins of the house. Too great a quantity of corn stored on the upper room floor.

Mrs. Hart left at the North Meeting House, some time in the latter part of last winter, a large new tin stove, with a tin pan and cherry frame, which it is supposed was taken away by some boy not know-

ing where it belonged. Whoever may have it in his possession is requested to give information.

June 29, 1798.—Run away from the subscriber on the night after the 17th inst., a negro man named Prince, in the twentieth year of his age, about 5 feet 9 inches in height, well proportioned, very active and sprightly and much addicted to mimicing. Has naturally short, thin hair and two small bald spots on his head, with punctures in his ears for the purpose of wearing rings. Said boy had on when he went away, a striped nankeen coat with black velvet cape, white or buff colored vest, brown cassimere overalls, half boots and a white napt hat, and carried with him one short blue broadcloth coat, faced with buff colored cassimere, two pair tan cloth trousers and one pair shoes, together with sundry other articles of clothing. Whoever will take up and secure and return said negro to the subscriber or give information where he may be obtained, shall have a reasonable reward.—*From Colonial Papers Owned by F. Treat Strong.*

October 23, 1899.—The war with the Pequots made the English become better acquainted with the coast west of the mouth of the Connecticut River, especially the beautiful plain between the Wallingford and West Rivers. Shortly afterwards a Puritan Colony from England, under the leadership of Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport, arrived at Boston, where they were urged to stay. Hearing of the beauty of the country on the Sound, Eaton and a few of his friends went down to explore and decided on a place that had a good harbor, called by the Indians "Quinnipiac." On the 30th of March, 1638, the whole company set sail for this location, arriving at their destination in a fortnight.

On the morning of the first Sabbath after reaching New Haven, the Colonists assembled for worship under a spreading oak tree. This oak, according to tradition, stood in the dooryard of the dwelling in which Rev. Lyman Beecher was born. The people are arranged in order. Near the tree are Theophilus and Samuel Eaton, Edward Hopkins, Thomas Gregson, Matthew Gilbert, Rev. Mr. Prudden, Rev. John Davenport and other gentlemen, and

opposite them their wives and children. At a little distance the humbler classes in separate groups. Rev. John Davenport discourses to them from Matthew 3:1, warning them of the temptations in the wilderness. Rev. Mr. Prudden follows him with a text from the same chapter, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.'" For the first year, there was no government except the simple covenant that all would be obedient to the rules of Scripture.

In the following November, Eaton, Davenport and a few others made a contract with an Indian chief, Momauguin, in reference to a sale of lands. This document was in the form of a deed of sale of Quinnipiac, and a league or solemn treaty was interpreted by Thomas Stanton. On the eleventh of December, another tract of land lying northerly of the first purchase was bought. This valuable land, ten miles wide from north to south and thirteen miles long from east to west, has since been divided into the towns of New Haven, Branford, Wallingford, East Haven, Woodbridge, Bethany, Meriden, Cheshire and North Haven, and the consideration of the deed was thirteen English coats, with the reservation to hunt and plant upon the granted premises. In the class, character and wealth of its immigrants, New Haven was peculiarly fortunate. On the fourth of June, 1639, the free planters met to form a civil and religious organization.

"They in Newman's barn laid down,
Scripture foundations for the town."

Within a few feet of this historic spot Noah Webster lived and died. Rev. John Davenport brought their minds to a suitable frame for the grave matter pending, by preaching to them from the words of Solomon, "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars." Under a constitution founded on this, New Haven was organized and flourished many years. The government was called the "House of Wisdom," of which Eaton, Davenport and five others were the seven pillars. None but church members were admitted to the rights of citizenship.

The first meeting house was begun the year after the founding

of the town. It was situated upon the lower Green, was fifty feet square, built of wood and stood thirty years. The congregation were called together by the beat of the drum, a military guard was stationed in the house, a sentinel in the tower and thirty pieces of artillery were around the church.

> "Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
> Each man equipped on Sunday morn
> With psalm book, shot and powder horn."

New Haven was settled by merchants, whose leading idea was commerce not agriculture. Milford, with forty-four free planters, and Guilford, with forty, were settled in 1639, in November and August respectively, under governments modeled on that of New Haven. Each had its church, gathered its seven pillars, who also acted as a legislature and court, and held the town lands in trust for the town. The separate life of New Haven may therefore stand as a fair representative of the other towns. The lands of the towns seem to have been distributed by agreement or lot. The minister was given the first choice, the leading military man and deacons came next, probably that they might choose places convenient for the fulfillment of their duties. The area which was to be the real town was divided into home lots, and the outlying lands into corresponding plots of arable and meadow lands. The lots differed in size, corresponding to the gradations of contributions to the common stock.

In the distribution of 1640, each settler received five acres of upland and meadow for each hundred pounds of his estate, and for each head in his family, two and a half acres of upland and half an acre of meadow. As soon as the establishment of houses and streets had given the place a corporate appearance, the name was changed to New Haven, September 1, 1640.—*Story of New Haven Colony.*

Woman's Club, Woodbury, Conn. Lottie E. Hitchcock.

October 24, 1900.—These recollections are of unusual interest because they have been contributed by a venerable lady of ninety-five years. Her early home was in that part of the town known

as Cat Swamp, the site of the house being just south of the residence of Mrs. Asahel Gibson, between that dwelling and the one now standing south. She reached the advanced age of ninety-five years on the eighteenth of July of this year, retains full possession of her mental faculties and was able to attend church on the first of October. She receives many calls on account of her great age and the brightness of her intellect, and is one of the two or three real Daughters of the Revolution in the State, Miss Augusta Thompson of Woodbury being another. These reminiscences are given as they were related by her to Mrs. W. B. Lake, with whom she resides. Mrs. Augusta Tullar says she can remember when there were but four houses on Woodbury Street between the river and the North Church, and those were one story small brown houses, having never been painted. She remembers when two persons rode on one horse to the church which stood near where the Soldiers' Monument now stands. She remembers when the North Church was built. At that time there seemed to be two factors, one of which wanted the church to be erected near the Old Cemetery and timbers were drawn there for that purpose, but the people who wanted it where it now stands, seemed to be the strongest, and so the timbers were removed from where they were first taken, to the site upon which the church now stands. She recollects when the Methodist Church, the first one, was built, and the people held meetings in the kitchen of what is now the Methodist parsonage previous to the building of the church. She remembers the first cook stove that was brought into Woodbury, it was owned by Daniel Bacon who lived where Mapleton now stands. The first stove that was used in the North Church was a small box stove, and wood was used for fuel. Judson Minor was much opposed to putting a stove in the church for fear the building would get on fire. Mrs. Tullar remembers the only factory in what is now called Hotchkissville. It was a small one story building, located near where the woolen factory now stands, owned and used by Mr. Hotchkiss in the manufacture of woolen cloth. He also had a small factory near by, where the manufactured cloth was finished. The only two houses in the Ville at that time was a

small one story house, plastered on the outside, where the proprietor of the woolen mill lived, and the other one was a house just back of Carpenter's carriage factory, once owned by Mr. Cramer. It has been remodeled and still stands. At Pomperaug there was a grist mill, where the residents of Woodbury and vicinity all carried their grain of all kinds to be ground into flour, for at that time there was little wheat flour to be obtained. This grist mill was owned by the Town of Woodbury. There was one house in Pomperaug, across the river, and nothing but a small foot bridge below the mill, that led to this house.

After a time, there was a machine put into the upper part of the grist mill where the people carried their wool to be carded into rolls for spinning. Previous to this, the carding was all done by hand. She says she has taken wool to this mill many times on horseback to be carded, putting the wool on the back of the horse behind herself, as carriages and wagons at this time were almost unknown. All the cloth that was made into garments in those days, or nearly all, was woolen or linen and made by hand, cotton garments not hardly being known. The first pair of cotton sheets her mother bought, cost 18½ cents a yard, and were not nearly as good as those one can buy for four or five cents a yard to-day. There was a small shop in West Side which Judson Minor used for dyeing cloth. A schoolhouse stood near where the stairs are that lead to the Masonic Hall. She remembers when the Cat Swamp schoolhouse was built, in 1810. This was when she went to school, she, being five years old at that time. On the west side of the street, between the Methodist parsonage and the South Church, there were but four houses, owned by Dea. Elijah Sherman, Timothy Terrell, Nathaniel Bacon, and one on the hill that she does not recollect who was the owner. On the east side, there were no houses between the Bacon house and Matthew Minor's. Next to this house was the Post Office, which served also as a drug store, kept at the time by James S. Huntington. The mail was carried for many years by a man named Bacon, in saddlebags across the horse's back, on which the mail carrier rode also. He was grandfather of Timothy Bacon, now living in Woodbury, and was called

"Post Bacon." There was a store near where Mapleton now stands, kept by Daniel Bacon, who dealt in dry goods and groceries, and another store in what is now called Hitchcock's block, kept at that time by a Mr. Lampson, who used to exchange produce, also beef and pork with the farmers, for dry goods and groceries, taking the beef, etc., to New Haven to market and as horses were not much used for conveying, this was done with ox teams. At about this time there was quite a stir in Woodbury on the question of Temperance. Previous to this, it was not thought proper to raise any new building without the use of intoxicants of some kind, and so it was quite an event when the first house was raised without using something of this kind. She remembers it well. It was a house built by Joel Atwood and stands a short distance below where Charles Curtiss now lives.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. MRS. AUGUSTA TULLAR.

OCTOBER 25, 1880.—Well, do I remember the merchants doing business in this and adjoining towns seventy-five years ago, being at that time at the age of eleven. At about the age of fourteen I entered the store of General Chauncey Craft's, at the north end of the village in my native town of Woodbury. I continued to act as clerk for the merchants in this and adjoining towns for a long series of years, until at the age of twenty-six I commenced business on my own account, in a store now occupied by F. A. Walker, as a druggist, and in this and in other stands in town, I followed the business of merchant for the period of nearly half a century. I feel, therefore, in some degree competent to write of the old-time merchants, their manner of doing business and of the embarrassments and difficulties they had to encounter. Never having kept any record of passing events, I shall write only from m mory, but shall hope in the main to be correct in my statements. From the year 1805-1820 the merchants of this town were largely engaged in the purchase, partly by barter and slaughter, of cattle and hogs for the New York market. Bacon & Sons, Lamson & Sons, Tomlinson & Sons, being the most prominent. This trade with New York in slaughtered animals, packed in salt, might be called immense, and

every year as the season arrived, a large number of men were employed in the work, and as the packing was completed, double and quadruple rows of barrels of beef and pork accumulated and stretched along the highway in front of stores, waiting for the farmers to get through their Fall work, that they might transport the same to water communication, which was then at Derby, for New York. In those days the roads were not worked as now, being in their primitive condition of roughness, growing every year worse and worse. Large rocks, deep gullies and swampy rivers lay directly in the track. It was counted quite a hazardous undertaking and required an experienced teamster to drive his team over that road and not upset his cart load of barrels. More particularly was his skill and caution brought into requisition on his return trip, with his more precious merchandise of rum, molasses and sugar. Jabez Bacon, the grandfather of the Rev. William T. Bacon of the Derby Transcript, was acknowledged by most people, to be the most enterprising of any at that time engaged in mercantile pursuits. He did a large business, extending his operations into surrounding towns, exchanging his merchandise for large quantities of produce which he sent to the seaboard. Many of his customers became greatly indebted to him, and by this means he became a large land proprietor by the closing of mortgages. It was his custom every year to sow large quantities of plaster on his fields. One very windy day he sent out his hired man, Deming, with a load of plaster to sow. Deming, finding that a large proportion of the plaster took wings and but very little stuck to the ground, returned and reported. "Deming," repled Bacon, "Go back and sow the plaster as I told you, and if it hits anywhere this side of Norfolk it will hit on my land." Norfolk, the town alluded to, was about thirty miles distant.

I think I am correct in saying that at the early times of which I write, there was not a public conveyance for passengers from this town to any of the cities and towns on the Sound, and whoever would make the journey, must take his own team. Our merchants, after reaching the seaboard and getting on board a sloop advertised to sail at a certain time, would be obliged to encounter what seemed

to be the most vexatious of delays. After waking in the morning they would find they had not even left port, for, as the captain would say, "The wind is dead ahead, and there is no use trying to stem the waves in such a dark night." Possibly, in the course of the day the sloop would get off and by another morning reach New York. The same delay would occur on the return trip, for by that time the wind would have changed, as everybody hoped it would, and so be "dead ahead" again. Even up to 1824, when the writer commenced going to New York for the purchase of goods, the same hindrances were of frequent occurrence, and no sure calculation could be made upon the time it would take for the journey, a margin of some days being necessary to allow in any calculation. The surest and quickest trip could be made on horseback. In illustration of the remarkable perseverance and energy of Mr. Bacon, it used to be related of him, that in the early part of his business life, before his sons were old enough to be of much assistance, and having no clerk, leaving his store closed, he started in the early morning on horseback for New York, a distance of one hundred miles, arriving in time to purchase a large stock of new goods the same day. He returned the next day, arriving home in time to serve a good number of customers who were at his store door awaiting his arrival. The journey, with good reason, was considered by Mr. Bacon's friends an exploit, and by the merchants of the present day, who are seldom seen on horseback, it would be counted an impossibility. The writer, at the age of seventeen, was sent by his father, on horseback, to transact some business in Albany. On his return trip, he made eighty miles of the distance in one day before sunset. The class of merchants doing business in Woodbury at the present day, will hardly appreciate the facilities they enjoy in the transaction of their business. Four stages leave here now to connect with the railroads at as many different places, and return daily. Due largely to the perseverance of one of our enterprising citizens who has himself been many years a merchant, the vibrations of the telegraphic wire starting from my own homestead and pulsating through the office of the Bank, obey and wait on our business men to an endless ramification of destination over

the world. Much more in this line could be written, but we hasten to another retrospect. Of these merchants of the olden time, mentioned above, all had large families, sons and daughters, and all accumulated large estates. Of those large families only a remnant of their descendants remain in Woodbury. Homer Tomlinson, a grandson of Capt. Tomlinson, Wm. T. Bacon, Jr., Mrs. Treat Lambert and Mrs. Enos Benham, great grandchildren of Jabez Bacon, being all that I call to mind. Of those large estates only a few acres are retained by any of their descendants, Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Benham still occupying their portion of their grandfather's acres.

Woodbury, Conn. Marcus De Forest.

October 28, 1900.—On Main Street, near the Park on which the Soldiers' Monument stands, is the mercantile establishment of which George W. Proctor is owner and proprietor. The building in which this business is situated is centrally located, and a thriving general mercantile trade is conducted by this prosperous and enterprising merchant. After ten years of experience in business life, he became established in the present location in the year 1885, and continues as a popular merchant and dealer in a large stock of goods, every article of the best. This business has the confidence of the public and the patronage of Woodbury and adjacent towns.

October 30, 1898.—The Colony of Massachusetts must now communicate with the other Colonies, the result of their armed resistance, and to this end, Samuel and John Adams, with John Hancock, started on their journey to the Continental Congress, which is convened at Philadelphia. They have no fear in meeting the Connecticut Colony, as they know the members are in sympathy with them. Congress decides, the first blow has been struck, and war is inevitable. George Washington is elected to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

The first military and political duty of England, now that war is inevitable, will be to try and separate the New England from the New York Colonies. The key of this position is the fortress at

THE STORE OF GEORGE W. PROCTOR.

Ticonderoga, which commands the Lakes and the road from Canada to New York. The New England leaders have seen this and have determined to act quickly. A message is sent to Ethan Allen to prepare to seize the fort. He is soon joined by fifty men from Connecticut and Massachusetts. It is now the ninth of May, at night, and the company are near the fort, waiting for day. As the first faint light of dawn appears, Allen asks every man who is willing to go with him to pledge his allegiance. Every soldier promises to be loyal. Allen gives the word and they march to the gate of the fort. The gate is closed, but the wicket is open. Allen, followed by his men, dash through and raise the Indian warwhoop. There is but little resistance and Allen marches to the quarters of the Commandant. As he reaches the door, De La Place, the Commander, appears, and Allen demands the surrender of the fort. "By what authority," is asked. To which Allen replies, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and thus the fort which had cost England so many campaigns, has fallen into the hands of the Americans in ten minutes.

During the next few weeks the Americans seem to be successful, and on October 17, 1777, Burgoyne surrenders all his forces to General Gates, who is now at the head of the American forces in this vicinity, although it is due to the skill and courage of Generals Schuyler and Arnold. Almost six thousand soldiers have thus laid down their arms and surrendered their military stores which are immensely valuable. But almost greater than the practical gain of this triumph, is that of respect which is accorded at once throughout the world to American courage and military capacity.

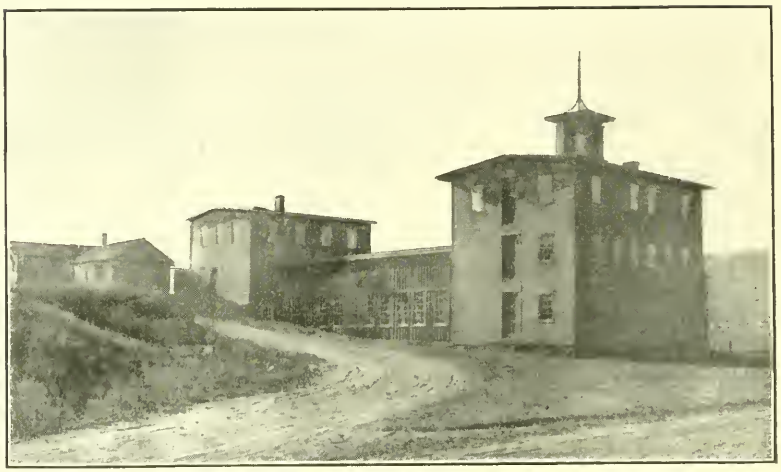
The British now try a new method of conquering the United Colonies, instead of aiming at the center they go down to the extreme South and try cutting off one colony after another. They conquer Georgia and reinstate the royal governor there. "It is always darkest before dawn," and now this old adage seems likely to be fulfilled. Only five days since the execution of Andre and there is a great American victory at the South. A new Army for the South has been raised and Nathaniel Greene placed in command. Now begin a series of victories. General Greene continues

to seize one position after another, driving the British through South Carolina into Virginia. It seems almost as though Greene is deliberately driving them northward, so that at last they may be between two armies. Washington, who has been watching the course of events with the keen eye of the master strategist, sees that the time has come for a decisive blow. Washington's Army moves southward and it is universally believed that he is about to attack the British at New York. But no, what does it mean? They have passed New York and are hastening onward. Ah! now his plan is clear. Cornwallis is assailed both by land and sea. He occupies a peninsula from which he cannot escape except by forcing a road through Washington's Army of sixteen thousand men. Three weeks pass and still Yorktown is bombarded. An American writes, "The whole peninsula trembles under the incessant thunderings of our infernal machines." Good soldier and good general as Cornwallis is, escape is impossible. October 19, 1781. To-day there is great rejoicing. Cornwallis with his Army of over seven thousand men, with vast quantities of military stores, has surrendered and the cause of the American Revolution has been won.—*Story of the Revolution.*

WOMAN'S CLUB, WOODBURY, CONN. EDITH M. MALLORY.

OCTOBER 31, 1898.—Brother Officers of the Capewell Horse Nail Company and representatives of its branches, I am glad to meet you on this occasion. I am asked to make a brief speech as being the inventor of the process and machine that makes the Capewell nail.

During the past week I have had an outing in Woodbury, the home of my boyhood, to which I bade adieu about forty years ago. My parents came from England to America in the late Fall of 1845 and brought my sister and myself with them; I, a youngster of about two and one-half years. We were six weeks crossing the ocean at that time. My father brought machinery and tools for the manufacture of sporting goods, shot tops, powder flasks, etc., and he at once started in business in company with his brothers, who had come on years before and was then engaged in other busi-



WEST SIDE MANUFACTORIES, L. J. ALLEN AND BENJAMIN RICHARDS.

ness. He continued in the business for about eight years, nearly to the time of his death, which occurred in October, 1854.

At that time I was a boy twelve years of age. Soon after my father's death it behooved me to be thinking and doing, and I worked for my uncles in the factory Summers and went to school Winters, until the Spring of 1858. Then for the first time I hired out to a good old farmer for the Summer, which was possibly the beginning of the making of me. A few weeks after I had hired, I was off in the distant field with his hired man, and because I was not strong enough to hold the plough down in the tough turf, stumps and stones, he came at me in a rage. I grabbed a rock and dared him thus far and no farther. He reconsidered, and stayed in his place. Neither of us received any bodily injury, but I would not stay with the farmer and gave him two weeks' notice to procure another boy. I hired out to another farmer, way upon the West Side hills, no neighbors short of a mile. He was kind enough, but my hours were from half-past four o'clock in the morning until pitch dark at night. Many was the time I wandered around in a bushy

swamp in the early morning before daylight until I was wet and chilled through and through, looking up cows and cattle. I would not leave the place for the fear and dread of being considered shiftless, and so stayed the full time of my hire, five months, and to accommodate my employer, two weeks longer. But it was in this place I made my vow, by the light of the cold, clear moon, that this was my first and last year as a farmer's boy or as a farmer. I realized that my fortune and comfort was not in farming. I there made my plans to go away and learn the machinist trade, and then, as opportunity presented, become a manufacturer. In looking back, I can see that I planned better than I then thought.

Most people believe inventors are born inventors; that they have wheels in their heads, and that all they have to do is to concentrate their minds for a few moments and the result is a more or less practical Jim-crank, machine or thing. This may be true in many cases, but in my case, I can say I never made any inventions except as a business proposition. My aim has been in all cases to invent something useful, that there would be a ready demand for, at a good fair profit. I did not invent for the honor of being the inventor of this or that, or because I was a natural born inventor. It was because I fully realized I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, and that if I ever amounted to much, I must be up and doing.

My first invention was a self-fastening button. This patent was taken out in 1866, and I am glad to say, has been, and is still, a great success. It was natural for me to invent it, as I was then in the button business and knew the necessities and demands. In 1870 I went into the light hardware business for myself and then invented several articles in that time, among them being the giant nail puller. I continued in that business until 1881, at which time I sold it out, to devote my time and energy to the Capewell Horse Nail Company. But it was while in business for myself, that I conceived the idea of building a machine to automatically produce horse nails. I knew large quantities of horse nails were used, and once used they never could be used again. So in May, 1876, I commenced experimenting on an automatic machine for producing the nails, the outcome of which, is the now fairly well and favorably known Capewell horse nail. My final successful machine came from many previous

failures and bitter disappointments. One large pondrous machine that had cost me several thousand dollars and years of labor, was consigned in one piece to the melting furnace, to get it out of my sight and from the sight of the world forever. But this was really only a beginning. I then started another that I supposed would be right, but it, and others after were not right, and I had to try, try again. At this time my health was poor and you may imagine my disappointment. The world looked dark indeed, but on this, as on many other occasions, I simply had to go on and succeed, or lose all. Well, I finally had a machine that was a decided success, and made a few barrels of nails and had them well tested in horses' feet. And after a nearly all Summer's siege, the stock of the proposed Capewell Horse Nail Company was taken on condition, that I make one change in the machine, the pointer, which was thought to be an infringement of another nail pointer, but as a matter of fact it was not. However, there was no alternative, and so I took the machine down to the old works in Cheshire and commenced again, and changed over the pointer. It cost me a good round sum and six months' time and hard work, and much anxiety for fear the subscribers to the stock would die or back out. Several did make other investments but their places were readily filled, and the company was organized January 17, 1881. Our company went on, but sales were small and profits smaller. Finally, in Old London, Mr. Williams and myself shook hands across the table on changing the management of the company, and pursuing a more vigorous course. After that time, the destinies were in the hands of an exceptionally able body of directors and officers, most of whom are living and with us now. In closing my remarks I will mention, it is just forty years since I saw my first castle in the air by the dim, pale light of the moon on that far off lonely hill that overlooks Woodbury, Flanders, Weekeepeemee, and farther in the distance Bethlehem, and the star of Bethlehem by night. Last week I visited the same old hill and place, for the first time since I bade it adieu forty years ago. Gentlemen, forgive my weakness, but my feelings got the better of me as I again bad it adieu, probably for the last time. My boyhood had its hardships and joys, but these old rocks, hills, vales and crystal streams have a divine place in my memory, and

may the day never come that I forget to think and speak kindly of them.

Just a word about the nail machine. The first machine was constructed to make fifty nails per minute. But this we found was not rapid enough to afford a reasonable profit, and so I put my wits together again and built another machine at my own expense, the machine which we now have, produces one hundred and ten nails per minute. This machine, in order to produce that number of nails, has to perform 1,870 separate operations per minute. No man could watch and look after all those movements and operations, so the machine is its own watchman and automatically stops itself, if a poor blank is made or anything goes wrong. Without this arrangement the machine would become hopelessly jammed and broken.—*From an Address at a Banquet of the Capewell Horse Nail Company.*

HARTFORD, CONN. GEORGE J. CAPEWELL.

The Capewell automatic nail machine is considered to be among the marvels of inventive genius, giving the originator his place with the leading inventors of the world. It has received the approval of the World's Fair and the unqualified endorsement of all leading experts and judges.

Formerly, horse nails were made by hand by a laborious process, necessitating many workmen. One of these machines will produce six hundred pounds of nails each day and is so designed that any imperfection occurring, the machine stops and indicates where the incorrectness has taken place.

In the completion of the quantity of nails, which four of these machines will produce under the management of one boy, a dozen each of furnaces, forging machines and skilled mechanics are required; also three supervisors, ten finishing machines and ten women.

The extensive manufactories of the Capewell Horse Nail Company at Hartford were completed and the motive power placed in operation on June 26, 1893, Mr. Capewell then being fifty years of age. On this occasion appropriate ceremonies were held, participated in by his son, George Capewell, Jr.

NOVEMBER.

November 1, 1900.—Consenting to make an attempt to explore the archives of memory, and to put on record events and incidents concerning the North Church Choir that shall be accurate and interesting to the reader, confronts the writer as a difficult problem not easily solved.

Having been identified with its history for about forty years, covering a period of time antedating the writer's memory, to the time of leaving his native town, it is at once apparent, that occasional allusions to self must be made and this indulgence the reader must allow.

In former years, in the space now occupied by Choir and Organ, were tiers of seats rising one above the other and accommodated about sixty persons, the most of whom considered it not only their privilege but their sacred duty to occupy at all the public services of the Church. When the key or pitch of tune was obtained by means of blow pipe or tuning fork, this arrangement of sittings answered well. As other and more modern instruments were brought into use, other arrangements of Choir gallery became necessary.

The constituency of the Choir from the earliest memory of the writer was largely of relatives, so much so, that it was often called "A Family Choir." Within the memory of many, the Walkers, Cogswells, Marvins and Gordons, all of kinship, were in the majority.

Bacons, Briggs, Allen, Somers, Smith, Sherman, Churchill, Minor, Castle, Kendall, Martin, Baldwin, Winton, Dawson and Ward are family names that suggest many persons who have been identified with the life and work of the Choir at some time during the last half century.

The honor of longest service as "Chorister" probably belongs to

Joseph F. Walker (more familiarly known and generally spoken of as "Uncle Fred"). His voice was a peculiarly rich and melodious tenor, always pleasingly prominent in fullest chorus. The very tuning fork that he used for so many years is now sacredly kept by his son, F. A. Walker, of Waterbury, Conn. It always has a place in his vest pocket.

For some years following Uncle Fred's longest term of continuous service as leader, the honors and responsibility of conducting the Choir were equally divided between Uncle Fred, Dea. R. J. Allen and Chauncey Somers. For the last twenty years or more Dea. Alexander Gordon has faithfully discharged this service.

It may be said of each, that in their day and time, their service has been rendered with credit to themselves and to the acceptance of the Church. Under their guiding hands, the broils and quarrels that so often cause unpleasant friction in a Choir have been averted, and were almost an unknown quantity.

The first musical instruments used in the Choir within memory of the writer were those played by his father, Alexander Gordon. Occasionally he played the clarionet, sometimes his sliding trombone, but more often his bass viol. Discordant notes or tones were never a production of his, melody and harmony were his delight. When not using his instrument, his rich, full basso voice was a delight to hear.

John Briggs, Wm. E. Cogswell and Wm. B. Walker had few equals as violinists in sacred song. Horatio Smith as an expert with the French horn, Kendall as a player of the flute, Alexander Gordon as cornetist, and John Ward with his bass viol, all in their time have rendered helpful support to the chorus, thereby contributing to the character and reputation of the North Church Choir.

The Briggs family was peculiarly a musical family, their services as singers and musicians were perhaps about equally divided with the Methodist and the North Church Choirs. If occasion demanded they could provide a single voice or a quartet, a single instrument or a small orchestra. It was the ambition of John Briggs in his youth to become an organist, and to gratify the desire

he must needs have an instrument. Having great musical enthusiasm and an inventive genius, he conceived the idea of making one for himself.

The limited resources at his command did not dampen his ardor or prevent the realizing of his desire. His father's little shop in the homeyard, in the woods west of the 'Ville, was his factory, his tools, a jack-knife, and such others as are found in a carpenter's tool chest, his material a few pine boards, and elder stalks such as can be found by almost any roadside.

About the year 1850 his patient perseverance resulted in the completion of what was called "John Briggs's Organ."

Ambitious to have the work of his brain and hand useful in service, the instrument was placed in the Choir gallery as a surprise. This indeed it was, serving doubly this purpose, a surprise when it came, also when it went, for its stay was short.

It occupied floor space of about six by eight feet and in height was about seven or eight feet, was stained and grained in imitation of mahogony, had a single manual or key board, and pedal bass with coupling attachment and other stops, had bellows and wind chest and pipes of elder and pine. This was called an organ, and with an operator on the stool and one at the shaft, with all hands at work gave forth tones that were in a degree musical, if not up to the standard of the best organ builders of this date. It never was put in a glass case as a curiosity. Soon after its disappearance every boy in town had one of its whistles.

Some two or three years later, a melodeon belonging to Alexander Gordon was taken to and from the Church weekly for a time, till one was purchased by funds raised by subscription. The writer, hardly yet in his teens, was installed as organist.

About 1866 the organ now in use was built and put in place by Elmore Smith of New Haven. The writer was organist for more than twenty years, the larger portion of the time being between the years 1852 and 1877.

In earlier years the Singing School was an essential to the life and existence of the Choir. Men like Joseph P. Webster, Leman W. Cutler and Augustus Smith were prominent as teachers. The

memory of those Singing School nights, and the pleasure that the recess afforded are pleasant for some now living to recall.

DANBURY, CONN. W. A. GORDON.

NOVEMBER 2, 1900.—My knowledge of Joseph Walker was obtained during brief visits to my brother, whose near neighbor Mr. Walker was. He seemed to me a very admirable man, and I conceived a high regard for him as devoted to his home, his work and especially to his Church, as a man of cheerful spirits, industrious, honest and conscientious. He loved the prayer meeting as was evident by his constant presence, his hearty singing and his fervent prayers.

The admiration with which he was wont to quote the sayings of Dea. Sherman led me to suppose that the deacon had perhaps exerted a decided influence on his character. He had the instincts of a gentleman and a character equal to far greater opportunities than were afforded by his humble, but useful life, whose fabric was all broidered over with that fine spirit of love to God which includes love to man. He seemed to me a sincere soul whom God would make His special care.

NEW CANAAN, CONN. J. C. WYCKOFF.

NOVEMBER, 3, 1900.—I have a deep love for my old home in the beautiful town of Woodbury, all pleasant association of childhood and youth cluster there, the North Church parsonage, now Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff's home, being my father's house, and in which I spent the first twenty-two years of my life.

The Rev. John Churchill, the immediate successor of Rev. Grove Brownell, made his home with us when he was a candidate, and until after his ordination and marriage. He brought his bride, Miss Caroline Peck, to our house, where they lived until they went to housekeeping. A class of young ladies from the parish used to recite to him and I was among them.

The young girls who lived in the vicinity of the Church, and there were nearly two to every house, were members of the Choir, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Frederick Walker, and sang at the

ordination, wearing long curls on that occasion. There were several fine tenor and bass singers in the Choir, the majority of the number have since passed away to join the song of the redeemed in Heaven. Rev. John Churchill gave us many most practical sermons, one of which I particularly remember, was from the text, "Should it be according to thy mind."

WATERBURY, CONN. SARAH SHERMAN MELOY.

NOVEMBER 4, 1900.—Quite a number of years have slipped by since I removed from Woodbury, after a very pleasant life there of five busy years. More than fourteen years have passed since the pleasant relations were severed, and, though I have often wished to do so, the time has never come when I could conveniently revisit Ancient Woodbury.

I vividly recall the day, a very cold one, when I landed at Waterbury and took Mr. Benham's stage for Woodbury. The snow was several inches deep and the air was keen. The ride was by way of Watertown and was just as long as it is now.

After an interview with Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, Judge Huntington, Mr. G. B. Lewis and others, it was arranged that I should become principal of Parker Academy. The school opened soon after with fifteen girls and boys. The number of pupils gradually increased and the school became very satisfactory in many ways.

The pupils were as eager to progress, perhaps, as New England boys and girls proverbially are, and they were faithful to the school and did their part toward giving it a good name. There are, I trust, some who were enrolled in the school at that time who have found that those years were not the least valuable of their school life. The boys and girls of that time are the men and women of this. To what life have they been called and have they acquitted themselves well in the world?

There were fine minds in Parker Academy in those days, some of them as good as I have ever found in any school.

In a short time, it seemed best that the school property be put in better condition, and to that end Mr. G. B. Lewis, Mr. Walter Curtiss, Mr. Horace Curtiss, Mr. F. F. Hitchcock and myself bought

the school property, including the house. New desks were put in the schoolrooms and they were improved very much.

The schools improved in excellence and increased in numbers until we had, in the Winter, all the pupils that we could conveniently accommodate.

As in all other annals, when affairs go on well, there is but little to tell. One year followed another, each filled full with many duties, and as I look back to them now and recall the incidents of the time, it impresses me that the amount and quality of the work done by the pupils were very satisfactory.

In the Spring of 1886 we moved to Brooklyn, N. Y. Three years after we went to Freehold, N. J. Seven years were passed there in Boarding School work, and then, after one year as principal of the Belmar Public School, I opened a private school here in Red Bank, similar in many respects to Parker Academy.

Of the people of Woodbury I have no other than the pleasantest recollections, and life in their beautiful town was a continual joy.

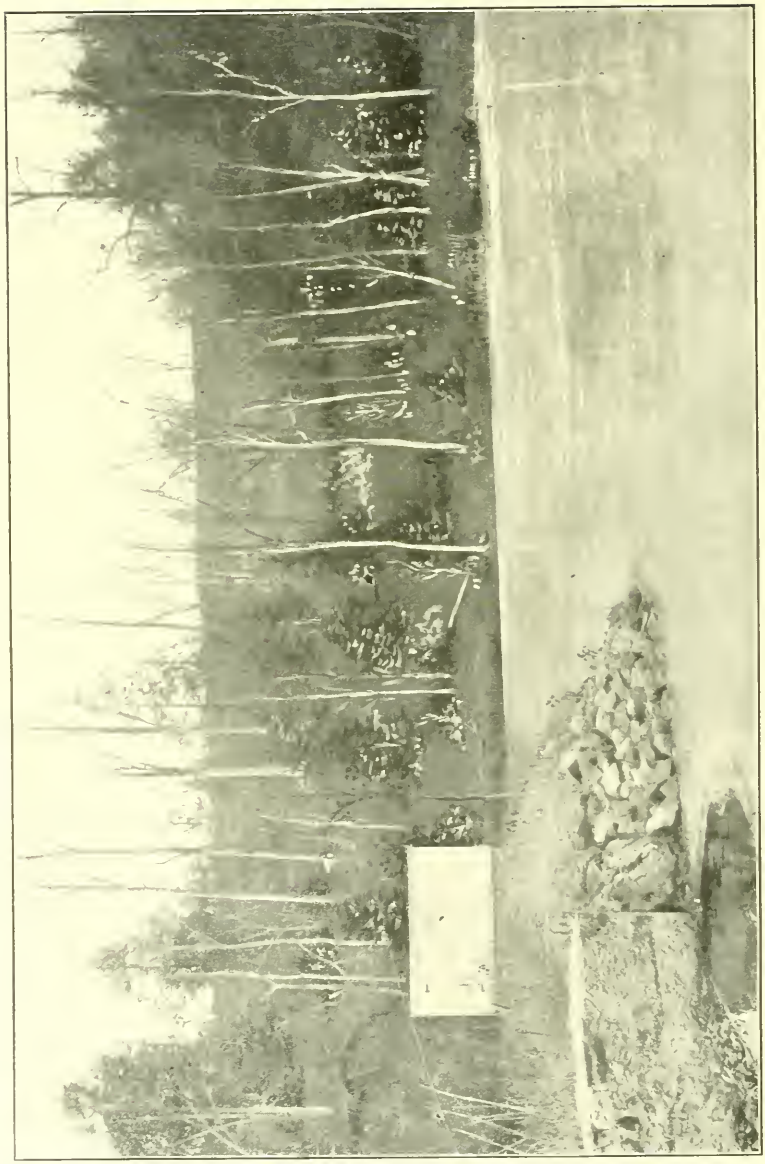
RED BANK, NEW JERSEY. H. C. TALMAGE.

NOVEMBER 5, 1900.—Woodbury has always been so dear to me from my childhood to the present time that a book just about Woodbury will be very interesting. If one has ever visited Woodbury there is an irresistible desire to visit the town again as each season returns. Only once have I had the pleasure of being there in the Spring, but never have I appreciated the Springtime so much as I did then.

NEW YORK. MAUD LACEY BAKER.

NOVEMBER 6, 1900.—The beautiful town of Woodbury was my early home, and the old homestead on the hill I prize so highly. While in my present home in New Jersey, the valued residence of my later years, my thoughts often return to the days of my childhood, bringing to mind the precious memories that gather round my old home and the years that I spent in Woodbury.

NEW JERSEY. SERINA THOMAS DAWSON.



THE RESERVOIR.

November 7, 1900.—The early days of quartz mining in California were marked with repeated failures. Ignorance of the correct methods of mining and milling the auriferous quartz, ruined hundreds of enterprising men who first embarked in that enterprise. The same was true of capitalists who attempted it. Lack of experience and the high price of labor were decidedly against that kind of gold mining. It was in the midst of just such discouragements that the subject of this sketch commenced his career. For a long time no success crowned his efforts. After months of incessant effort, all he had to show for so great an outlay were two or three shafts sunk a hundred or more feet into the adamantine rock. His money was all gone but his stock of faith remained intact. There came a time when it seemed that the work must stop. His creditors had been lenient and liberal, but they could favor him no more, not even a sack of flour. A ride of two hours brought him to the seat of an adjoining county. It was a prosperous town. In it were several well-to-do merchants. The quartz miner sought out one and with candid earnestness told him his troubles. "Now," he continued, "I have given you plain truthful statements of my affairs. I am almost certain of a rich mine eventually. Can you, or will you, under these circumstances, credit me with a bill of goods. If the mine pays me, you will get your money. If it does not, some time in the future I shall meet with success and will not forget the obligation." "How much do you want?" coolly asked the merchant. "Three hundred dollars worth of assorted goods, mostly provisions." "You can have them," said the merchant unhesitatingly, "make out your list." The goods were shipped forthwith. The mines had been opened in a scientific manner, the lead proved to be a true fissure vein with the rich metal evenly distributed through all the rock. The income was a permanent one, the owner became immensely rich, and the community a prosperous one for long years afterwards. Years passed away, the lucky miner plodded along until his wealth made him world-renowned, and yet though several times a millionaire, he never became haughty or sordid. The merchant's luck also changed, but only from bad to worse. Fires, bad debts and a rapid decadences of local resources eventually brought him almost

to the verge of penury. Gathering together the little he had left, he set out to visit the land of his birth. At the Bay City he purchased a steamer ticket and patiently awaited the day of departure. Walking the streets, one day, he met the millionaire miner, then just returned from a journey abroad. "Well, I am really glad to meet you. How long it has been since we have met. How are you and how has the world used you?" "Well as to health, poorly otherwise," quickly and cheerfully responded the other. "I have a few hundred dollars left, and only a few, after paying my fare East, where I am going to visit the few relatives that yet live." "Possible! It is too bad, come with me and let us have a talk of the by-gone days." Once seated, then an hour flew quickly. At last the merchant rose to go. "Stop, one moment more," and turning to his desk quickly penned a name, then signed another, tore the leaf from the book and handed it to him, saying: "Take that, it's but a trifle. I shall not miss it. It may help you when the few hundred dollars you have left are gone." The check read thus: "Pay to the bearer three thousand dollars." Tears of gratitude furrowed the cheeks of the pioneer merchant as he took the gift.

PUBLISHED IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK. JOHN H. ALLEN.

NOVEMBER 10, 1900.—

Fair Woodbury! E'en from thy rocks and rills,
Thy fertile valleys and thy wooded hills,
Th' uncultured red man, from his native fields,
Submission to the cultured white man yields.

Here, in this genial clime, has grown a band,
Endowed with talents of superior brand;
A noted, shining group—their names rehearse,
Though not euphonious in poetic verse.

Zecheriah Walker leads the reverend band,
Next Stoddard, Benedict and Andrews stand;
Godly in gifts, heading a lustrious line,
Ending with Freeman, at the present time.

College professors and senators here born,
Emblazoned high—their noble names adorn,—
Statesmen and judges, soldiers and heroes here,
While lawyers and doctors by the score appear.

The genus Judson, Sherman, Minor, Bull,
Of Sanford, Hinman, Atwood, Hull,
Of Preston, Bacon, Huntington and Strong,
Conspicuous names, that in the roll belong.

Vain is the effort to complete in rhyme,
The names illustrious, in their day and time;
So here direct you to consult the list,
In "Cothren's History"—there, none are missed.

WOODBURY, CONN. GEORGE P. ALLEN.

Receive, dear friend, the tribute thou dost claim,
Entwined by me a love wreath for thy name;
Bidden by thee, love prompts my willing hand,
Ever obedient to thy sweet command,
Content, yea proud, if of that wreath one flower
Can breathe a fragrance on a lonely hour,
And tell thee of affection's hallowed power.

Remembrance lingers where I saw thee last;
Oft fancy hears the sweet familiar tone,
Space for a moment seems to be o'erpast,
E'en to thy side, on wings of thought, I've flown;
Then, when I fain would greet thee with a kiss,
The thought of distance chills th' imagined bliss—
Alas! how frail is fancied happiness.

Shall time, or space, or earthly sorrows chill,
Hearts that are warmed by friendship's sacred glow;
E'en when we feel affliction's keenest thrill,
Rest we most fondly on affection's vow;
May friendship thy unfailing solace be,
Accept the heart's best offering from me,
None gives more freely to love's treasury.

God shield my friend, from every earthly woe,
Increase thy blessings till thy cup o'erflow,

Let every circling hour, some joy impart,
Love gild thy pathway, hope inspire thy heart,
Endeared to all may life's best joys be thine,
Till thou are called earth's pleasures to resign,
Then may a fadeless wreath thy brow entwine.
(*Acrostic to Rebecca Sherman Gillett.*)

Woodbury, Conn. Julia Finch Allen.

November 11, 1900.—It would give me much pleasure to add my "mite" to the Souvenir of Old Woodbury. Its old rocks and ever charming hills, peaceful valleys, wandering streams and the good old true people I shall ever cherish a warm affection for. I have been absent from there over forty years and most of the people I knew have passed away, and of their descendants I know nothing.

I can recall one incident of the old pastor of the South Church. When he made his yearly visits the children stood in awe of him, if we missed a word from the old Westminister Catechism, it stood against us forever. His wife was passionately fond of flowers. One hot Summer day they were walkng in their garden and she exclaimed, "Oh, it is so hot I shall die." He replied: "You could not die in a better place." I trust the Souvenir will meet with success.

Houston, Texas. Anna Mallory Bailey.

November 12, 1900.—Having been kept very busy during the past month, am sorry to say, I have overlooked the communication asking me to contribute an article for the book of Woodbury, a publication which will be of exceeding interest to many people. I have always taken a deep interest in the progress and welfare of my native town, and I am glad to note the rapid progress during the past ten years in new buildings, parks and streets as well as population, and shall expect still greater achievements during the next ten years.

From the diary of the Honorable William Ellery of Dighton, Massachusetts, when on his way to his Congressional duties at Philadelphia in 1777, I quote the following, which may be of interest to the readers: "November 9th, we breakfasted at Gilchrist's

in Woodbury. On the way from Roxbury to Woodbury, about three or four miles from the former, the eye is saluted with a beautiful landscape. The side of a mountain in a semi-circular form, from its gentle declivity presents a charming variety of fields and woods and buildings. In a word it yields a more beautiful prospect than any you behold between it and Philadelphia. Gilchrist furnished us with the best dish of Bohea tea and the best toasted bread and butter I have eaten for a twelve month."

As many know, the Mr. Gilchrist referred to, kept a "tavern" in the building which has been remodeled and is now the residence of Thomas L. Shea, and it was at this place, where Generals Washington and Lafayette spent the night when they stopped in Woodbury with their troops during the Revolution.

WATERBURY, CONN. LEON M. BARNES.

NOVEMBER 13, 1900.—As I was only seven years old when I left Woodbury, I remember only a little about my early life there. I loved even the name, and can remember being so homesick that whenever I saw the word in print, I cut it out and my eyes looked upon it as to the promised land.

The first Scripture I committed that made a deep impression upon me was there. I learned the first twelve verses of the 139th Psalm at a little school, taught by Miss Jane Hotchkiss of Watertown, when I was six years old. My remembrance not only of the greatness and power of God, and my trembling that He could see to the bottom of the sea, as well as that He was always looking at me, has always led me to strongly advocate teaching the Bible text, in Day as well as Sunday Schools. I remember also the Church and the tall form of my beloved father looking down on me from the pulpit as I sat in "Grandmother Bacon's" square pew, with her in the middle, sitting in a "Boston rocking chair." I remember the Maternal meetings and wish that they might always be maintained in every church. The united prayers by the mothers for the children of the Church, must reach the ear of a covenant-keeping God. I remember family worship, and at a very early age my need of a Savior and fear lest I might be lost, a short word of four letters was not

"obsolete" in those days. I was then taught virtually, that in the original, "everlasting" before "death" was the same word as before "life," and that the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew had a meaning for all time as to eternal results. I am not saying that the former times were better than these, but we were taught that the Bible was the word of God, to be believed and not to be accepted or rejected according to every man's interpretation. I can remember with what reverence my father said to me, "Get the sense of your History lesson and recite it in your own words, but repeat the Bible as you find it written." The Bible was the word of God then from cover to cover. In these times of doubt, a lesson my father taught my questioning mind I think is worthy of preservation, as it shows how truly the first pastor of the North Church in Woodbury laid deep foundations for simple faith. I am sure, God has used it to anchor me when waves of questioning sorrow have well nigh overwhelmed me. Often I picture myself the half drowned figure clinging above the rocks and billows, simply hanging to the cross, "The Rock of Ages," and hearing the whisper as an echo of my father's teaching, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

Very early I began to investigate "the doctrines," Election, Saints Perseverance, Eternal Life and Eternal Death. One day my father was shaving. He stood between the two windows to the south in our dining-room, and I have the dear old-fashioned heavy gilt framed glass into which he was looking. I half lay down on the table beneath and resting my head on my hand said: "Papa do please explain the doctrines to me. How shall I know it if I am one of the 'Elect,' and that I am really a Christian?" After quite an earnest talk, he stepped back and fixing his eyes on me said: "My daughter, you are on dangerous ground. You know enough to be sure you are a sinner and that Jesus died to save sinners. Hidden things belong to God. Perhaps these doctrines that trouble you so much will be made clear to you in this world and perhaps not. Come to Christ, trust Him and some time you will know."

Many a time since when I have the investigating spirit too strongly upon me for profit, out of the waves and billows of uncertainty, I have heard my father telling me I was in too deep water, and I

have lifted my hands, and clinging to the words of the voice that spoke before the words my father echoed, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Revivals in the Church and the conversion of many souls blessed my father's faithful labors. He believed in the neighborhood and church prayer meetings, when the church family met to speak of the loving kindness of the Father and to ask His continued blessing on the Church and the world. I have often found in recent years those prayer meetings held in loving memory. I remember being told of my father's work and co-operation with Dr. Lyman Beecher, in his efforts to establish the temperance reform, and when I could not have been more than three or four years old, the persecutions that he and Deacon Sherman endured for activity in the work, such as shearing their horses, burning carriages, threatening letters, etc. I think I can remember Deacon Sherman's carriage being burned near Mr. Frederick Walker's blacksmith shop, and about that time a "wag" gathered some men around him and said he would make them know everybody in town, by something he would say. When he straightened himself to full height and said, "The speech of the people is on my side, sir!" They shouted "Mr. Brownell." So it will ever be, both for God and man, if one "dares to do right and dares to be true." I remember a "wood spell" when the men of the parish brought us our year's supply of wood, and I hope this is still the custom. Such expressions of thoughtfulness from a people to their pastor and his family, live in the memory long, long years. Woodbury and its love for my father and mother are every day brought to my mind by some of these gifts of love, still in use in my home. Every Summer, I sleep in some linen sheets that Mrs. Lydia Minor wove and worked her name in cross-stitch in the corner. Children and children's children have been taught her name and her works. I remember being held in the arms of Rev. Albert Judson, and seeing my father look through smoked glass at an eclipse he had calculated when in college. It pleased my father very much that his calculations were accurate to the day and hour. Albert Judson was my father's brother-in-law, preached in Philadelphia,

and with my sister in New York, while he was there studying, wrote the first "Sunday School Questions" ever published. I have the writing desk on which they were written, a beautiful piece of old furniture, which once belonged to Governor Clinton of New York. Another striking coincidence I will mention: James B. Thompson, who, associated with President Day, published a series of mathematical works, was supported in college by the North Church in Woodbury. He spent his vacations at my father's house, and in after years, I learned that my husband was at the time his room-mate at Yale. Woodbury was the first love of my father and mother, and no other, quite gained the same place in their hearts. I thank you for the opportunity of expressing this deep feeling, when there are no more words for them, but those written in the book of God's remembrance, for their life in Woodbury, and the on-going impressions they made on future and succeeding generations, can never be known, until we sit in heavenly places and review all the way in which God has led us.

I am not only grateful to the people, but to the succeeding pastors of the Church, Rev. John Churchill and Rev. J. L. R. Wyckoff, for their oft repeated assurances of the love of the people and their own appreciation of the labors into which they have entered. Surely for the ancient Church and its pastor, "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

LITCHFIELD, CONN. MARY BROWNELL MCLAUGHLIN.

NOVEMBER 14, 1898.—From the first, it became apparent that there was destined to be a conflict on the seacoast and the ocean. The conditions of both nations were such as to provoke this kind of warfare. On the one side was the British armament superior to any other in the world, having one thousand and sixty vessels in her navy, and the United States only twenty vessels, an exposed seacoast, a few fortresses, and a navy of almost insignificant proportions. From the beginning, the policy of the American government had been distinctly declared against a standing army and regular fleet. A large military establishment, said the defender of the American system, is enormously expensive and a constant

menace to civil liberty. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the world, when the American sailors, not waiting to be attacked, went forth without a tremor to smite the mistress of the seas, and greater the admiration when a series of victories were declared for the flag of the Republic. During the Summer of 1812 the navy of the United States won a just and lasting renown. On the 19th of August the frigate Constitution, commanded by Capt. Isaac Hull, overtook the British ship, Guerriere, off the coast of Massachusetts. Before the war Capt. Hull and Capt. Dacre were old acquaintances. "If there should be a war, you must take care of the Guerriere, if I should come across her in the Constitution," said Capt. Hull. "I'll be willing to venture any amount of money you will be whipped," said Capt. Dacre. "I do not wish to bet money; let it be a hat." The two friends parted to meet again in the service of their country. The Guerriere, as if to assert her authority, flung out a flag from each topmast, when far away her guns flashed, but fell short. Capt. Hull gave the order to double-shot the guns, and the sailors sent home the thirty-two pound balls. The cannons of Guerriere opens once more. "Not a cannon is to be fired till I give the word," is Capt. Hull's orders. "Now boys, Hull the ship," and the sailors swing to their task with a "hurrah," keeping up a continual war from the double-shotted guns. Twenty minutes and Guerriere is a helpless wreck. Lieut. Read goes on board. "Capt. Hull sends his compliments, and wishes to know if you have struck your flag?" "Well, as my main and mizzenmasts are gone, I may as well say we have," said Capt. Dacre. "I will not take your sword," said Capt. Hull, as he stood before him, "But I will trouble you for that hat." The world rejoiced at the result of the war. To the people of the United States came the dawning of the idea that the country was not a Confederacy, but a Union of States, connected by patriotic blood, bound together by inseparable ties, a Government by all the people.—"*Battles of 1812.*"

WOMAN'S CLUB, WOODBURY, CONN. MRS. WALTER M. STILES.

NOVEMBER 14, 1898.—The surrender of Cornwallis was indeed decisive, the great War of Independence was really at an end, and

the treaty of peace finally signed. A writer says: "The period between 1783 and 1788 was pre-eminently the turning point in the development of political society in the Western Hemisphere." After the formal cessation of hostilities on the 19th of April, the eighth anniversary of Lexington, Washington granted a furlough to most of his soldiers. Arriving at home, their muskets were hung on the chimney-piece as trophies for their grandchildren to be proud of, the stories of their exploits and sufferings become household legends, and they went on living as in "old colony times."

There were many evils attendant upon the weak government of the Continental Congress, and Washington knew that there must be an immediate and thorough reform. On the 8th of June, when he knew the army would soon be disbanded, he addressed the governors and presidents of the several States a circular letter, which he wished to have regarded as his legacy to the American people. In this letter, he insisted upon "Four essentials to the existence of the United States as an independent power. First, there must be an indissoluble union of all the States under a single federal government, which must possess the power of enforcing the decrees. Secondly, the debts incurred by Congress for the purpose of carrying on the war and securing the independence must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Thirdly, the militia system must be organized throughout the United States on uniform principles. Fourthly, the people must be willing to sacrifice, if need be, of their local interest to the common weal; they must discard their local prejudices, and regard one another as fellow citizens of a common country, with interests in the deepest and truest sense identical."

Washington, by his unparalled grandeur of character and his heroic service, came to have a great hold upon the people, and the best people of the country treasured up his noble and sensible words.

Only through the discipline of perplexity and tribulation, could the people be brought to realize the indispensible necessity of that indissoluble Union of which Washington had spoke. A historian says: "It is not too much to say that the dangers from which we

were saved in 1788, were even greater than the dangers from which we were saved in 1865."

WOMAN'S CLUB, WOODBURY, CONN. SARA M. CURTIS.

THE MILLS OF DANIEL CURTISS' SONS.

November 15, 1900.—Years ago, a little girl, with the rest of her family, came to Woodbury to live. One frosty November night she walked up the village street to her new home, and, years afterward, in recalling that walk, she could hear the dead leaves rustle under her feet and feel again the sharpness of the air. The home to which the child came was one of the large old-fashioned houses on the main street, with a beautifully shaded yard, and here she spent some of the happiest years of her life.

The little girl has disappeared; in her stead is a woman, whose path has led her far from the peaceful Pomperaug Valley, but the happy experiences of the child and young girl live in the memory of the woman, as vivid as though long years had not intervened, and whatever her surroundings, she can, at will, escape them all and go back to Woodbury and the care-free days of youth. Imagine with what content she leaves the present, all restlessness and change, and slips off for awhile to the world of memory, where she finds the Woodbury of her childhood unaltered, and all the old friends untouched by the hand of time.

She sees the old home,—as though she had left it but yesterday,—with all the dear familiar faces,—some of which, alas! she will see no more on earth with the physical eye; the neighbors come in as of old; she sees them unchanged and hears them laugh and talk. She stands at the back door again, as she has done so many, many times, and looks across the meadow to Good Hill, a charming picture under the soft rays of the setting sun or in the brilliant light of the Summer noon; she watches again the showers come marching down the hill to the valleys; sees the fog lift and the hill, green and fresh, put on the newly swept look which is the sure sign of clearing weather. She sits again in Parker Academy with her dearest friends,—a little gray-eyed girl. She mounts into the high buggy beside her father and drives with him up and down the street and over the hills, behind a fast horse. She goes to Bear Hill for arbutus; to Hurd's Hill Lane for blueberries and to West Side for low-vine blackberries. She climbs the hill to "The Rocks" and views the green valley below, surrounded by the eternal hills, the church spires and tops of the houses peeping out from the trees,

and the river winding through the smooth meadows. She picnics again at Quassapaug Lake and Nonnewaug Falls, and takes again the long, lovely rides over the hills and through the woods, where are maiden hair and cardinal flowers and multitudes of other beautiful things.

She sits again in the white church and hears the choir sing "Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness"; goes to the afternoon prayer meeting on Thursday; to the strawberry festivals, and out to "spend the afternoon and stay till after tea." She hears again the rumble of the Seymour stage, as it comes swaying up the street, stops at the Post Office and then goes on toward Hotchkissville, and she joins the procession of people going for the daily mail.

The Summer wanes; the katydids call to each other in the maples along the street; the golden rod and aster are out; the nights grow cool; soon Indian Summer comes, the most beautiful time of all in Woodbury; the days are warm and hazy and the valley is all ablaze with the red and yellow of the Autumn leaves; she gathers again the bitter-sweet berries and the feathery clematis and feels the indescribable charm in the atmosphere. The days grow short and cold; the absent children come home for Thanksgiving; she hears their noise and laughter and sits down with the rest of the merry company to the grand dinner. Snow comes, beautifying the Winter landscape; the sleighs fly up and down the street; she goes again to sewing societies, donation parties, and to singing school, where she sees the genial Mr. Buckingham training his chorus to sing "Jerusalem, my Glorious Home," or "Child of Mortality, Whence Dost Thou Come?"; she meets old friends and acquaintances, hears their familiar voices and their characteristic sayings. And so she goes on recalling the past, till she comes to the day when she left the old home for another. Now the visions fade; she awakes to the present and realizes that all this pleasant wandering in and about the old home is but a dream,—but she feels refreshed by the backward look and these memories are a help to her in her present life.

Occasional bits of news from Woodbury reach her and she hears in late years of various substantial improvements to the village, in which she rejoices and which she hopes one day to see, when she has

opportunity to revisit in person the old home. When she does go back, however, she will feel like a stranger, for most of those whom she knew so well have gone to their reward, and a new generation is upon the scene. May they bear their burdens and do their work as faithfully as did their fathers and mothers of blessed memory.

A Former Woodbury Girl.

November 16, 1900.—It was in July, 1840, that I was ordained and installed pastor of the First Church in Woodbury. It is more than half a century since then, but the scenes and experiences of the beginning of my ministerial life are fresh in my memory. I was cordially received by a very patient and united parish. I remember the saintly ones always true and loyal to their minister, and I remember many kind acts of beloved ones that are gone. I have always admired that congregation as working in union, not allowing divisions to creep in. Among my recollections are those of the children's meetings at Christmas and New Year's, in which a little flock came to me, and the names of many are in my mind. They were pleasant gatherings, and I have heard occasional echoes, long after, from those who were then children, and who have sent me proofs of their enjoyment and benefit received from them.

I have often felt how imperfect were my early ministrations and how indulgent my people were. I remember a large number of both men and women, saintly souls, who seemed ripened for the better life. They are dear to me still; I need not specify names; they will still be held in everlasting remembrance. I trust that some were led to Christ in my eight years' pastorate.

When I went to Woodbury I entered the family of Judge N. B. Smith, where I received the kindest care, which a young minister needed, and enjoyed the brightness and high qualities of Mrs. Mary Ann Goodrich Smith. I shall always remember the beautiful scenery of Woodbury, the Valley and Eastern Heights overlooking a charming landscape, and which through the public spirit and generosity of leading citizens, has been made a cultured Park. I regret that severe illness compels me to dictate the above thoughts

and to leave unexpressed what a full heart would utter, I hope to rise slowly from present disability, "A loving heart never forgets."

HARTFORD, CONN. LUCIUS Q. CURTIS.

This beloved pastor of the First Church, who resigned his position owing to ill-health, was welcomed by his people, as he occasionally returned and occupied the pulpit during the Summer seasons. His scholarly sermons sound in theology, rich in Christian faith, expressed also, his earnest thoughts in behalf of the salvation of the world. In a message to the Church, he said: "It is well for us to feel that we have but one life to live, and that it is our privilege to make the most of it for others and for the only kingdom that will not perish. A planet a hundred times larger than the earth is of small value as compared with a single redeemed soul, and to lead one soul to Christ as Savior and Lord, is better than to rescue a universe of matter from the desolation of chaos!" During his ministry there were large accessions to the Church in his care, fifty uniting at one time. His faithful ministration will be treasured among the recollections of the past. He passed from this life February 11, 1901.

NOVEMBER 17 1900.—My earliest recollection of school, dates from the mature age of four years, when in charge of a boy, older than myself, I was sent to the school locally known as District School No. 2. This building in every detail, except color, was of that now famous type, "The little red schoolhouse of New England." I believe it has since been destroyed by fire. The desks for the older scholars, both boys and girls, were built around three sides of the room, leaving the fourth side for the teacher's platform, entrance, and also in Winter for a liberal supply of cord wood. The seats were of the slabs, which were left from logs after sawing into boards, each seat about ten feet long and with four stout legs at the ends. As these legs were generally gotten out with an axe, the resemblance to cart stakes was very close. The tops of the seats were originally left as they came from the sawmill, but time and hard use had brought them to a high state of polish. The seats and desks were

ornamented by carvings, executed by jackknives, which in the hands of the expert Yankee whittlers of those days, were capable of fashioning anything from an ox-yoke to a toothpick, and which generally consisted in cutting the scholar's initials in the place which the paper would naturally take when used for writing. Sometimes these carvings took the shape of rude monograms, formed of the initials of the boy and the girl of his choice.

When in the Winter term the big boys came back to school, its seating capacity was filled to the utmost limit, and those who were so unfortunate as to get the middle seats, were, when called to face the teacher, compelled to perform some feats in gymnastics not down in the course of study. Sometimes when the teacher's back was turned, the efforts, of those in the center to get more elbow room, would result in upsetting the unwary on the end seats. I have never forgotten the mortification of two girls, who are now among the most staid matrons of Woodbury, who suddenly found themselves sprawling on the floor as the result of a sudden tug of war.

The younger scholars were seated on low benches in front of the larger ones. As these seats were without backs, the hardship of keeping little children seated from nine o'clock until noon, with only a short recess, can hardly be realized in these days of Kindergartens and the refinements of modern schools. These low benches also served as footstools for the older ones, and the child in front was expected to take it as a matter of course, when from the rear, his hair was gently combed by a boot well covered with grease. My first teacher, who has long since departed, was noted for his discipline, which he took care to enforce at all times, and upon the least provocation, by the aid of a ruler, which seems to me now to have been about four feet long, and as many inches wide, and of well seasoned cherry, but which was probably half that size. I have never forgotten the first punishment I saw; a young Cuban, by the name of Jose Castro, and who, I think, was boarding with Mr. Cothren, for some infraction of discipline, was clubbed and punished in a manner which would be now called brutal, and would subject a teacher to the well deserved judgments of the police court.

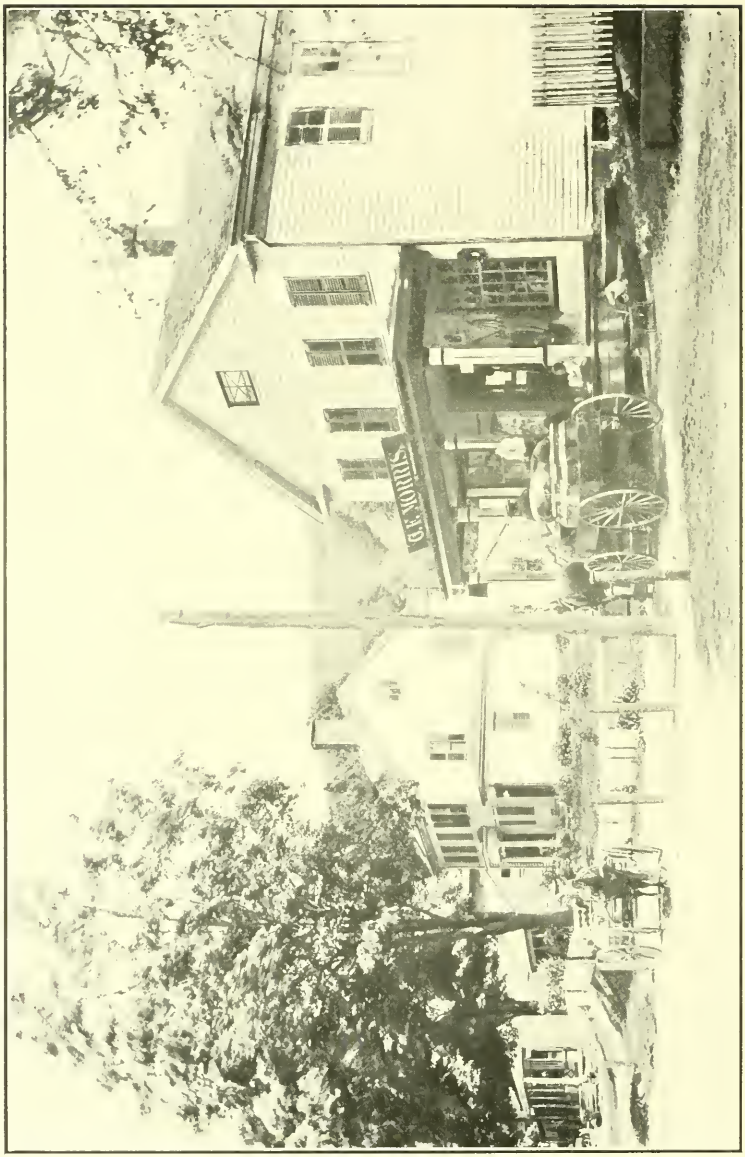
As in Winter there was the maximum of attendance, so it was in Winter that we had our fullest share of sports, snowballing, building forts of snow on the rocks by the Masonic Lodge, sliding down hill from the Main Street to the Hollow, skating on Curtiss's pond; the noon hour and recess was all too short, and sometimes we encroached on school hours. I have a vivid and personal remembrance of the teacher's discipline, when some six or eight of us boys, for tarrying five minutes too long at recess, were lined up in front of the school, and after a severe reprimand, were treated to half a dozen blows of his ruler, well laid on. The warmth of the old box stove, which by the way, was about four feet long, by two feet square, made of cast iron, with the door in the end, where the cord wood was literally fired in, the warmth of the stove was nothing to the warmth we felt in our hands the balance of the day.

Of the "Dunce" of the school, who may now be a Congressman; of the "Bully" who tyrannized over all us small boys, and who was drummed out of camp during the War of the Rebellion for cowardice; of the "Smart" boy, who has been long since forgotten, there is neither time nor space to write, but those pleasant memories of early schoolboy friends, of Harry, and Tom, and Dick; of Mabel and Clara and Bell; of the little girl with the curly head and elfin locks, these memories stir my heart and brighter grow as the days go by, and as sitting here I recall them now,

"I would I were a boy again,"

to sit once more on those hard wood seats and to recite again in the reading, cyphering and spelling classes. The curriculum of the District School of fifty years ago can not compare in variety or extent with that of the graded schools of to-day, but I am certain, the diligent scholar of those days was as well prepared for his life's work, in the thorough knowledge of the elementary principles of education which was beaten into him by precept and rod.

New Haven, Conn. Wilbur Colton Lambert.



THE STORE OF G. E. MORRIS AND HOTCHKISSVILLE POSTOFFICE.

NOVEMBER 25, 1900.—On Main Street, in Hotchkissville, is situated a large Dry Goods and General Merchandise establishment. The building is finely located in one of the enterprising business centers in Woodbury.

G. F. Morris, the owner and proprietor of this business, is a Representative of the town in the present Legislature, and a merchant of more than thirty years' experience. During eleven years he was in partnership with George M. Allen of Hotchkissville, and was associated with L. E. Dawson of North Woodbury for nine years, holding also the office of postmaster.

On November 1, 1893, the present location was established, and the extensive building well stocked in all the different departments with all goods needed to meet the requirements of the locality. The patrons of this business include the residents of this and the adjoining towns. Hobart Morris, his son, has been identified with the business for several years.

NOVEMBER 28, 1900.—Almost a hundred years ago Bryant wrote of "the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashing." It is hard to realize the changes which the century has produced in this land which then seemed so far away, but now is simply a stepping stone to the further West, where 'neath Summer skies now float the Stars and Stripes.

Here are still, vast tracts of "continuous woods" almost untouched by the woodman's axe. But within the region of which Bryant wrote has occurred a wondrous transformation. Here are immense wheat fields and pasture lands; here are great orchards of apple, pear, peach, cherry and prune trees. Here are gardens filled with choicest roses, different varieties blooming almost the whole year through. Here are cities already reaching out for commerce beyond the Pacific. Here are manufacturing and mining interests which promise great things for the future. Here are beauties and wonders of nature viewed no longer by savages alone, but by an increasing number of true lovers of nature. There is Multnomah Falls where one of the tributaries of the Columbia pours its waters down a rock wall 850 feet high, in full view of the traveler by rail-

road or steamboat. There is Mt. Hood, 10,000 feet in height, its top clad in perpetual snow, better known, but not more wonderful than other Oregon mountains. Just east of the Cascades is Crater Lake, a lake six miles long and four miles wide, lying in the crater of an ancient volcano.

Oregon with such varied and abundant resources, is nearly once and a half as large as all New England; and the Oregon country, including Washington and Idaho, is almost four times as large as New England. That this country, an empire in itself, belongs to-day to the United States instead of to Great Britain, is largely due to the heroism of the patriot-missionary, Marcus Whitman, who, leaving home and friends and work, braving the dangers of almost impassable mountains, wild beasts and wilder men, made a journey of 3,000 miles in the dead of Winter, over mountains, across plains, through rivers filled with floating ice, against hindrances sufficient to daunt any but the bravest, he pressed on to Washington.

After enlisting the interest of the President and others in his plan to save Oregon, he started on his return trip, and ere twelve months had passed from the beginning of his trip he led 1,000 settlers into the Oregon country (in 1843), and three or four years later he had the satisfaction of knowing that his toil had not been in vain. Like Lincoln, he paid for his fidelity with his life in 1847, but his example is an inspiration to all who know and heed it.—*Where Rolls the Oregon.*

ROSEBURG, OREGON. CHARLES T. WHITTLESEY.

C. T. Whittlesey was born at Roxbury, Conn. (Good Hill), September 21, 1858. After studying at Parker Academy, Woodbury, he entered Amherst College, where he took the degree of A. B. *cum laude*, in 1883. He taught one year in South Berkshire Institute, New Marlboro, Mass., then entered Yale Divinity School, taking the degree of B. D. in 1887. He was ordained at Carrington, North Dakota, October 7, 1887. From 1887 to 1891, he was pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church at Portland, Oreg., where on May 27, 1890, he married Miss Penelope R. Skinner of Rockford, Ill. From 1891-1894 he was pastor at Pendleton, Oreg., and from

1894-1896 at Blaine, Wash. His next residence was at Walla-Walla, Wash., where he held the position of county missionary.

In September, 1899, he accepted the principalship of the Roseburg Academy, Roseburg, Oreg., which position he still holds.

C. T. W.

November 29, 1900.—On this Thanksgiving morning, I recall many scenes and faces connected with my dear old home in Woodbury, where we annually prepared for the home-coming of the many loved ones, most of whom, with their families, were expected to the gathering. I was the youngest of nine childern, of these, only two are now living, the others with their parents, having gone to their Heavenly home, where with our Father and Elder Brother, we hope to spend an eternal Thanksgiving, an unbroken family. In my childhood home, aside from school and household duties, the care of my aged grandmother, Mrs. Orphany Teeple, a centenarian, devolved upon me. In the care of this sainted grandmother, my first duty in the morning was to assist her in performing her morning ablutions, leading her to her usual place for bathing, she preferring to bathe her own face and hands, and then guiding her to her customary place by the fire, where my mother had prepared her morning meal. Before leaving her room in the morning, she would open her window and reach out her hands to ascertain the state of the weather, and her first question invariably was, "Is it clear or cloudy?" One morning, to change the monotony, and also for my own amusement, I sprinkled water over her hand, that she might think it rained, but the question was asked as usual, and although I had acted a falsehood, I could not, "like George Washington," tell one, and replied, "It was clear." "Why," she remarked, "I thought it rained." I was always ashamed, and never attempted to deceive her again. I was accustomed to lead her daily out of doors and around the yard for exercise, often calling upon Mrs. Betts, who lived opposite. She was always deeply interested in the reading of the local news and in the letters from friends near and far-away. As a child, these duties were irksome, but as I became older, it was a source of pleasure to me, to see her happy. After returning

from church on the Sabbath, where we had "all day service," I was expected to read to her the texts for the day and some portion of Scripture, usually from the Psalms, with which she was very familiar. At certain passages she would say: "Rev. Fosdick Harrison preached from that verse," or "Rev. Mr. Isham spoke from that verse at Mr. ———'s funeral." The 123d Psalm was a favorite one, we usually finished with that selection. Her faith in God was strong and the memory of her is blessed. One year ago I returned to the old home, after many years absence, strongly desiring to see the familiar faces and visit the scenes of my childhood. I visited "The Rocks," now Woodbury Park, where I had spent so many happy hours, finding many changes. I brought from there a "Souvenir," an "old hen," I do not recollect the botanical name, which I hope ere another Summer, will bring forth chickens. I hope Mrs. Shove will pardon the theft.

There are many pleasant memories in connection with the First Congregational Church and Sunday School. My first attendance at the latter, was through Mrs. Charles Strong, Sr., then Elizabeth Preston. My first teacher, the Superintendent of the School, was Philo M. Trowbridge, whose name and life are familiar to all; these names will always be held in lasting remembrance. I well remember a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Pierce, who later removed to Ohio, the many precious ones by Rev. R. G. Williams, afterward Captain of Woodbury Regiment, and never, will the untiring efforts to save souls, by Rev. Charles E. Robinson, be forgotten.

On my recent visit home, I missed one face in particular, that of David S. Bull, a sincere true friend, whose genial welcome with the "How do you do stranger," was always sure. He will be greatly missed by many, but has gone to his reward. My school days have many pleasant memories. I have several books given me as prizes, which I have always valued.

NORTHFORD, CONN. EMILY HULL HARRISON.

NOVEMBER 30, 1900.—

I've crossed the country many times, from either shore to shore;
I've heard the smooth Atlantic sing, the fierce Pacific roar;
I've scaled the snow-topped Rockies, and I've dragged the weary plains,
Absorbed New England sunshine and the long Pacific rains;
I've slept in Kansas dug-outs and in cabins at the mines,
In mansions in the cities and in tepees 'mong the pines,
But in all the land so rich and wide where I have chanced to roam,
There's not a spot so dear to me as my New England home.

In that vine-embosomed cottage the laughing brook runs by,
Where roses clamber over walls of stone,
My father and my mother wait the boy with restless eye,
The roamer from that dear New England home.

The orange groves are dear to me—my wife lies buried there;
And out upon the western slope, there sleeps a baby fair;
They've lovely homes in Iowa, the garden of the world,
Whose cob-webbed railroads spread good cheer where'er the flag's unfurled;
And all across the nation's home, like eggs within a nest,
Fair mansions and white cottages with happy children blessed,
But when Thanksgiving time rolls round, where'er my feet may roam,
I turn me, happy-hearted, to my dear New England home.

In that vine-embosomed cottage, the laughing brook runs by,
Where roses clamber over walls of stone,
I linger, and I linger, for it's next to heaven to be
So happy in my dear New England home.

—*My Dear New England Home.*

CHICAGO, ILL., 6,322 DREXEL AVENUE. W. N. HULL, A. M.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER 1, 1900.—The history of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Woodbury, for the last hundred years, has centered on the ground now owned and occupied by that Society. We learn from Cothren's History of Woodbury, that "In 1789 Connecticut was visited by Jesse Lee, who laid here, as elsewhere in New England, the foundations of Methodism." Also that "In 1790 Rev. Samuel Wigdon preached the first Methodist sermon ever heard in Woodbury, under the rock where the Masonic Hall now stands," and some time between that date and 1800, the first Methodist "class" was formed. At what exact date is not positively known, but previous to 1812, Elijah Sherman, Sr., known as "Father Sherman," became dissatisfied with the Episcopal Church, joined the Methodist denomination, and became very active and zealous in advancing its interests. In 1812 he was appointed the first regular "Class Leader," the several ministers who had officiated here, having previously fulfilled that office. His home was the house now owned by the Methodist Society, and used as its parsonage. The exact date of its erection is lost, but the ancient grain bins and "smoke house" in the garret, attest to its great age, and it is probable that it was built previous to 1800. After his appointment as "Class Leader," if not before, his "long kitchen" became the place for all the meetings of the Methodists, and was so used until the erection of the first Church, in 1824, on the site of the present edifice. Even after the church was built, the class and social meetings were still held at Mr. Sherman's home, until the building of the present church, in 1840. In 1832, Rev. Raphael Gilbert was appointed as settled pastor of the church in Woodbury. Before that date, the church had been part of a "Circuit," or number of feeble churches, served in turn by one minister, who travelled from place to place as occasion required. In 1838, the Society was reorganized under the

laws of the State, and applied to the General Conference to be made a "Station," which privilege it has ever since enjoyed.

In October, 1838, the first stove was purchased for the Church. In December, 1838, it was "Voted that we build a House of Worship, respectable and convenient for our congregation," and a building committee was appointed, viz., Messrs. Harmon Judson, Farnum Patchen and Elmore Judson. In January, 1839, it was "Voted that the building committee contract with a responsible man, to build a house of worship for the M. E. Church in this place, with a basement of as good materials and workmanship, as the Congregational Church in Roxbury, which church, above the basement, shall be taken as a model, except that the desk, altar, breastwork of gallery and tower and window blinds be modeled after those of the M. E. Church in Danbury." The new church was to be built on the site of the old one so the latter was removed to the Green, across the street, where it stood for some time unused, and later was bought by Mr. Elmore Judson, and moved south to its present location. It was used for a while as a schoolroom and tenement, and later as a hotel, which purpose it still serves. The new church was dedicated April 9, 1840, Elder Heman Bangs, officiating. It faced Main Street, entrance being gained by two flights of steps uniting at a platform before the door. In 1846, a part of the Sherman house was rented for a parsonage, and so used until 1863, when the Society bought for a parsonage, the house now owned by Mrs. Harriet Bacon. In 1861, the Church steps were replaced by a single flight of fifteen steps, ascending directly before the door. In the Winter of 1874 and 1875, the town was blessed with a great revival. It began in the M. E. Church, and extended to all the others, and each of the four churches received large additions. In 1876, it was decided to enlarge and otherwise change the Church, and a committee was appointed for that purpose, viz., W. N. Shelton, J. B. Burton and George Saxton. More land was needed, so the whole "Sherman property," comprising some four acres, with house and barn, was purchased. The Church was turned around, so as to face south, twenty-one feet in length added, the side galleries removed, new seats and pulpit furnishings put in, at a cost of about $5,000.

In 1877, the first parsonage was sold, since which time, the present one has been used. In 1881, two acres of the land was sold, and in 1895, another piece, including the barn, and a new barn was built. The same year the Society built a cottage on the Plainville Camp Ground. In 1896, the interior of the Church was again renovated, a ceiling of wood replacing the wall, the sidewalls being papered. In 1899, a new furnace was put in, the cost, $100, being generously paid by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Burton. At the same time a kitchen for the L. A. Society was arranged in the basement and early in 1900, the class room was renovated. In the Fall of 1900 the pastor, Rev. R. R. Reynolds, was obliged by ill-health to resign, and remove to New Mexico. A remarkable fact in connection with the Church should be noted, that of the thirty-seven pastors who have served the Church, not one has died here, and but one death in a pastor's family has occurred here, that of Mrs. J. Brien in the Summer of 1895.

Pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Woodbury, Conn.:

Raphael Gilbert, served 1832—1833.
Aaron S. Hill, served 1834—1835.
H. Hatfield, served 1836.
Edmund O. Bates, served 1837.
J. B. Beach, served 1838—1839.
L. C. Cheney, served 1840.
O. V. Ammerman, served 1841.
William Thatcher, served 1842—1843.
Gad S. Gilbert, served 1844—1845.
L. D. Nickerson, served 1846—1847.
George A. Hubbell, served 1848—1849.
Stephen Rushmore, served 1850—1851.
Charles Kelsey, served 1852.
Cephas Brainard, served 1853.
Alonzo Pulling, served 1854—1855.
Isaac Sanford, served 1856—1857.
Friend W. Smith, served 1858—1859.
George Dunbar, served 1860—1861.
W. Silverthorn, served 1862.
D. W. Lounsbury, served 1863.
Joseph Pullman, served 1864—1866.
Spencer H. Bray, served 1867.

Benjamin A. Gilman, served 1869—1870.
A. V. R. Abbott, served 1871-1873.
Joseph Vinton, served 1874—1876.
William Brown, served 1877—1878.
George A. Hubbell, served 1879.
Benjamin Pillsbury, served 1880—1881.
Arthur McNicholl, served 1882—1884.
H. Q. Judd, served 1885—1887.
F. J. Shackleton, served 1888—1889.
S. A. Sands, served 1890.
R. S. Putney, served 1891.
A. S. Hagerty, served 1892—1894.
John Brien, served 1895—1897.
R. R. Reynolds, served 1898—1900.
J. H. Lockwood, served 1901.

WOODBURY, CONN. GEORGE SAXTON.

DECEMBER 2, 1900.—In the Autumn of 1898, it was decided to open in Parker Academy building, a temporary School of Higher Grade, which should give further instruction to such pupils as, having previously attended Parker Academy or the Wyckoff Young Ladies' Seminary, desired to continue their education, and also to such pupils of the previously ungraded public schools as would be qualified to do, what is ordinarily understood by seventh and eighth grade, or grammar school work. The Town School Committee engaged the writer as principal, and Miss Dora Smith of New York as assistant. As this school occupied an important transition place in the educational history of the town, as well as the central place in the writer's mind and heart while in the town, it may be well that what he says, be upon this subject.

Some eighty pupils, of various ages and attainments, were crowded in the lower room, on a Tuesday forenoon, when the writer entered the building. With the assistance, and under the direction of Mrs. N. M. Strong, the Acting School Visitor, and Prof. E. S. Boyd, of the School Board, the School was organized, and on Wednesday afternoon began doing regular work, the seventh and eighth grades down stairs under Miss Smith, the ninth and tenth up stairs, taught by the principal. For some six weeks all in-

struction had to be oral, as the books for the new curriculum did not arrive until about that time. While this made attainment slower, it also made it more thorough, and it is probable that a firmer foundation was laid than would have been in circumstances seemingly more favorable.

Out of the many things that might be written about the School, it is difficult to select, but it may be said first, that it was a merry school. The pupils had a good time, and the teachers wanted them to have it. Not that they were not well behaved, for they were, and considerate and sympathetic toward their teachers, often to a degree far beyond their years. But school was not to them a dull place. Wit was encouraged, jokes were laughed at, keenness was applauded, and humor and happiness were recognized as having their appropriate place in education.

It was a good-looking school. There was a marked contrast between the somewhat dilapidated building and the fresh young faces and energetic forms of the students, which found frequent expression in the words of visitors.

It was a bright school. Several of the pupils might properly be termed brilliant, and there were very few that did not have good ability. Most of them also worked conscientiously. Some had to be advised to guard against overwork. Frequently examination papers were passed in, that would have done credit to students in any college.

It was an American school. Where the trolley and railroad enter, all races become intermingled, but this school was old New England stock, or such as had been practically assimilated to it. To one who has been familiar with the heterogeneous city schools, it is a treat to look upon a school of this kind.

It was a loyal school. The pupils stood by their teachers. They appreciated the efforts of their instructors, and bore witness to that appreciation in many ways. The loyal pupil will make a loyal citizen and friend. Given a fair head, a loyal heart will ensure a worthy issue to life. The qualities of those whom the writer was privileged to instruct, lead him to believe they will have a useful future. He hopes many went on in the fully graded

school. But there was one, and only one temporary School. In that, he was privileged to touch certain young lives. He hopes it was for benefit, not harm. In memory he sees them now as they sat before him in study and recitation, and as he gazes on their loyal faces his heart glows with grateful emotion.

There were many kind helpers. The Chemistry address by Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, the mineralogical paper by Mrs. N. M. Stong, the encouraging suggestions by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, the donation of ice when the hot weather made study tedious, the attendance of well-wishers at the rhetoricals, and other pleasant memories, all add to the picture, which must not be enlarged, of the temporary School of Higher Grade of the Town of Woodbury.

EASTON, CONN. WM. M. WEEKS.

DECEMBER 3, 1900.—

There are no times like the "good old times," which some of us remember,
When birds of Spring, were on the wing—(Alas! 'tis now December!)
When "PERK"* and KELLY kept hotel, and CRAMER "called" for dances,
When rides and balls, and walks and calls were full of sweet romances!

When Lyceums and Singing Schools had not gone out of fashion;
When beaux and belles, *not* flirts and swells, cherished the tender passion;
When moonlight walks upon the "Rocks," from June until November,
Were all the rage—(it seems an age!)—but some of us remember!

When PHELPS and COTHREN and NAT SMITH and LEWIS were th' attorneys;
When the "old stage" from Hotchkissville did make its daily journeys
To Seymour—when the "WHITLOCK boys" lived in the MITCHELL mansion,
And flying feet oft chased the hours to Music's soft expansion.

At LUM's in Oxford; when "T. M."† and LOOMIS were the teachers;
And CHURCHILL, CURTISS, WOODRUFF and WILLIAMS were the preachers;
When WEBB and FAIRCHILD, DR. SHOVE and ATWOOD cured diseases;
And DAVID BULL sold calicoes, and groceries and cheeses.

When WOODRUFF and GEORGE ALLEN dealt in powders, pills and plasters;
And Woodbury not yet had felt the woe of BANK disasters;
When HEMAN BOTSFORD photographed, and THOMAS BULL tried cases,
And PARSON BACON ran a school and preached in divers places.

When Peck and Beardsley "kept" up-town, and Boughton's ringing hammer
The "Village Smithy's" place revealed with ear-provoking clamor;
When Lewis kept a tinner's shop, and Chapin tinkered watches,
And Pomperaug had not yet heard the railways rumbling coaches.

When "Uncle Ben."‡ was postman 'twixt Woodb'ry and the City,
And carried money to the bank regardless of banditti;
When Betts and Lathrop kept saloons, and Gordon was the tanner,
And Atwoods "sued" in Nonnewaug after the usual manner.

How long it seems back to the days when those of whom I've written,
Lived on the street, the brave old street, from Woodb'ry to South Britain!
In those old times, those "good old times," when all was gay and rosy,—
(Alas! that all things now-a-days should be so dull and prosy!)

Where is that gay and jovial band§ intent on Love and Pleasure,
With whom I joined in many a game, trod many a festive measure,
Of "eight hands round," "forward and back," and "up and down the middle,"
To lengthened sweetness long drawn out from flute, and horn, and fiddle!

When Music sweet, with twinkling feet, made Beauty's charms entrancing;
When cares were laid upon the shelf and love-lit eyes were dancing;
When "forward eight," and "all promenade" the prompter loud did call,
Alas! the daylight came too soon to close the Oxford ball!

Old age has brought the "evil days"—(would I might ne'er begin them!)
The "evil days" of which we say, "I have no pleasure in them."
The "strong men bow themselves," alas! "the almond-tree doth flourish,"
But those young days, those happy days, *one* heart shall ever cherish.

'Tis ever thus. When Life has fled, and when our sun's declining,
We all look back to that blest time when it began its shining.
The brightest days that meet our gaze; the best, the sweetest joys,
Fate e'er has dealt, are those we felt when we were girls and boys.

Too sweet to last, those days are past, the "good old times" are ended;
Our youthful follies still are sweet, now, when our days are mended,
And he who sings, as Memory brings, those happy days to mind,
Sheds bitter tears o'er those sweet years, the days of "Auld Lang Syne!"

Woodbury in the Fifties. A. N. Lewis.

[The above was first published in the Waterbury American.]

*. Perkins. ‡. Benjamin Doolittle. §. The "Whitlock boys," Charlie

Ed., Fred., Walt., A. N. Lewis, Rebecca Bacon, Sue Candee, Sally (Lewis) Smith of "Kettle Town," Julia Downs, Maria Phelps, Cornelia Betts, and others whose names are forgotten. †. T M. Thompson.

DECEMBER 4, 1897.—All classes and conditions of people have their traditions and legends. Look where you will, all countries and races from the remotest time, and now, in our own town we have our traditions. Is it not so? We have them, say what you will, and they are so interwoven with our lives that it is difficult to separate truth from the legends.

Roving tribes, of a copper-colored race, were found here by the first explorers, and it is not known how the country was peopled. The different tribes were called by various names, but almost all belonged to two great families, the Algonquin and Iroquois. Most of the tribes were divided into clans, each having a chief or sachem, without written laws, but ruled by customs and traditions.

Many of the tribes, of the North American Indians, relate in legend that the human race was destroyed by a deluge, and the gods, to repeople the earth, changed animals into men. A traveler tells us this tradition. Formerly, the father of the Indian tribes lived toward the rising sun. Being warned in a dream that a deluge was coming to destroy the earth, he constructed a raft, on which he saved himself and all animals. He floated many months, and the animals, which then had the power of speech, complained against him. At last a new earth appeared, when he stepped down on it with all those creatures, who from that time, lost their power of speech as a punishment for murmuring against him. The Seneca Indians have a superstition, that, when a young maiden dies, they imprison a young bird before it tries its powers of song, then, loading it with caresses, they let it loose over her grave, believing that the bird will not close its eyes or fold its wings, till it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its message. In some localities the crow was regarded as a sacred bird. The Indians had a tradition that the crow brought their first corn to them from Kichtan, who lived in the Southwest. Their belief in the Great Spirit, and many allusions to it, are most touching and beautiful; also those referring

to the stars, winds, birds and flowers so charmingly interwoven in the song of Hiawatha. Every place visited by them received a name, topographical or historical, preserving the memory of a great Sachem, a battle, or a feast. Then again, it indicated some natural product of the place, or the animals which resorted thither. We have many such names in our vicinity. How many mountains and other localities derived their name from some legend? It is said, that the Indians living near the White Mountains in New Hampshire never ascended them, believing the gods resided there, shown in the clouds, winds and other manifestations. They supposed that the invisible inhabitants would resent any intrusion into their sacred precincts. We are so familiar with the tradition connected with Bethel Rock it seems unnecessary to repeat it.

The ancient Sagamore Womoqui, whose lodge and wigwams of warriors were near the Nonnewaug Falls, was deeply saddened at the thought of parting with his hunting grounds and lands, where his people had roamed in freedom long before the paleface appeared in these regions. He could see the western march of the nations, his people becoming forgetful of his counsels, fewer in numbers, the fires on their hearths burning low, and the remaining ones joining the onward trend to distant regions. One beautiful Spring morning the aged Sagamore came from the doorway of his lodge and stood near the head of the upper cascade. The air was filled with freshness, the sun shone brightly through the trees and upon the sparkling waters below, while a cool invigorating breeze lightly stirred the leaves of the forest about him. He seemed thoughtfully to be looking far into the future, the sublime notes of his requiem are wafted over the valley, the spirit of the waters beckons to him, he cast himself into the foaming torrent, and find his resting place among his warriors by the side of the "misty waters."

We have also the traditions regarding other chiefs in this locality, who lived some years, after the white men became owners of this section of country, by rightful purchase from the Indians. Castle Rock was said to be Pomperang's fortress, and one of the chain of "Guarding Heights." Mount Tom in Litchfield being another

link, by which all the tribes on the Housatonic River could communicate in two hours, through a system of signals and cries—a primitive long distance telephone.

The Indian traditions and legends are numberless. I have only gathered a few, but perhaps enough to show their beauty and variety. They may be traditions, but many truths can be gathered from them.—*Indian Traditions and Legends.*

WOMAN'S CLUB, WOODBURY, CONN. KATHERINE M. WOODRUFF.

DECEMBER 5, 1900.—Probably, most men can give a reason for their choice of a profession or trade. It was my childish notion to call myself Doctor, and to administer small doses of salt in water, to my little brother and playmates who feigned illness, but recovered rapidly under my care. I can distinctly remember making a resolve when about eight years old that I would be a Doctor sometime. The cause of this resolution was an accident to one of our young chickens, resulting in a fracture of its leg. Dr. Atwood applied splints securely to the leg, and the chicken's youth and tendency to recuperate, did the rest. It grew up with a strong and useful leg. To me, it was a wonderful proceeding, and the desire to do a similar service for the human race, brought out my boyish resolution. As a preliminary to carrying out my resolve I left my home at the age of fourteen, taking, all my worldly goods in a moderate sized carpet bag, and began a year's service with Hon. William Cothren. My duties varied, but my privilege and pleasure was to attend school at Parker Academy, during the Winter months. After a year, full of new experiences, I took a step across the way, to try my hand as tinsmith, an apprentice to Mr. F. F. Hitchcock. Here my arrangements were such as to allow me to attend school in the Winter. Another year passed quickly, and I went to live at Dr. L. Y. Ketcham's, studying medicine, and reading Latin with instruction by Rev. A. P. Powelson. Time flies quickly, and I leave Dr. L. Y. Ketcham to become an embryo drug clerk with Mr. N. M. Strong, still continuing the study of Latin. At the end of the year I took a similar position with Dr. L. Y. Ketcham, my instructor, who had recently pur-

chased the down-town Drug Store, and also had charge of the Post Office. This was my last year of waiting for the mysteries of Medical College life and work.

During the three years at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York I worked harder than ever before or afterward. Many of my fellow students were doing the same. However, it was worth the while, if only to make me appreciate the cost of that which gave me the greatest pleasure in my experience, my diploma.

Then came responsibilities of a different nature. Hospital life, with opportunities to study in living subjects, what had been such interesting reading in the Medical College. After a year and a half of most interesting and instructive work, my time of service expired, and I entered upon real practice as a physician, and assistant to the late Dr. S. Fleet Spier of Brooklyn, being located at Bay Ridge. True to my previous experiences, excepting in College and Hospital, I remained but one year with Dr. Spier. Since October 10, 1894, I have remained at anchor and probably will continue, until old age creeps upon me.

I should like to say to the present and future sons of Woodbury, that no obstacle is too great to prevent their sure progress to success. Poverty or obscurity of birth may handicap, but not prevent you from being leaders in the race to success.

A college education gives polish, but brains count more, if coupled with honest determination. Boys of the coming generations, how I should like to encourage you when the goal seems far away. I am proud to think of so many Woodbury boys, some of them schoolmates of mine, who are filling responsible positions in life, and, from what I know of their experiences, it leads me to say to the boys of the future, as well as to those now struggling for success, have a high ideal for your future in life and don't be discouraged.

Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y. Bruce G. Blackmar, M. D.

December 5, 1900.—In looking over some old letters, I find one from my brother, Dr. Bruce Gould Blackmar, now a practicing

physician in Bay Ridge. The letter was written in 1886, while he lived at Dr. Ketcham's: "I am enjoying good health, while Dr. Ketcham is obliged to stay in the house, where he has been since Tuesday afternoon, but he is a little better to-day. Rev. Mr. Powelson advises me to study Latin, and I am going to let the grass wither in the fields or the trees stop bearing fruit, before I will give it up. Mr. Powelson says he will help me all he can, so that I can commence this Fall with the class in school. He seems to think that it will be much better for me to do, than to be without a knowledge of Latin, which I have all the necessary time to learn. I can have time to prepare myself for two years, before entering a Medical College, and graduate thoroughly qualified for practice."

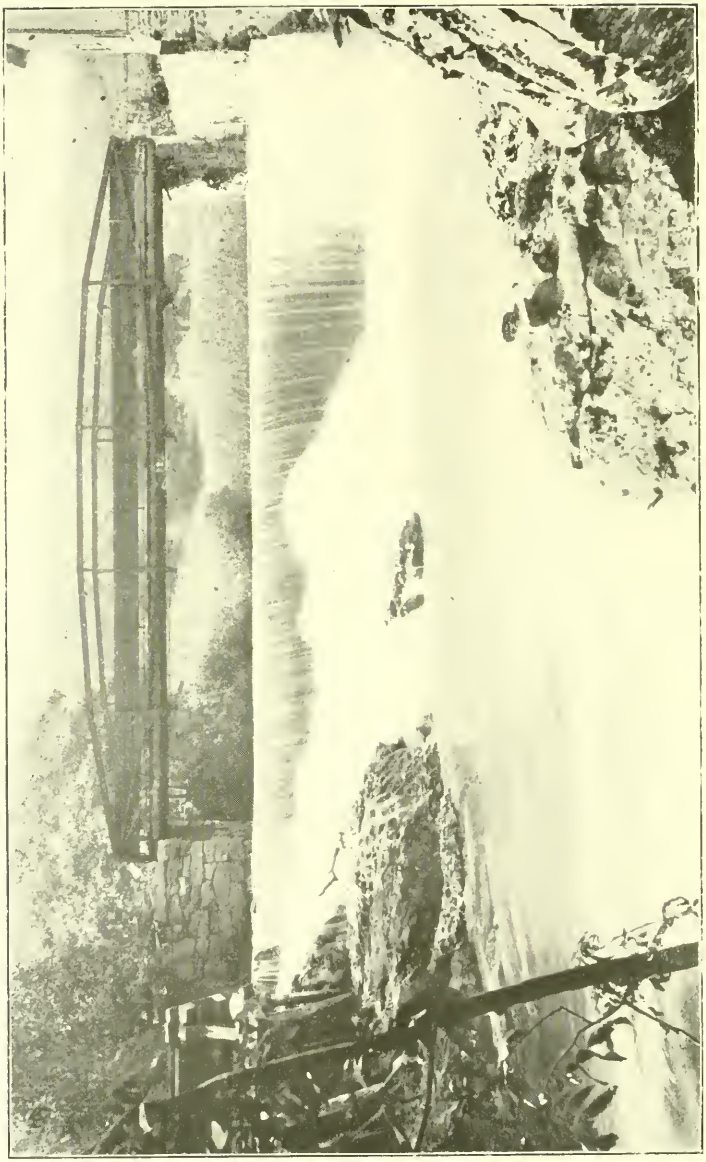
Dr. Blackmar was born and brought up in Woodbury, and not long after the age of twenty-three, was graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. After a year and a half of practice at Charity Hospital, Blackwell's Island, and a year with the late Dr. Samuel Fleet Spier of Brooklyn, he located in Bay Ridge, a suburb of Brooklyn, where he has succeeded in building up a fine practice. His office is in the pleasant home, which he owns and occupies.

WOODBURY, CONN. FLORA A. BLACKMAR.

DECEMBER 6, 1900.—The Pomperaug Valley Golf Club was organized in the Fall of 1899 with about thirty members. Grounds were immediately secured, put in condition as rapidly as possible and playing began at once. During the present season of 1900, the Club has been constantly growing until now its membership numbers about fifty.

Its constitution says: "The object of this Club shall be to encourage out-door sports, and maintain for its members, proper grounds and facilities for playing the game of golf." In endeavoring to accomplish this the officers from the beginning have put forth every effort to make it an organization for the majority, so that any one, regardless of class or means, can enjoy the benefits to be derived from it.

Golf, as a sport and healthful recreation, is too old, and at the



THE FALLS OF THE POMPERAUG RIVER NEAR THE GOLF LINKS.

present time too well known, to have any explanations made as to the reason of its existence, and Woodbury, ever in the van of pure athletic sports, was not slow, once the game became understood, in recognizing the importance of a golf course within her borders. Baseball and football have their enthusiasts, who can hold their own against teams of any town in this section of the State, and have brought victories untold to the ancient village, but these are games which few can play and the remainder must watch, while golf enables anyone, old or young, of either sex, to share in its many benefits.

The links are laid out on a territory of a hundred acres, more or less, rented for the purpose, lying along the banks of the old historic Pomperaug River, a short distance south of the beautiful Pomperaug Falls, which our late historian, William Cothren, once mentioned in the following verses:

Our Woodbury teems
With wild rushing streams,
Her forest clad mountains among;
But greater than all
Is Pomperaug's Fall,
The poets have hitherto sung.

In right merry glee
On its course to the sea,
It knows no obstruction or bound;
But has its sweet will,
'Mid valley and hill,
Till it merges itself in the Sound.

Hill, valley, river, pond, rock, wood, and meadow are so charmingly intermingled as to make it one of the most attractive places along the Valley, and with them, nature has formed such aggravating, yet pleasing, "hazards" and "bunkers," that experts pronounce it one of the most natural and "sporty" courses in the Country. The surrounding scenery causes astonishment to one unacquainted with the place. If he be a lover of nature's forms and garbs, it is no wonder that, as he breaks over the first hill top, he forgets for a moment his desire to begin his game of golf and stops in amaze-

ment to gaze with admiration upon the variety of scenes which the surrounding country presents to his view.

Many thanks are due from the Club to the various members, who have taken such an active interest in its formation and in its welfare since its birth, and to the few from our sister towns who so willingly gave their assistance at the time of its organizaton.

The Golf Club is a credit to the old town and adds one more to her many attractions.

The present officers and committees of the Golf Club are:

President, Hon. A. D. Warner.
Vice-President, Hon. A. W. Mitchell.
Secretary, Henry S. Hitchcock.
Treasurer, Samuel C. Tomlinson.
Fifth Member of Board of Trustees, R. F. Stiles.
Greens Committee, C. A. Curtiss, Chairman; Hon. A. W. Mitchell, R. F. Stiles.
Handicap Committee, S. C. Tomlinson, Chairman; Hon. A W. Mitchell, Miss Jennie Hinman.
Captain, S. C. Tomlinson.

WOODBURY, CONN. HENRY S. HITCHCOCK, *Secretary*.

DECEMBER 7, 1900.—

POMPERAUG RIVER.

Whence dost thou come or whither go?
Methinks it were a pleasant spot
Where thou wert born so long ago;
Happy appears to be thy lot.

Out from the craggy mountain's side
In playful attitude you speed,
With laughter through the valley glide;
Oh! happy is thy lot indeed.

Time's wily hand no wrinkles trace,
Thy voice by grief has ne'er been seared;
No sorrow stamped upon thy face,
Or wail of anguish ever heard.

Free as the sun that gilds the morn,
Or moon that rules the darkened night,
Nought from thy freedom o'er is shown,
While sweeping onward in thy flight.

The weary stag hot from the chase
His fierce pursuers to evade;
Oft times has kissed thy placid face,
Or in thy rippling waters wade.

The campfires glow thy bosom tinged,
As warriors round Chief Nonnewaug;
Where forest dense thy banks were fringed
In council sat with Waraumaug.

The eagle from his poise on high
Scanned o'er thy bosom for his prey;
The wild fowl with a frightened cry,
Within the shadows hid away.

An ancient trail crossed o'er thy zone
From Pootatuck to Nonnewaug;
As tribute Indians placed a stone
Upon the grave of Pomperaug.

Thy shady nooks, secluded spot
Where members of the Orenaug tribe;
The speckled trout oft times have caught,
Or incidents of the hunt describe.

The lofty tree tops whispered low,
The wild flowers nestled on thy breast;
Nature in all its pristine glow
Rocked thee to slumber's tranquil rest.

As o'er the trial with danger fraught,
The keen-eyed Chief Wyantenuck,
Thy flowing banks a crossing sought,
To join his friends in Naugatuck.

The sturdy oaks that clothed the hill,
Obeisance to thy laughter made;

In later years by whiteman's skill,
Has found oblivion in the glade.

Where once the hush of nature reigned,
The busy mill clanks out its din,
Thy tongue to a nobler song is trained,
Man from thy power comforts win.

How oft through shady dales I've sought
Thy smiling vivid welcome face,
And from thy cheerful mood I've caught
New thoughts that stirred my heart apace.

And taught me to forget a while,
The busy scenes of daily strife,
With all its discord and turmoil
Pertaining to this pleasant life.

WOODBURY, CONN. JOSEPH ATCHISON.

THE POMPERAUG RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.

DECEMBER 8, 1900.—My thoughts often wander to the old home in West Side, the modest story and a half house, standing in the midst of an orchard, and I people the rooms with those who have long ago entered the "beyond." The old lightning rod still remains, by whose aid I climbed to the nook in the roof, to read surreptitiously some forbidden book, and from which vantage ground, glimpses could be had of the circus on the main road when it made its annual visit. The group of cherry trees, the row of peach trees by the garden fence, the sunny bank where the "adder-tongue" grew, I see them all. The old red schoolhouse, with its legless stove and rickety pipe, where we shivered, wrapped in shawls, until recess on cold days, when Georgaphy was an easy matter with so much of the world unheard from, when we had two weeks' vacation in Summer, and school half a day on Saturdays, and the teacher "boarded round," and the Russell boys came to school with their jackets bulging with luscious greenings, the fortunate recipients of which, were besieged for "the core." The Sundays, with two long sermons, when Parson Andrews pushed back his spectacles at "seventeenthly" to settle the doctrines of foreordination and predestination; the footstoves filled at noon with a few coals carefully covered with ashes, the "twisted cakes" and "meeting seed" to be nibbled while the elders gossiped, the notice of "a conference meeting at Brother George Drakeley's, Thursday evening at early candle lighting." But there! My memory serves me too well. A generation and more have come and gone since then, and I, too, belong to "Ancient Woodbury," but still to me are dear,

"Its rocks and its rills, its wood and templed hills."

SOUTH BRITAIN, CONN. HATTIE LEMMON MITCHELL.

DECEMBER 10, 1900.—I hear that there is to be published a collection of souvenir letters, from former and present residents of Woodbury. I remember that it was my home for forty-five years. That, certainly, is the best part of a man's life. As I look back to-day and ask myself, where are the friends of my childhood, my schoolmates of nearly half a century ago, the answer comes back

to me, "Gone, gone to the great beyond." A few are still left, but the majority are gone to join the "great majority." But the old town is still there. The same old hills, the same lovely valleys, the same babbling brooks, everything that goes to make it the most beautiful country town it has been my lot to look upon. To me no place will ever seem like home, but Woodbury, and I never think of any other place as home.

When I left the town eleven years ago, I was familiar with the faces of most of the children in the central part of the town. Now when I see them grown to manhood and womanhood, many of them surrounded by families, I realize how quickly the years are passing by and how soon the active ones of to-day will be laid to rest, and I ask myself the question, "Have we lived so that the town is the better for our having lived in it?" I do not know that Woodbury can boast of many great men, or mighty, but thinking of her sons and daughters who have gone out into the world to fight the battles of life, I can recall a goodly number that are no disgrace to her. A goodly number of noble men and true, true to themselves, true to their fellowmen and to God.

I remember that in the dark days of the Rebellion, when the call for men was heard, Woodbury's sons were not slow to answer. Bravely they fought, and fighting they fell, many of them, and to-day another generation reads their names on the granite shaft which their fellow citizens erected to their memory.

All prosperity to old Woodbury.

WATERBURY, CONN. CHARLES H. PERCY.

DECEMBER 12, 1878.—On April 1, 1833, Texas formed a constitution of her own as one of the Mexican State Republics. Two years later, the Mexican Congress abolished all State Constitutions and created a Dictator. A few months after this, Texas declared her independence, and in the war that ensued, Samuel Houston, the Texas General, defeated Santa Anna, the Mexican Dictator. While Santa Anna was a prisoner he signed a treaty acknowledging the independence of Texas. This was not recognized by Mexico. On the other hand the United States, and very soon England,

France and Belgium, did so. Texas wished to be annexed to the United States, and in 1837 her minister asked that she be admitted into the Federal Union. After James K. Polk was elected President in 1845, the assent of Congress was gained and Texas became one of the United States. When Congress admitted Texas to the Union, the United States pledged herself to support the claims of Texas against Mexico.. The time had come when it became necessary that the interests of Texas should be protected, and in the Summer of 1845, President Polk ordered Zachery Taylor, who was stationed in Louisiana, to move forward and take possession of the land between Nueces and Rio Grande Rivers. He seized Corpus Christi at the mouth of the Nueces, remaining there until the following Spring. In March, 1846, General Taylor received word to march forward again, as far as the Rio Grande. Soon after, Taylor fortified Point Isabel, continuing his march to the River, which he reached on March 28, 1846. As soon as the encampment was made, General North crossed the Mexican side for an interview. He was met by one of their Generals, but could not arrive at any settlement. The Mexican General ordered Taylor to return to the banks of Nueces. To this, Taylor replied, that he had come by the order of his government, and he should not go back until he received orders to do so, from the same source. When President Polk received word of the skirmish on April 23, 1846, he sent a message to Congress, saying: "Mexico has passed the boundaries of the United States, and has shed American blood on American soil. War exists, and exists by the act of Mexico itself." On the 13th of May a formal declaration that war existed with Mexico was passed by Congress. On the 8th of April, 1847, the Army marched on toward the interior, entering Jalapa on the eleventh day of March; they also captured the City of Puebla on the 15th of May. In the two months just passed, this army of ten thousand men took some of the strongest fortresses on the Continent, and made ten thousand prisoners, beside capturing a quantity of ammunition. During the Summer, while the Army was resting at Puebla, the American government was sueing for peace, but without success. The Mexicans were unwilling to accept, holding out with persistance,

in spite of the losses they had sustained. During the month of August several important victories were gained in the vicinity of the City of Mexico. About this time Santa Anna asked for an armistice, which was granted, and a commission was sent with a treaty of peace. He returned with word that it had been scorned, and that Santa Anna had been taking advantage of the freedom from battle, to strengthen the defenses. Scott declared the armistice to be at an end and prepared to storm the Capitol. The Mexicans were repulsed, fled into the city through an aqueduct, and the American flag was furled on Chepultepec. On September 14, a delegation from the city authorities waited upon General Scott, begging him to spare the town and treat for peace. They entered the city at 10 o'clock, and took formal possession of the Mexican Empire. One of the most important articles of the treaty, signed on February 2, 1848, was that which settled the boundary between the two countries. Mexico yielded Texas, making the Rio Grande the boundary, and sold the province of California and New Mexico to the United States. About this time gold was discovered in California and the rush for the "gold diggings" began, giving the people something new to thing about.—*The Mexican War.*

Woman's Club, Woodbury, Conn. Edna G. Mallory.

December 13, 1900.—One of the most pleasant recollection I have of "good times" in Woodbury, is that of attending the Cantata rehearsals in Strong's Hall, under the leadership of the late Earl Buckingham; especially, the "going home" after they were out for the evening, when my chum and myself were fortunate enough to get a sleigh ride with the flutist of the Cantata. One of us girls would drive, while he would entertain us with music on the flute, until, from the cold, frosty air, the fingers of both musicians and drivers were so numb, we had to change occupation and found ourselves down in Southbury. Whereupon, we would turn the old horse about, and all join in singing "Old Black Joe," "Phantom Footsteps" and the like, till we reached our own doors again.

Bethel, Conn. Julia Lees Starr.

DECEMBER 15, 1900.—As present residents of the old town of Simsbury, one of the oldest towns in the State, and one recently brought into prominence by furnishing to the State the young and talented Governor-Elect, it is natural that we should send greetings to our sister town—Old Woodbury.

To all former residents of the good old Town, we often, and naturally turn homeward, to renew pleasant acquaintances, and review scenes and incidents so interesting to those to the manor born. In these days of improvement in mechanics, we are reminded of the changes which have taken place, we remember one of the sawmills of the town, whose motions were so slow that it was remarked that the saw went up in the morning and came down at night, thus constituting a day's work. Another one of this period was called the runaway sawmill, or rather one which refused to stop sawing, until the neighbors were called in to "stop the —— thing!" But these moderate and obstreperous things of ye olden times, are now supplanted by more modern inventions. There is something about Old Woodbury that reminds me of its *solidity;* the attractive homes, the rich lands, and a general air of prosperity, the lovely valley lying between the beautiful hills, all constitute a pleasant memory. We are not surprised that those five sturdy men, when on their journey from Stratford to spy out the land, when all was then a wilderness, should be so impressed with the scene from an adjacent western hill, with the lovely valley spread out before them, that they decided at once to go down and occupy the land. To the noble men and women in after years, who did so much to mould the character of the town, Woodbury is now indebted to those sweet influences.

We all remember those good men and saintly women who were so devoted to the Church, and the solemn obligations thereby imposed, their faithful observance of the Sabbath, with its sacred associations. Of this number Deacon Matthew Minor, of former years, was a striking example, a person noted for his piety and consistent daily walk and conversation. On which of his descendants his mantle has fallen, is still an open question, the writer, modestly disclaims all title to the distinguished honor. We recollect the

acknowledgment made for the services of kind neighbors at the sickness of a colored family there, when the bereaved husband expressed his thanks at the funeral of his wife thus: "He took this opportunity to thank the relatives,on behalf of the narratives for their kindness to the deceased during her late sickness!" I have thought sometimes, that the thorough study of the Bible by our ancestors, prevented a perversion of the Scriptures, as expressed in later times, by a family who were then residents of Litchfield County. The aforesaid family, living on the outskirts of the town, unfortunately were prevented from attending Church by the intervening distance, or disinclination possibly. It happened, that the wife was taken seriously sick, and feeling alarmed over her conditon, called her husband to her bedside, expressed to him her fears that this was her last sickness, and feeling distressed over her past life, thought she would like to talk with a minister. The husband gladly acceded to her wishes, and started for a neighborhood pastor. On entering the sick room, the minister was aware of her critical condition, and between her groans she told the minister, that "she wished that she was dead and in Beelzebub's bosom." What! What! No! No! you don't mean that," said the minister, "you mean Abraham's bosom." "Well, all the same, I knew it was some of them old fellows."

Still following in a reminiscent mood we cannot forget those devoted people who formerly composed the congregations of the various Churches, now mostly gathered to their fathers, as a stroll through the ancient cemeteries will attest:

> "Far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife,
> Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
> Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
> They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

The "Sweet Singer," for many years the leader of the North Church Choir, now singing with the choir above, the host of others, godly men and mothers in Israel, now resting from their labors, such examples, we, of the present day have.

Simsbury, Conn. William P. Smith.

DECEMBER 20, 1900.—My father's grandfather was a Major of Cavalry in the Revolution. He is accredited to Farmington and Hartford, but resided in Woodbury from the time that he was fourteen years old. A trooper of his Cavalry, told my father of one of his expeditions. A company of sixty troopers, under his command, were to intercept the British whom they knew were coming down the Hudson River to New York. They carefully picked their way along the route, on one side of the path and the other, to avoid detection, following in single file. On reaching a narrow pass, Major Bull turns in the saddle and shouts "Come on boys, we've got the dogs." They succeeded in delaying the British some hours, they supposing, that they were to meet a large army, and so accomplishing the object of the expedition. Major Bull accompanied General Washington to Philadelphia. While three sons and the Major were away scouting and the family were alone with a boy of fifteen, who had a sprained ankle, the British, twenty in number, were seen coming over the hill. The family were much frightened, but succeeded in driving them away. Major Bull was a small man and rode an imported horse. At a barbecue, where a roasted ox was placed whole on the table, standing on its feet, the Major on horseback would leap over the ox back and forth. The horse was finally returned to Canada. It may have been the property of some British officer who stopped at the house. Major Bull was present at the capture of Burgoyne.—*Major Bull's Heroism and Bravery of His Sons.*

My mother's grandfather lived in what was called Bush Place. He had flocks of boys and girls, children were plenty in those days. He expected a man to see him one day, who was a talented person, but had a local reputation for swearing. "Go right home children," he said, "This man is going to swear and you shall not hear it." Some relatives of the family lived north toward Canada. An elegantly-dressed descendant of one of the gayer brothers, when on a visit, declared that two boys and girls were not mentioned on the records; the sons being omitted because they were said to have displeased their father, and the daughters on account of being so numerous.—*My Grandfather's Piety.*

When P. T. Barnum was a boy he was employed by Mr. Brown of Southbury. He was sent to drive cattle to the New York market, receiving one dollar and a quarter as pay. With his money he bought clothing and some gingerbread and a loaf of bread, and later exchanged some of the articles for something additional to eat. —*P. T. Barnum's Beginning.*

Miss Lucinda Mitchell's grandfather resided for a while at Olmstead's Mills. When at her grandfather's she often visited at the next house on the west. My grandmother, Betty Mitchell, was ten years older, and frequently went to this house visiting and taking care of the baby while the people were away. The child was Ethan Allen. The old house was taken down several years ago, but the foundation still remains.—*Ethan Allen's Childhood.*

One of the early pastors of the First Church had completed a fine residence. He was called upon by the pastor of the North Church and congratulated. "Now," said he, "the cage is ready, but where is the bird?" "Rome was not built in a day," was the reply. Rev. Anthony Stoddard owned some fine pear trees upon the hill. One night two boys started to sample the fruit. The minister observed them, and one of the boys fled, the other was met by the good minister to whom the youth said, "I am a great deal better boy than he is." "Why," asked the parson. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion," was the reply. He invited him in and gave him an abundance of the fine fruit.

Priest Graham, of Southbury, was a direct descendant of the Duke of Montrose, who figured so largely in Sir Walter Scott's writings. One of his sons left for Canada when quite young, saying, that when he came back, his horse's feet should be shod with silver, a prophecy said to have been literally fulfilled, many testifying that his horse's feet shone as he passed along the way.

Captain Jesse Minor remembered the burial of Chief Pomperaug in this Valley near to the river which bears his name. How a large company of Indians were seen passing through the streets silently bearing their Chieftain, laying him down to rest in the shadow of a cliff, on the western side of the trail that led from the Housatonic

to the Naugatuck River. His Prophet was buried beside him. The school children, in their leisure hours, often climbed the ledge to enjoy the beautiful view of the river valley and Castle Rock. They recall the mounds which were side by side at the base of the rock.—*Old Time Stories.*

WOODBURY, CONN. ELIZABETH BULL.

DECEMBER 23, 1900.—Mrs. James A. Gallup of Madison writes: "I was much interested in all that has been told me of the Souvenir which is being prepared of dear Old Woodbury; also in the allusions to my sainted father, Rev. Samuel R. Andrews, and his writings. His benignant and lovely face hangs near me as I write, and seems to bring him back from the spirit world, with a word of counsel for his much loved people. The enclosed poem was written on his leaving his flock, and I thought you might like it.

December 23, 1845.—To a pastor departing from his people after a thirty years' ministry:

How cans't thou leave us? Many years in flying
Since thou wert with us as our watchful guide,
Have placed thee by the bedside of the dying,
By cradled infant, and by blushing bride,
Thine was the hand to wipe the tear of sorrow,
By sure bereavement wrung from downcast eyes,
To point the mourners to a bright to-morrow,
Where they shall join their lost ones in the skies.

Here is thy home; when life was in its morning,
Here came thy wife forsaking earlier ties;
Thy lonely hearth with woman's love adorning,
And brightening all the future to thine eyes.
Here thy young children sported in their childhood,
Wild as the breeze that wantoned with their hair;
Gathering the flowers that decked the neighboring wildwood,
Gleeful and careless as the sweet birds there.

Here have our hearts so long been warmly clinging
Around thee, as our reverend Pastor Friend;
Day after day are added tribute bringing
Of love which knows no compass and no end.
How shall we list or learn the path to Heaven,
When other lips than thine shall teach the way?
'Twill be too hard to see a stranger, even
Where thou wert wont always to preach and pray!

Can'st thou leave all on which thine eyes have rested,
In care and fondness for so many years?
The hearts whose friendship hath been often tested
By sympathy in all thy joys and fears?
Fondly we hoped that when thy life was waning,
We should be gathered round thy dying bed,
Beside thee till the final sigh remaining,
Then gently lay thee with our slumbering dead.

It may not be! and therefore when thou goest,
Blessings unnumbered be around thy way;
Though parted here, by holy faith thou knowest,
We shall be with thee at the judgment day.
We shall rejoice in that celestial morning,
To see thee meekly standing with the blest;
Thy worthy brow a radiant crown adorning,
Thy warfare ended in eternal rest!

WOODBURY, CONN. MARY E. SMITH MONELL.

DECEMBER 24, 1900.—

Ah! is it "sad to be growing old,"
To feel thy vigor decaying,
And that Time is over thy brow, his
Blossoms of silver laying?
To feel that the raven locks which lay
Fair on thy forehead are growing gray?

Is it sad to count the furrows deepening,
On cheeks and brow one by one,
And lean on thy staff like a tired one,
Whose journey is almost done?
Ye have been young and strong and bold;
Say, is it sad to be growing old?

The old man said ,"Is it sad to see
A tree in the Autumn hours,
Bending with fruit that has had its Spring,
And Summer of leaves and flowers,
Or sad to see on the Summer plain,
Bowing with ripeness the golden grain?"

"It is not sad to be growing old,
A noble teacher is Time;
What are shadows, and what is the real
I have learned well to divine.
Things that shall never pass away,
Time has brought me with locks of grey."

"It is not sad to be growing old,
For those whom I loved are gone,
The bold and beautiful ones of youth
Have joined the departed throng;
These silver locks are meet for my head,
For the sweet friends whom I loved are dead.

"It is not sad to lean on my staff,
Like a worn and tired one,
My journey through the snows and the flowers,
Thank Heaven is nearly done;
And I am now such a stranger here,
My staff has grown a companion dear."

"It is not sad to feel my vigor
And strength fast decaying,
These are the visible and deep signs
Constantly to me saying,
That I am going with my snowy hair—
A pillow of rest with friends to share."

"It is not sad the furrows to count,
And look with a fading eye
On the beautiful earth I have loved,
And on the glorious sky;
Beyond the blue that is spread above,
I shall find a Heaven of youth and love."

—*The Reply.*

WOODBURY, CONN. MRS. AUGUSTA BLACKMAR.

December 31, 1900.—The Woman's Club of Woodbury met on Monday evening, December 31, 1900, at the Library Room, in accordance with the program of their Year Book, and in fulfillment of the plans of the Executive and Social Committees, holding a large gathering, entitled, "Foremothers' Day." Topics appropriate to the close of the century were pertinently and gracefully treated, the evening closing with a Reception.

The women of to-day consider that the century has been of great importance in their history, and that foremost among the noble ideas developed, are the Woman's Clubs.

Their early history is considered by some writers to be associated with the societies held in the first part of the century, when women organized to obtain funds for missionary purposes, some of the members reading, while others sewed. "The Club Woman" gives an account of a Woman's Club, organized as early as 1805 in Boston. The meetings were held on Saturday afternoon, the exercises consisting of readings from "Any book favorable to the improvement of the mind," the reader pausing "that any observation might be offered." The books read included "Watts on the Mind," "The Female Mentor," Hannah Adams's "History of New England," and Homer's "Iliad." Discussions followed on such subjects as, "The Disadvantages from Reading Novels," "With How Much Religion Ought a Person to be Satisfied?" Some of their compositions were entitled "The First of May," "Reflections on a Moonlight Evening," and "On the Rising Sun." Later, they were required to commit to memory twenty lines from some approved author. With the increased opportunities for education for women, clubs came to be organized, having a literary, social or educational object. In March, 1868, at a reception, held at the home of Alice and Phoebe Cary, the idea of a Woman's Club was mentioned by Mrs. J. C. Croly. The ladies present were unanimously agreed that a club was needed, where women could come to exchange ideas and plans for progress. Soon after, the first Club, composed entirely of women, was organized, called "Sorosis," holding the first meeting in New York on April 20, 1868. The following is the list of officers:

President, Alice Cary.
Vice-President, Jennie C. Croly.
Corresponding Secretary, Kate Field.
Recording Secretary, Charlotte B. Wilbour.

Phoebe Cary and other ladies were appointed members of the committee.

The plan of this organization is indicated in the following constitution: "The object of this Association is to promote agreeable and useful relations among women of literary and artistic taste. It is entirely independent of sectionalship or partisanship. It recognizes women of thought, culture and humanity everywhere, particularly when those qualities have formed expression in outward life and work. It aims to establish a kind of freemasonry among women of similar pursuits, to render them helpful to each other and bridge over the barriers, which custom and social etiquette place in the way of friendly intercourse. It affords among women an opportunity for the discussion of new facts and principles, the results of which promise to exert an important influence on the future of women and the welfare of society."

At the close of this century Woman's Clubs, number some seventy in our own State, and many thousand in this and other lands. The call in 1890 for a General Federation of Clubs was from "Sorosis," "Mother of Clubs," Connecticut being represented by delegates at this convention, which assembled in 1894.

On January 16, 1896, a company of ladies, sixteen in number, from the town of Woodbury, met at the Library Room to consider the organization of a Woman's Club. The purpose of this gathering suggested by Mrs. P. T. Boyd received the cordial and united support of the ladies present, representing the various parts of the town. The Club was organized as the "Woman's Club of Woodbury," and the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. P. S. Boyd.
Vice-President, Mrs. Nathaniel M. Strong.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. James Huntington.
Executive Committee, Mrs. G. F. Morris and Mrs. William J. Clark.

The meetings of the Club were held on alternate Tuesdays, when

original papers were read by the members, topics of the day discussed, and personal recollections of J. G. Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe and others were given by the President. A constitution, broad and liberal in intent, was adopted, and on this and each succeeding Fall, a Year Book has been prepared, planning for original articles from the members upon historical, educational, sociological topics and household economics. In the preparation of these topics the best libraries of the State are consulted, and the finely written papers are the results of thorough investigation, thought and study. Lectures are given upon interesting subjects, musical and social gatherings are held.

The Club has steadily progressed from the date of organization. The membership includes fifty ladies from the different parts of the town, improvements have been made in the constitution and committees added, whose departments are of value to the Club. The benefits resulting from the refining and cultivated association, include a breadth of thought and sympathy, wider acquaintanceship, the development of the dormant ability of the members, betterment of the homes, and the advancement of educational and philanthropic conditions.

On April 20, 1897, the Woman's Club of Woodbury accepted the invitation of the Bridgeport Societies and through the appointed delegates, Mrs. P. S. Boyd and Mrs. N. M. Strong, united with the fifty Clubs of the State in forming the State Federation of Connecticut.

The meetings of the Woman's Club are held on alternate Mondays at the Library Room in the Town Hall. The present officers are:

President, Mrs. Thomas L. Shea.

Vice-President, Mrs. Horace D. Curtiss.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Nathaniel M. Strong.

Executive Committee, Mrs. D. R. Rodger, County Organizer, and Mrs. Charles K. Smith.

Committee on Town Charities, Mrs. James H. Huntington, Mrs. J. A. Freeman and Mrs. Francis Dawson.

Committee on Current Events, Mrs H. S. Karrmann, Miss E. E. Huntington.

Committee on Lectures, Miss S. Augusta Salmon, Miss Edna Mallory, Mrs. John Munson.

Committee on Music, Mrs. H. S. Karrmann, Miss Sara M. Curtiss, Miss Grace C. Betts.

Social Committee, Mrs. J. W. Cowles, Mrs. Frank Barnes, Miss Lottie Hitchcock.

Special Committee, Miss K. M. Woodruff, Mrs. Estella Smith, Miss S. M. Curtiss, Miss Annie Bradley.

WOODBURY, CONN. JULIA MINOR STRONG, *Secretary*.

Yes, Woodbury is a fine old town. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of all," who have been fortunate enough to have found a home in her. Like some of the goods in the stores, "Without a rival, without a peer." True, we have on our seaboard, some very pretty villages, but they lack our surroundings. A gentleman, who had seen both, once said that "Lenox had no finer views than the one from High Street, including as it does, Good Hill, West Side, Pomperaug, Nonnewaug, Orenaug and Woodbury Center." We have four churches whose spires point heavenward, whose doors stand invitingly open and where charity, love and good will are constantly preached. Our High School is presided over by a Christian instructor, educated, adapted to the calling, where parents and guardians can safely trust their children. We have a free, intelligent, independent press that needs no dictation or censorship, and a people kindly disposed and ever ready to welcome strangers.—*Correspondence Waterbury American.*

WOODBURY, CONN. CORNELIUS J. MINOR.

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